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The works of Lord Byron

George Gordon Byron Byron, Ernest
Hartley Coleridge, Rowland Edmund Prothero Ernle

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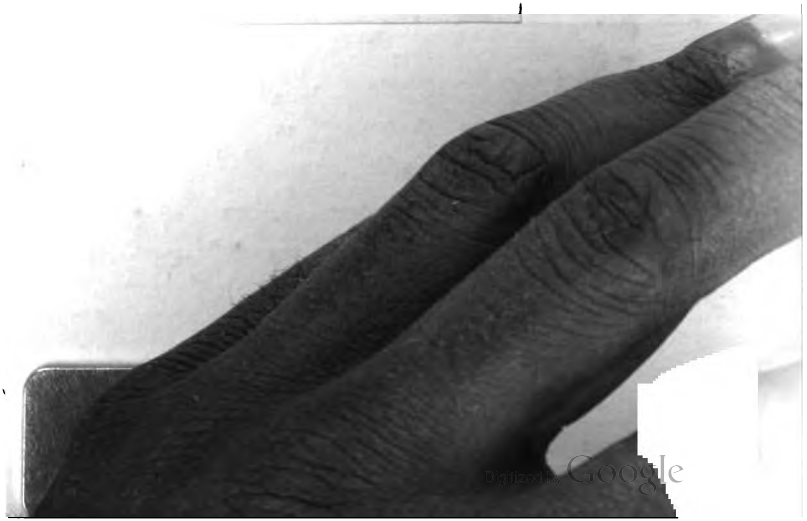

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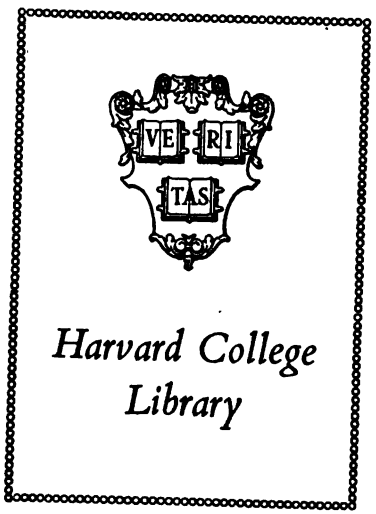

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The Works

OF

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

[illegible]

EDITED BY

[illegible] F. PROTHERO, M.A., LL.D.,

[illegible]

LONDON:

[illegible]

NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

1904.

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The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

/3

A NEW, REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Letters and Journals. Vol. VI.

EDITED BY

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A., M.V.O.,
FORMERLY FELLOW OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.
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PREFACE.

MOORE, in his *Life* of Byron, numbers and prints 561 letters; Halleck, in the American edition of Byron's *Works*, prints 635. In this edition 1198 letters are collected.

A chronological list of the 1198 letters, together with a statement of the authorities for the text, will be found on pages 459–492 of this volume.

I desire to express my gratitude to the Rev. Canon Evans and to Mr. G. H. Holden, for the care and labour which they have given to the correction of the proof-sheets of all the volumes. To Mr. Richard Edgcumbe I am indebted for some interesting information.

The Index is the work of Mr. C. Eastlake Smith.

R. E. PROTHERO.

July 1, 1901.

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THE

LETTERS OF LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PALAZZO LANFRANCHI, PISA, JANUARY—MAY, 1822.

OUTCRY AGAINST *CAIN*—*WERNER*—*DON JUAN*, CANTOS VI., VII., VIII.—QUARREL WITH SOUTHEY—DEATH OF LADY NOEL—AFFRAY AT PISA—DEATH OF ALLEGRA.

969.—To Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

Pisa, January 12, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—I need not say how grateful I am for your letter,[1] but I must own my ingratitude in not having written to you again long ago. Since I left England (and it is not for all the usual term of transportation) I have scribbled to five hundred blockheads on business, etc., without difficulty, though with no great pleasure; and yet, with the notion of addressing you a hundred times in my head, and always in my heart, I

1. "I have just got a letter," said Lord Byron, "and an admirable one it is, from Sir Walter Scott, to whom I dedicated *Cain*. "The sight of one of his letters always does me good" (Medwin, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, vol. i. p. 179).

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have not done what I ought to have done. I can only account for it on the same principle of tremulous anxiety with which one sometimes makes love to a beautiful woman of our own degree, with whom one is enamoured in good earnest; whereas, we attack a fresh-coloured housemaid without (I speak, of course, of earlier times) any sentimental remorse or mitigation of our virtuous purpose.

I owe to you far more than the usual obligation for the courtesies of literature and common friendship; for you went out of your way in 1817 to do me a service, when it required not merely kindness, but courage to do so: to have been recorded by you in such a manner, would have been a proud memorial at any time, but at such a time, when "all the world and his wife," as the proverb goes, were trying to trample upon me, was something still higher to my self-esteem,—I allude to the *Quarterly Review* of the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*,[1] which Murray told me was written by you,—and, indeed, I should have known it without his information, as there could not be *two* who *could* and *would* have done this at the time. Had it been a common criticism, however eloquent or panegyrical, I should have felt pleased, undoubtedly, and grateful, but not to the extent which the extraordinary good-heartedness of the whole proceeding must induce in any mind capable of such sensations. The very *tardiness* of this acknowledgment will, at least, show that I have not forgotten the obligation; and I can assure you that my sense of it has been out at compound interest during the delay. I shall only add one word upon the subject, which is, that I think that you, and Jeffrey, and Leigh Hunt, were the only literary men, of numbers whom I know (and some of whom I had served),

1. See *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 63, *note* 2.

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who dared venture even an anonymous word in my favour just then: and that, of those three, I had never seen *one* at all—of the second much less than I desired—and that the third was under no kind of obligation to me, whatever; while the other *two* had been actually attacked by me on a former occasion; *one*, indeed, with some provocation, but the other wantonly enough. So you see you have been heaping "coals of fire," etc., in the true gospel manner, and I can assure you that they have burnt down to my very heart.

I am glad that you accepted the Inscription.[1] I

1. Sir Walter Scott accepted the Dedication of *Cain* in the following letter to Murray:—

"Edinburgh, 4th December, 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I accept, with feelings of great obligation, "the flattering proposal of Lord Byron to prefix my name to the "very grand and tremendous drama of *Cain*. I may be partial to "it, and you will allow I have cause; but I do not know that his "Muse has ever taken so lofty a flight amid her former soarings. "He has certainly matched Milton on his own ground. Some part "of the language is bold, and may shock one class of readers, whose "line will be adopted by others out of affectation or envy. But "then they must condemn the *Paradise Lost*, if they have a mind to "be consistent. The fiend-like reasoning and bold blasphemy of "the fiend and of his pupil lead exactly to the point which was to "be expected,—the commission of the first murder, and the ruin "and despair of the perpetrator.

"I do not see how any one can accuse the author himself of "Manicheism. The Devil talks the language of that sect, doubtless; because, not being able to deny the existence of the Good "Principle, he endeavours to exalt himself—the Evil Principle—"to a seeming equality with the Good; but such arguments, in the "mouth of such a being, can only be used to deceive and to betray. "Lord Byron might have made this more evident, by placing in the "mouth of Adam, or some good and protecting spirit, the reasons "which render the existence of moral evil consistent with the "general benevolence of the Deity. The great key to the mystery "is, perhaps, the imperfection of our own faculties, which see and "feel strongly the partial evils which press upon us, but know too "little of the general system of the universe to be aware how the "existence of these is to be reconciled with the benevolence of the "great Creator.

"Yours, my dear Sir, very truly,
"WALTER SCOTT."

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meant to have inscribed *The Foscarini* to you instead; but, first, I heard that *Cain* was thought the least bad of the two as a composition; and, 2dly, I have abused Southey like a pickpocket, in a note to *The Foscarini*,[1] and I recollected that he is a friend of yours (though not of mine), and that it would not be the handsome thing to dedicate to one friend any thing containing such matters about another. However, I'll work the Laureate before I have done with him, as soon as I can muster Billingsgate therefor. I like a row, and always did from a boy, in the course of which propensity, I must needs say, that I have found it the most easy of all to be gratified, personally and poetically. You disclaim "jealousies;" but I would ask, as Boswell did of Johnson,[2] "of *whom* "*could* you be *jealous?*"—of none of the living certainly, and (taking all and all into consideration) of which of the dead? I don't like to bore you about the Scotch novels, (as they call them, though two of them are wholly English, and the rest half so), but nothing can or could ever persuade me, since I was the first ten minutes in your company, that you are *not* the man. To me those

1. The attack on Southey is printed as an Appendix to *The Two Foscari* (1st ed., pp. 325-329). For the quarrel between Byron and Southey, see Appendix I.

2. Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill knows of no passage in Boswell's *Life of Johnson* which exactly suggests Byron's reference. The passage in which Boswell speaks of Johnson's superiority to his contemporaries, at school and throughout life, may be quoted (Boswell's *Life*, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. i. p. 47): "That superiority over his fellows, "which he maintained with so much dignity in his march through "life, was not assumed from vanity and ostentation, but was the "natural and constant effect of those extraordinary powers of mind, "of which he could not but be conscious by comparison; the intel-"lectual difference, which in other cases of comparison of characters "is often a matter of undecided contest, being as clear in his case as "the superiority of stature in some men above others. Johnson did "not strut or stand on tip-toe; he only did not stoop. From his "earliest years his superiority was perceived and acknowledged. "He was from the beginning Ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν, a king of men."

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novels have so much of "Auld lang syne" [1] (I was bred a canny Scot till ten years old), that I never move without them; and when I removed from Ravenna to Pisa the other day, and sent on my library before, they were the only books that I kept by me, although I already have them by heart.

January 27, 1822.

I delayed till now concluding, in the hope that I should have got *The Pirate*, who is under way for me, but has not yet hove in sight. I hear that your daughter is married,[2] and I suppose by this time you are half a grandfather—a young one, by the way. I have heard great things of Mrs. Lockhart's personal and mental charms, and much good of her lord: that you may live to see as many novel Scotts as there are Scott's novels, is the very bad pun, but sincere wish of

Yours ever most affectionately, etc.

P.S.—Why don't you take a turn in Italy? You

1. "But somehow,—it may seem a schoolboy's whine,
And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,—

"As 'Auld Lang Syne' brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgownie's brig's black wall,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine:
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"
Don Juan, Canto X. stanza xviii.

2. Charlotte Sophia Scott, Sir Walter's eldest daughter, married J. G. Lockhart, April 29, 1820. Their eldest child, John Hugh Lockhart, the "Hugh Littlejohn" of *Tales of a Grandfather*, was born in 1821 and died in 1831.

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would find yourself as well known and as welcome as in the Highlands among the natives. As for the English, you would be with them as in London; and I need not add, that I should be delighted to see you again, which is far more than I shall ever feel or say for England, or (with a few exceptions "of kith, kin, and allies") any thing that it contains. But my "heart warms to the "tartan,"[1] or to anything of Scotland, which reminds me of Aberdeen and other parts, not so far from the Highlands as that town, about Invercauld and Braemar, where I was sent to drink goat's *fey*[2] in 1795–6, in consequence of a threatened decline after the scarlet fever. But I am gossiping, so, good night—and the gods be with your dreams!

Pray, present my respects to Lady Scott, who may, perhaps, recollect having seen me in town in 1815.

I see that one of your supporters (for, like Sir Hildebrand,[3] I am fond of Guillim,) is a *mermaid;* it is my *crest* too, and with precisely the same curl of tail. There's concatenation for you:—I am building a little cutter at Genoa, to go a cruising in the summer. I know *you* like the sea too.

1. "I judged," said Jeanie Deans, in her interview with John, Duke of Argyle (*Heart of Midlothian*, chap. xxxv.), "that being sae "mony hundred miles frae hame, your Grace's heart wad warm to "the tartan," looking at the corner of her plaid.—"You judged "quite right," said the Duke; "and MacCallum-more's heart "will be as cold as death can make it, when it does *not* warm to the "tartan."

2. So in *The Heart of Midlothian* (chap. xlix.) Lady Staunton of Willington, once Effie Deans, is sent to Roseneath, "being recom-"mended to drink goat's whey by the physicians."

3. "Why, even my uncle," says Diana Vernon, of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, "reads Gwillym sometimes of a winter night" (*Rob Roy*, chap. x.). She might have added that Sir Hildebrand also read the book on Sundays (*ibid.*, chap. xi.).

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970.—To John Murray.

Pisa, Jy 22d 1822.

The enclosed letter, with the annexed packet, will explain its object. I can only say that the work appears a desideratum in literature (especially in English literature), and with a lift in the *Quarterly* would be likely to go off well. Foscolo can tell you this better than I. Taaffe[1] is a very good man, with a great desire to see himself in print, and will be made very happy by such a vision. He was persuaded to add his translation, which is *not* good; but the Comment is really valuable. If *you* will engage in the work, you will serve him, and oblige me: if not, at least recommend it to some of the other publishers, as I should feel sorry to disappoint a very good natured man, who is publishing an useful work. He stipulates for no terms: at any rate, let us have an answer.

Yours sincerely,

B.

His politics and religion are all in your own damned way, so that there will be no dispute about that.

971.—To John Murray.

Pisa, Jy 22d 1822.

I write merely to say, that I have returned by this post the proofs to Mr. Kinnaird, so that you may not be surprized at not receiving them, or suppose that I have not acknowledged their arrival.

In a post or two, I shall send you a version of the extract from "Petrarch,"[2] as you wished; but you must

1. For John Taaffe, see *Letters*, vol. v. p. 476, *note* 1.
2. A version of the passage from Petrarch's *Africa* was sent; but it was by Medwin, and not by Byron.

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not expect it to be good: I have not the turn for those things.

I also (as a piece of courtesy), inform you that, in a few days (as soon as it can be fairly copied out), I shall send to Mr. K. the drama of *Werner, or the Inheritance*,[1] in five acts, which were completed on the twentieth.

As you have lately published more of mine than you seem to think convenient, it is probable that I shall not trouble you with the publication of these, but transfer them to some other publisher; and I merely apprize you of this, because it may be proper, after the length of the connection, not to terminate it abruptly without such advice of my intention.

I am, yours very truly,

B.

It is probable that the new things will be published anonymously.

972.—To John Murray.

Pisa, Jy 23d 1822.

Sir,—I have just received the parcel, all right, and well. But I am greatly surprized to see that you have omitted the dedication of *Sardanapalus* to Goethe,[2] which, if any opportunity of replacing it occurs, I desire may be done, and a copy forwarded to Goethe from the author.

I sent you a heavy parcel by the post yesterday, and request that you will apply to Mr. Kinnaird for payment

1. *Werner* was published by Murray in November, 1822. Medwin (*Conversations, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 129) says that it "was written in "twenty-eight days, and one entire act at a sitting. The MS. had "scarcely an alteration in it for pages together." (See *Letters*, vol. v. p. 390, *note* 1.)

2. See *Letters*, vol. v. Appendix II. p. 518.

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of the postage of the same; as also for any books that you send me, that we may not incur long accounts.

I am, etc., your obed[t]

B.

There are some mistakes in the printing, which I shall notice by and bye.

973.—To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird.[1]

Pisa, February 6, 1822.

DEAR KINNAIRD,—"Try back the deep lane," till we find a publisher for the *Vision;* and if none such is to be found, print fifty copies at my expense, distribute them amongst my acquaintance, and you will soon see that the booksellers *will* publish them, even if we opposed them. That they are now afraid is natural; but I do not see that I ought to give way on that account. I know nothing of Rivington's *Remonstrance* by the "eminent "Churchman;"[2] but I suppose he wants a living. I once heard of a preacher at Kentish Town against *Cain*.[3] The same outcry was raised against Priestley,

1. This letter, printed in Moore's *Life* (pp. 548, 549), appeared, together with others to Kinnaird, in *The Keepsake* (pp. 216–232) for 1830. It reads like a collection of passages, selected from several letters of Byron, and put together as one letter. But as Moore has accepted the letter as genuine, it is reprinted here, with others published in *The Keepsake*.

2. *A Remonstrance addressed to Mr. John Murray respecting a recent Publication*, by "Oxoniensis," London, 1822, pp. 1–20. The pamphlet has the motto—

"Whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice?"

Paradise Lost, ii. 380.

The authorship was attributed to the Rev. Henry John Todd (1763–1845), editor of Milton's *Poetical Works* (1801), and in 1822 Rector of Settrington, in Yorkshire.

3. "Byron alludes to *Lord Byron's Works, viewed in connexion "with Christianity and the Obligations of Social Life; a Sermon*,

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Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and all the men who dared to put tithes to the question.

I have got Southey's pretended reply [1] to which I am surprised that you do not allude. What remains to be done is to call him out. The question is, would he come? for, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose.

You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you.

I apply to you, as one well versed in the duello, or monomachia.[2] Of course I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that I was the survivor) in the same manner; having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence.

By the last post I transmitted to you a letter upon some Rochdale toll business, from which there are moneys in prospect. My agent says *two* thousand pounds; but supposing it to be only *one*, or even *one hundred*, still they may be moneys; and I have lived long enough to have an exceeding respect for the smallest current coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I.

"*preached in Holland Chapel, Kennington*, by the Rev. John "Styles, D.D., in which the poet is described as 'a denaturalised "being, who, having exhausted every species of sensual gratification, "and drained the cup of sin to its bitterest dregs, is resolved to "show that he is no longer human, even in his frailties, but a cool, "unconcerned fiend'" (Moore). See also p. 24, *note* 1.

1. Southey's reply to the attack in the Appendix to *The Two Foscari* appeared in *The Courier*, January 5, 1822. (See Appendix I.)

2. Probably alluding to the Baron of Bradwardine (*Waverley*, chap. xii.), who says of himself that he is "not wholly unskilled "in the dependencies and punctilios of the duello or monomachia." Byron's challenge was sent to Kinnaird, but was not delivered.

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They say that "Knowledge is Power:"—I used to think so; but I now know that they meant "*money:*" and when Socrates declared, "that all he knew was, that "he knew nothing,"[1] he merely intended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the Athenian world.

The *circulars*[2] are arrived, and circulating like the vortices (or vortexes) of Descartes. Still I have a due care of the needful, and keep a look-out ahead, as my notions upon the score of moneys coincide with yours, and with all men's who have lived to see that every guinea is a philosopher's stone, or at least his *touch*-stone. You will doubt me the less, when I pronounce my firm belief—that *Cash* is *Virtue.*[3]

I cannot reproach myself with much expenditure: my only extra expense (and it is more than I have spent upon myself) being a loan of two hundred and fifty pounds to Hunt;[4] and fifty pounds' worth of furniture,

1. Ἐμαυτῷ γὰρ ξυνῆδειν οὐδὲν ἐπισταμένῳ.—Plato, *Apolog.*, 22 D.

"Socrates said, our only knowledge was
'To know that nothing could be known;' a pleasant
Science enough, which levels to an ass
Each man of wisdom, future, past, or present."
Don Juan, Canto VII. stanza v.

2. *I.e.* Kinnaird transmitted to Byron circular notes on Murray's bills. To explain the motions of the heavenly bodies, Descartes devised the theory of vortices, which held the field till it was superseded by the Newtonian theory of gravitation.

3. See *Don Juan*, Canto XII. stanza xiv.

4. For Leigh Hunt, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 205, *note* 1. Leigh Hunt, his wife, and seven children had sailed from England November 16, 1821 (*Lord Byron and his Contemporaries*, 2nd ed., vol. ii. p. 273). Beaten back by storms, he set sail again December 11 (*ibid.*, p. 284). Again driven into harbour, December 22, he gave up the idea of a winter voyage. Finally, May 13, 1822 (*ibid.*, p. 321), he embarked at Plymouth, reached Genoa June 13, and thence sailed for Leghorn June 28 (*ibid.*, p. 367).

In *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for February, 1822 (vol. xi. p. 237), the literary alliance between Byron and Hunt is thus noticed—

"You must be careful how you wreak your disdain on the prin-
"ciples of Lord Byron's later poetry, as he will soon have it in his

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which I have bought for him; and a boat which I am building for myself at Genoa, which will cost about a hundred pounds more.

But to return. I am determined to have all the moneys I can, whether by my own funds, or succession, or lawsuit, or MSS., or any lawful means whatever.

I will pay (though with the sincerest reluctance) my remaining creditors, and every man of law, by instalments from the award of the arbitrators.

I recommend to you the notice in Mr. Hanson's letter, on the demands of moneys for the Rochdale tolls.

"power to make fierce reprisals on you and the other *dissenters*. "You have, perhaps, heard of the Journal which is to be written "by him at Pisa, and sent over here for publication, in order that "the balance of critical power may be restored, which has prepon- "derated lately too much on the Tory side. In this great under- "taking he has called to himself two allies, namely, Mr. Bysshe "Shelley and Mr. Leigh Hunt, the latter of whom has abandoned "his suburban villa (No. 13, Lisson Grove North) to brave, with "his wife and 'little Johnnys,' a perilous voyage on the un-cockney "ocean. The sphere of this poet's experience will now be nobly "enlarged. No one must twit him any more about 'poplar rows' "and 'back gardens.' He and his companions will now, like his "own Nereids,

"'. . . turn
And toss upon the ocean's lifting billows
Making them *banks and pillows*,
Upon whose *springiness* they lean and ride;
Some with an *inward back*; some *upward-eyed*,
Feeling the sky; and some with *sidelong hips*,
O'er which the surface of the water slips.'

Foliage, p. xix.

"His lordship of Newstead has sent Leigh a subsidy, and has "likewise prepared, in a costly way, the lower part of his Pisan "residence for the reception of his London ally. This is certainly "very noble on the part of Byron; and if the story be true about "the deception he had recourse to the other day, in order to serve "a celebrated brother poet who was invincibly punctilious, it is "impossible to extol too highly his munificence and delicacy. I "am glad to behold him arming himself, and I hope we shall see a "'good fight.' Southey does not go the right way to work with "him. I have better confidence in your judgment and mettle."

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Above all, I recommend my interests to your honourable worship.

Recollect, too, that I expect some moneys for the various MSS. (no matter what); and, in short, "Rem—"*quocunque modo*, Rem!"[1]—the noble feeling of cupidity grows upon us with our years.

Yours ever and truly,

N. B.

974.—To John Murray.[2]

Pisa, Fr 8th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—Attacks upon me were to be expected; but I perceive one upon *you* in the papers, which I

1. Horace, *Epist.*, I. i. 65, 66. See *Letters*, vol. v. p. 70, *note* 2.

"Yes! ready money is Aladdin's lamp."
Don Juan, Canto XII. stanza xii.

2. In No. 1 of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" (*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, for March, 1822, pp. 375, 376) appears Ensign O'Doherty's version of Byron's letter:—

"Attacks on me were what I look'd for, Murray,
But why the devil do they badger you?
These godly newspapers seem hot as curry,
But don't, dear Publisher, be in a stew.
They'll be so glad to see you in a flurry—
I mean those canting Quacks of your Review—
They fain would have you all to their own Set;—
But never mind them—we're not parted yet.
They surely don't suspect you, Mr. John,
Of being more than *accoucheur* to Cain;
What mortal ever said you wrote the Don?
I dig the mine—you only fire the train!
But here—why, really, no great lengths I've gone—
Big wigs and buzz were always my disdain—
But my poor shoulders why throw *all* the guilt on?
There's as much blasphemy, or more, in Milton.—
The thing's a drama, not a sermon-book;
Here stands the murderer—that's *the old one* there—
In gown and cassock how would Satan look?
Should Fratricides discourse like Doctor Blair?
The puritanic Milton freedom took,
Which now-a-days would make a Bishop stare;
But not to shock the feelings of the age,
I only bring your angels on the stage.

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confess that I did not expect. How, or in what manner, *you*[1] can be considered responsible for what *I* publish, I am at a loss to conceive.

To bully You—yet shrink from battling Me,—
Is baseness. Nothing baser stains 'The Times.'
While Jeffrey in each catalogue I see,
While no one talks of priestly Playfair's crimes,
While Drummond, at Marseilles, blasphemes with glee,
Why all this row about my harmless rhymes?
Depend on't, Piso, 'tis some private pique
'Mong those that cram your Quarterly with Greek.

"If this goes on, I wish you'd plainly tell 'em,
'Twere quite a treat *to me* to be indicted;
Is it less sin to write such books than sell 'em?
There's muscle!—I'm resolved I'll see you righted.
In me, great Sharpe, *in me converte telum!*
Come, Doctor Sewell, shew you *have* been knighted!
—On my account you never shall be dunn'd,
The copyright, in part, I will refund.
You may tell all who come into your shop,
You and your Bull-dog both remonstrated;
My Jackall did the same, you hints may drop,
(All which, perhaps, you have already said.)
Just speak the word, I'll fly to be your prop,
They shall not touch a hair, man, in your head.
You're free to print this letter; you're a fool
If you don't send it first to the JOHN BULL."

1. Murray was attacked, as the publisher of *Cain*, in the *Remonstrance* of "Oxoniensis," and, according to the *Memoir of John Murray* (vol. i. p. 427), it is to this attack that Byron refers. Oxoniensis (*Remonstrance*, pp. 19, 20) closes his pamphlet thus—

"In conclusion, Mr. Murray, I would bid you ask yourself, are "you prepared to go all lengths with him? It is not to be supposed "that the author of *Cain* will stop there; he already resembles the "wretched Carlile in so many points, that we reasonably expect he "will imitate him in his pertinacity also: will he find in you a "willing instrument, a publisher ready to disseminate all the moral "poisons he may think fit to prepare? Deliberate, Sir, before you "decide this question in the affirmative, for be assured that you "challenge a heavy responsibility; I speak not of the responsibility "to which the actions of every one of us shall be liable; on the "deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad, let no "mortal be so presumptuous as to pronounce a judgment, or so "deceived as to hope to escape one. But you are responsible to "that society whose institutions you contribute to destroy; and to "those individuals whose dearest hopes you insult, and would anni-"hilate. Hone, it is true, escaped with legal impunity; but

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If *Cain* be "blasphemous," *Paradise Lost* is blasphemous;[1] and the very words of the Oxford Gentleman,

"Carlile and his miserable associates are in gaol. I trust you will "not persevere; but if you do, neither your courtly locality and "connections, nor the demi-official character with which you are "invested, will avail to protect you.

"I make no apology for the freedom with which I have addressed "you. Do not, however, suppose that the sentiments I have "delivered are those of an anonymous individual only; they are "cherished by every real friend to religion and morals, and to those "institutions by which morality and religion are most effectually "supported—the Constitution in Church and State.

"I am, etc.,

"OXONIENSIS."

Cain was at once pirated. To protect the copyright, Murray, through his solicitor, Sharon Turner, consulted an eminent King's Counsel, Lancelot Shadwell, afterwards Vice-Chancellor. "Mr. "Shadwell, whom I have just seen," writes Turner to Murray, January 31, 1822 (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 428), "has "told me that he had read *Cain* some time ago,—that he thinks it "contains nothing but what a bookseller can be fairly justified in "publishing, that it is not worse than many parts in *Paradise* "*Regained* and in *Paradise Lost*. It is a dramatic exhibition of "Lucifer speaking as Lucifer—often very absurdly. . . . He is "King's Counsel and a religious man. He thinks it can hurt no "reasonable mind. He will lead the case."

On February 9, 1822, in the case of *Murray* v. *Benbow*, Mr. Shadwell, on behalf of the plaintiff, "moved, *ex parte*, for an injunction "to restrain the defendant from publishing a pirated edition of "Lord Byron's poem of *Cain*. The Lord Chancellor, after reading "the work, refused the motion" (Jacob's *Reports*, p. 474, *note*).

In giving judgment, the Lord Chancellor said (Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, vol. vii. p. 660, *note*)—

"Now, the real question is, looking at the work before me, its "preface, the poem, its manner of treating the subject, particularly "with reference to the Fall and the Atonement,—whether its intent "be innocent, or whether it be to traduce and bring into discredit "that part of Sacred History. This question I have no right to "try, because it has been settled, after great difference of opinion "among the learned, that it is for a jury to determine that point: "and where, therefore, a reasonable doubt is entertained as to the "character of the work (and it is impossible for me to say I have "not a doubt,—I hope it is a reasonable one), another course must "be taken for determining what is its true nature and character. "The singularity of the case in this instance is, that here is a defend-"ant who has multiplied this work by piracy, and does not think "fit to appear."

The injunction was eventually granted.

1. This sentence serves as the motto to *A Vindication of* "*The*

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"Evil, be thou my Good," are from that very poem, from the mouth of Satan; and is there anything more in that of Lucifer in the Mystery? *Cain* is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument: if Lucifer and Cain speak as the first Murderer and the first Rebel may be supposed to speak, surely all the rest of the personages talk also according to their characters—and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama.

I have even avoided introducing the Deity, as in Scripture, (though Milton does, and not very wisely either); but have adopted his Angel as sent to Cain instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject by falling short of what all uninspired men must fall short in, viz. giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The Old Mysteries introduced him liberally enough, and all this is avoided in the New one.

The Attempt to *bully you*, because they think it won't succeed with me, seems to me as atrocious an attempt as ever disgraced the times. What? when Gibbon's, Hume's, Priestley's, and Drummond's publishers have been allowed to rest in peace for seventy years, are *you* to be singled out for a work of *fiction*, not of history or argument? there must be something at the bottom of this—some private enemy of your own: it is otherwise incredible.

I can only say, *Me, me, adsum qui feci;*[1] that any proceedings directed against you, I beg, may be transferred to me, who am willing, and *ought*, to endure them all; that if you have lost money by the publication, I will

"*Paradise Lost*" *from the charge of exculpating* "*Cain: a Mystery*," by Philo Milton, London, 1822, pp. 1–60: "'If Cain be blasphemous, Paradise Lost is blasphemous.'—*Lord Byron's Letter from* "*Pisa.*"

1. Virgil, *Æn.*, ix. 427.

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refund any or all of the Copyright; that I desire you will say, that both *you* and *Mr. Gifford* remonstrated against the publication, as also Mr. Hobhouse; that *I* alone occasioned it, and I alone am the person who, either legally or otherwise, should bear the burthen. If they prosecute, I will come to England—that is, if, by meeting it in my own person, I can save yours. Let me know: you shan't suffer for me, if I can help it. Make any use of this letter which you please.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S.—You will now perceive that it was as well for you, that I have decided upon changing my publisher; though *that* was not my motive, but dissatisfaction at one or two things in your conduct, of no great moment perhaps even then. But now, all such things disappear in my regret at having been unintentionally the means of getting you into a scrape. Be assured that no momentary irritation (at real or supposed omissions or commissions) shall ever prevent me from doing you justice when you deserve it, or that I will allow you (if I can avoid it), to participate in any odium or persecution, which ought to fall on me only. I had been laughing with some of my correspondents at the rumours, etc., till I saw this assault upon *you;* and I should at that too, if I did not think that it may perhaps hurt your feelings or your business.

When you re-publish (if you do so) *The Foscari*, etc., etc., to the note upon Southey add Mr. Southey's *answer* (which was in the papers): this is but fair play; and I do not desire it out of an affected contempt. What my rejoinder to him will be, is another concern, and is not for publication. Let me have your answer: remember

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me to Gifford, and do not forget to state that both you and he objected to publishing *Cain* in its present form. As for what the Clergyman says of *Don Juan*, you have brought it upon yourself by your absurd half and half prudery, which, I always foresaw, would bother you at last. An author's *not* putting his name, is nothing—it has been always the custom to publish a thousand anonymous things; but *who* ever heard before of a *publisher's* affecting such a Masquerade as yours was? However, now, you may put my name to the *Juans*, if you like it, though it is of the latest to be of use to you. I always stated to you, that *my* only objection was, in case of the law deciding against you, that they would annihilate my guardianship of the Child. But now (as you really seem in a damned scrape), they may do what they like with me, so that I can get you out of it; but, cheer up: though I have "led my ragamuffins where they are well "peppered," [1] I will stick by them as long as they will keep the field.

I write to you about all this row of bad passions and absurdities with the *Summer* Moon (for here our Winter is clearer than your Dog days) lighting the winding Arno, with all her buildings and bridges, so quiet and still: what Nothings we are! before the least of these Stars!

975.—To John Hanson.

Pisa, Fr 17th 1822.

My dear Sir,—By this post I have written to Mr. Douglas K.d to name Sir Francis Burdett for my referee [2]

1. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act v. sc. 3.

2. At his marriage with Miss Milbanke, Byron settled £60,000 on his wife. She was to have brought £20,000 into settlement; but the money, according to Byron's statement, was never paid. On the same authority, Sir R. Milbanke's property was heavily encumbered at the time of Byron's marriage. Through her uncle Lord

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in the first instance, and Earl Grey in the event of Sir Francis's declining the nomination. Sir Francis knows Leicestershire and the property, is a friend of mine, tolerably opinionated, and a man of talents and integrity. I trust that he will accept the trust.

I have also requested Mr. Kinnaird to insure Lady Byron's life for me for ten thousand pounds, which is necessary on account of my having the life interest in *her* only. Do not omit to urge this to him. I will pay him

Wentworth, and her mother, Miss Milbanke had certain prospects. But the settlement made no reference to these prospects, and both Lord Wentworth and Sir Ralph Milbanke were free to leave their property as they chose. Byron, therefore, did not marry an heiress. Lord Wentworth, however, who died in April, 1815, left his property to Lady Milbanke, for her life, and at her death to Lady Byron. Lady Noel died at Kirkby Mallory, January 22, 1822, aged seventy. Byron, therefore, inherited the whole property by right of his wife. But one of the terms of the separation provided that this property should be divided by arbitrators. Lord Dacre was arbitrator for Lady Byron, Sir F. Burdett for Byron, and half the income was allotted to the wife and half to the husband.

The following undated letter from Sir F. Burdett to Douglas Kinnard, probably written early in 1816, shows his warm admiration for Byron :—

"Sunday Morning.

"DEAR KINNAIRD,—I shall be in Town Wed. or Thursd. "When the mayfly appears we will make a party : Davies I think "can do everything. He must fish for the whale. The Cook's terms "are reasonable enough if he is a good, and, above all, a clean one.

"I have no patience with your saying *poor Byron*. If any man "in the world has shower'd upon him all that God and Nature can "bestow, it is Byron. *Poor Byron!* What! 'the foremost man "of all this World!' *arces attigit igneas!* Conspiracy! he will "shake it off, 'like dewdrops from the lion's mane.' Even if he "were in the wrong, what an *amende* honourable his 'Farewell!' "In my opinion those lines are worth all he ever wrote, and do "him, in every way, infinite credit. She must be strangely per- "verted in intellect not to be satisfied with the light in which he "places her. She can never place herself in one half so advan- "tageous, and not to be soften'd must be 'curs'd with a mind "unknowing how to yield.'

"But never let us, who wish him well—and would I were entitled "to say more—talk of *Poor* Byron.

"Yours in haste,
"F. BURDETT."

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either by a deduction from my present Bankers account with the house of Ransom & Co., or by the same from the first new balance in my favour.

I have also stated to him the proposition for the Rochdale Market-tolls, and request you and him to make the best bargain you can for me.

I should hope that my presence in England is not now requisite, as I could wish to have things settled and my remaining debts liquidated before re-visiting that country.

You will of course put my referee in possession of all the information and claims upon my part to a just portion of my right in the estate.

I am very glad to hear such good news of your family, and especially of your hopes of becoming a Grandfather —a *young* one you are, by the way.

Believe me, ever and very truly yours,

NOEL BYRON.

Send me out a Seal and directions about the *Noel* arms, and how I am to adopt or quarter them?

P.S. You will of course have a proper statement in the papers to prevent mistakes. Send me licence.

I need not request you to write to me with report of progress.

Remember me to Charles and all your family.

976.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, February 19, 1822.

I am rather surprised not to have had an answer to my letter and packets. Lady Noel is dead,[1] and it is

1. "I have just heard," said Byron, "of Lady Noel's death. I "am distressed for poor Lady Byron! She must be in great

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not impossible that I may have to go to England to settle the division of the Wentworth property, and what portion Lady B. is to have out of it; all which was left undecided by the articles of separation. But I hope not, if it can be done without,—and I have written to Sir Francis Burdett to be my referee, as he knows the property.

Continue to address here, as I shall not go if I can avoid it—at least, not on that account. But I may on another; for I wrote to Douglas Kinnaird to convey a message of invitation to Mr. Southey to meet me, either in England, or (as less liable to interruption) on the coast of France.[1] This was about a fortnight ago, and I have not yet had time to have the answer. However, you shall have due notice; therefore continue to address to Pisa.

My agents and trustees have written to me to desire that I would take the name directly,[2] so that I am,

Yours very truly and affectionately,

NOEL BYRON.

"affliction, for she adored her mother. The world will think I am "pleased at this event, but they are much mistaken. . . . I have "written a letter of condolence to Lady Byron—you may suppose "in the kindest terms,—beginning, 'My dear Lady Byron,'—If we "are not reconciled, it is not my fault! . . . I have agreed to "leave the division of the property to Lord Dacre and Sir Francis "Burdett. . . . I shall not interfere, nor make any suggestion or "objection, if they award Lady Byron the whole."—Medwin, *Conversations of Lord Byron*, vol. i. pp. 151–153.

1. Moore notes in his Diary for March 4, 1822 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 331), "Received a letter from Lord Byron, who signs "himself now *Noel Byron*. He has called out Southey, as I ex- "pected he would, and he has done right; no man should suffer "such a letter as Southey's, signed with his name, to pass without "this sort of notice. Lord B. ought not to have brought it upon "himself, but having done so, there was but this left for him. "Neither will there any harm result from it, as Southey, I am sure, "will not meet him."

2. In the *London Gazette*, dated "Whitehall, March 2, 1822,"

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P.S.—I have had no news from England, except on business; and merely know, from some abuse in that faithful *ex* and *de*-tractor Galignani, that the clergy are up against *Cain*. There is (if I am not mistaken) some good church preferment on the Wentworth estates; and I will show them what a good Christian I am, by patronising and preferring the most pious of their order, should opportunity occur.

M. and I are but little in correspondence, and I know nothing of literary matters at present. I have been writing on business only lately. What are *you* about? Be assured that there is no such coalition as you apprehend.[1]

appeared the following: "The King has been pleased to grant "unto the Right Honourable George Gordon Baron Byron, of "Rochdale, in the county palatine of Lancaster, and to Anne-"Isabella Baroness Byron, his wife, His royal license and authority, "that they may, in compliance with a clause contained in the last "will and testament of Thomas, late Viscount and Baron Went-"worth, of Nettlested, in the county of Suffolk, deceased, the "maternal uncle of the said Anne-Isabella Baroness Byron, take "and use the surname of Noel only, and also bear the arms of Noel "only; and that the said George-Gordon Baron Byron may sub-"scribe the said surname of Noel before all titles of honour," etc.

1. "The following extracts from my previous communication to "him," says Moore (*Life*, p. 553), "will explain what this means: "'I heard some days ago that Leigh Hunt was on his way to you "with all his family; and the idea seems to be, that you and "Shelley and he are to *conspire* together in the Examiner. I cannot "believe this,—and deprecate such a plan with all my might. "*Alone* you may do anything; but partnerships in fame, like those "in trade, make the strongest party answerable for the deficiencies "or delinquencies of the rest, and I tremble even for *you* with such "a bankrupt *Co.*—* * * *. They are both clever fellows, and "Shelley I look upon as a man of real genius; but I must again "say, that you could not give your enemies (the * * *'s, "et hoc "genus omne") a greater triumph than by forming such an unequal "and unholy alliance. You are, single-handed, a match for the "world—which is saying a good deal, the world being, like Briareus, "a very many-handed gentleman,—but, to be so, *you must stand* "*alone*. Recollect that the scurvy buildings about St. Peter's "almost seem to overtop itself.'"

"I was strongly advised by Tom Moore, long ago," said Lord

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977.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, February 20, 1822.[1]

Your letter arrived since I wrote the enclosed. It is not likely, as I have appointed agents and arbitrators for the Noel estates, that I should proceed to England on that account,—though I may upon another, within stated. At any rate, *continue* you to address here till you hear further from me. I could wish *you* still to arrange for me, either with a London or Paris publisher, for the things, etc. I shall not quarrel with any arrangement you may please to make.

I have appointed Sir Francis Burdett my arbitrator to decide on Lady Byron's allowance out of the Noel estates, which are estimated at seven thousand a year, and *rents* very well paid,—a rare thing at this time. It is, however, owing to their *consisting* chiefly in pasture lands, and therefore less affected by corn bills, etc., than properties in tillage.

Believe me yours ever most affectionately,

NOEL BYRON.

Between my own property in the funds, and my wife's in land, I do not know which *side* to cry out on in politics.

There is nothing against the immortality of the soul in *Cain* that I recollect.[2] I hold no such opinions;—

Byron, "not to have any connection with such a company as Hunt, "Shelley, and Co.; but I have pledged myself, and besides could "not now, if I had ever so great a disinclination for the scheme, "disappoint all Hunt's hopes."—Medwin, *Conversations, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 121, 122.

1. The preceding letter was enclosed in this.

2. Moore, writing to Byron, February 9, 1822, had said—

"*Cain*, to be sure, *has* made a sensation; and, grand as it is, I "regret, for many reasons, you ever wrote it. . . . For myself, "I would not give up the *poetry* of religion for all the wisest results "that *philosophy* will ever arrive at. Particular sects and creeds

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but, in a drama, the first rebel and the first murderer must be made to talk according to their characters. However, the parsons are all preaching at it, from Kentish Town and Oxford to Pisa,[1]—the scoundrels of priests, who do more harm to religion than all the infidels that ever forgot their catechisms!

I have not seen Lady Noel's death announced in Galignani.—How is that?

978.—To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird (?).

Pisa, February 25, 1822.

MY DEAR [DOUGLAS],—With regard to what you say about publishing, I have before declared, that I cannot take it ill; it is the manner, and not the matter, of such things which can offend; and yours, in the present instance is plain—to the purpose, meant well, and, I trust, not ill taken: no one has greater right to say what he pleases to me than you, who have so much trouble and bother on my account.

But, acknowledging all this, I shall not the less continue to publish, till I have run my vein dry. You say it is not profitable—be it so; I shall do so for nothing; till, indeed, it becomes actually a loss; and this, because it is an occupation of mind, like play, or any other stimulus.

With regard to what I sent you a few days ago (*The Mystery*), and what I shall send you in a few days (the

"are fair game enough for those who are anxious enough about "their neighbours to meddle with them; but our faith in the Future "is a treasure not so lightly to be parted with; and the dream of "immortality (if philosophers *will* have it a dream) is one that, let "us hope, we shall carry into our last sleep with us."

1. The Rev. Johnstone Grant (Major Byron's *Inedited Works of Lord Byron*, p. 93) preached against *Cain* at Kentish Town, and Dr. Nott at Pisa. Byron replied to Nott with his lines on "Doctor "Nott . . . . with 'a crook in his lot.'"

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drama of *Werner*), I shall publish them with another publisher, and *anonymously*, if you like. I am much surprised that you say nothing about the *Vision*, as you seemed delighted with it, and eager to get it published. Published *it shall be*, though even upon my own account. As I said before, the profit is a secondary object—pleasant if it come, but to be borne without, if it do not. If you cannot settle with any English publisher, forward them to Galignani at Paris, and make any agreement you please.

You can get my MSS. out of Murray's hands, as I shall most probably collect all those I have, and publish them at once. My object is not *immediate* popularity in my present productions, which are written on a different system from the rage of the day. But, *mark what I say;* that the time will come when these will be preferred to any I have before written:—it is not from the cry or hubbub of a month that these things are to be decided upon. In the meantime I intend to be as a Calderon, or Lope de Vega.

As to my parting at this present moment with a thousand guineas, I can tell you, that I shall consent to nothing of the kind. I wonder if you take me for an atheist, to make me so unchristian a proposition?

It is true that I have reduced my expenses; but I still have had many to encounter. On getting to dry land, I had to buy carriages, and some new horses, and to furnish my house; for here you find only walls, no furnished apartments—it is not the custom. Besides, though I do not subscribe to liquidate the sum of two thousand pounds[1] for a man of twenty thousand per

1. In 1820 Sir Francis Burdett had been prosecuted for the violence of his attack on the authorities for their conduct at the Peterloo massacre. On February 8, 1821, he was sentenced to a

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annum, to write me down a contributor to the English radical societies, yet, wherever I find a poor man suffering for his opinions—and there are many such in this country—I always let him have a shilling out of a guinea.

What you say of ——'s declining health would be very well to any one else; but the way to be immortalized—I mean, not to die at all—is to have me for your heir. I recommend you to put me in your will, and you will see that as long as I live, you will never even catch cold.

I could give you some curious and interesting details of things here; but they open all letters, and I have no wish to gratify any curiosity except that of my friends, and gossips. Some day or other, when we meet, (if we do meet), I will make your hair stand on end, and [Webster?]'s wig (does he wear one still?) start from its frame, and leave him under *bare poles*. There is one thing which I wish particularly to communicate to you —and yet it can't be, without this letter went in a balloon, and as Incledon[1] says "*Tha—at's* impossible!"

fine of £2000 and imprisonment for three months. Four days later, at a meeting at the Crown and Anchor tavern, Hobhouse being in the chair, it was resolved to raise a subscription to pay the fine. Byron had refused to subscribe.

1. Charles Incledon (1763–1826), a celebrated tenor, made his first appearance on the London stage at Covent Garden, September 17, 1790.

Byron was fond of imitating Incledon. "In his wine," says Leigh Hunt (*Autobiography*, ed. 1850, vol. iii. pp. 67, 68), "he "would volunteer an imitation of somebody, generally of Incledon. "He was not a good mimic in the detail, but he could give a lively "broad sketch; and over his cups his imitations were good-natured, "which was not always the case at other times. His Incledon was "vocal. I made pretensions to the oratorical part; and between "us we boasted that we made up the entire phenomenon. He "would sometimes, however, give a happy comprehensive idea of a "person's manner and turn of mind by the utterance of a single "phrase, or even word. Thus he would pleasantly pretend that "Braham called 'enthusiasm' *entoosymoosy*; and in the extraordi- "nary combination of lightness, haste, indifference, and fervour

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Let me hear from you as much good news as you can send in that soft, agreeable, conciliating style of yours.

Yours, ever and truly,

N. B.

979.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, February 28, 1822.

I begin to think that the packet (a heavy one) of five acts of *Werner*, etc., can hardly have reached you, for your letter of last week (which I answered) did not allude to it, and yet I insured it at the post-office here.

I have no direct news from England, except on the Noel business, which is proceeding quietly, as I have appointed a gentleman (Sir F. Burdett) for my arbitrator. They, too, have said that they will recall the *lawyer* whom *they* had chosen, and will name a gentleman too. This is better, as the arrangement of the estates and of Lady B.'s allowance will thus be settled without quibbling. My lawyers are taking out a licence for the name and arms, which it seems I am to endue.

By another, and indirect, quarter, I hear that *Cain* has been pirated, and that the Chancellor has refused to give Murray any redress. Also, that G. R. (*your* friend "Ben"[1]) has expressed great personal indignation at the

"with which he would pitch out that single word from his lips, "accompanied with a gesture to correspond, he would really set "before you the admirable singer in one of his (then) characteristic "passages of stage dialogue. He did not live to see Braham "become an exception in his dialogue as in his singing."

1. Byron alludes to Moore's "Epistle from Tom Crib to Big Ben, "concerning some foul play in a late Transaction." The event referred to is the transportation of Napoleon to St. Helena: "Big "Ben" is the Regent, afterwards George IV.; and the lines begin—

> "What! Ben, my old hero, is this your renown?
> Is *this* the new *go*?—Kick a man when he's down!
> When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him then—
> By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben!"

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said poem. All this is curious enough, I think,—after allowing Priestley, Hume, and Gibbon, and Bolingbroke, and Voltaire to be published, without depriving the booksellers of their rights. I heard from Rome a day or two ago, and, with what truth I know not, that * * *.

Yours, etc.

980.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, March 1, 1822.

As I still have no news of my *Werner*, etc., packet, sent to you on the 29th of January, I continue to bore you (for the fifth time, I believe) to know whether it has *not* miscarried.[1] As it was fairly copied out, it will be vexatious if it be lost. Indeed, I insured it at the post-office to make them take more care, and directed it regularly to you at Paris.

In the impartial Galignani I perceive an extract from *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which it is said that there are people who have discovered that you and I are no poets.[2] With regard to one of us, I know that this north-west passage to my magnetic pole had been long discovered by some sages, and I leave them the full benefit of their

1. Moore, in his Diary for February 12, 1822 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 326), notes, "Received Lord Byron's MS. of *Werner* "this morning; paid five Napoleons for the postage."

2. Byron perhaps alludes to an article on Moore's *Irish Melodies*, which appeared in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for January, 1822 (pp. 62–67). The reviewer begins thus: "There are really "some people . . . who believe and assert that Moore is no "poet." He goes on to say, "For my part, Mr. North, I think "that if Thomas Moore . . . had the meanness to borrow, and "at the same time disguise the feelings of the great Lake Poets, "he might have written the only good parts of *Childe Harold*; and "had he the pluck or the whim to be egotistical, he might lay bare "a little mind of his own, as proudly and as passionately organized, "as the great Lord, whom some one describes 'to have gutted "himself, body and soul, for all the world to walk in and see the "show.'"

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penetration. I think, as Gibbon says of his History, "that, perhaps, a hundred years hence it may still con-"tinue to be abused."[1] However, I am far from pretending to compete or compare with that illustrious literary character.

But, with regard to *you*, I thought that you had always been allowed to be *a poet*, even by the stupid as well as the envious—a bad one, to be sure—immoral, florid, Asiatic, and diabolically popular,—but still always a poet, *nem. con.* This discovery, therefore, has to me all the grace of novelty, as well as of consolation (according to Rochefoucault[2]), to find myself *no*-poetised in such good company. I am content to "err with Plato;" and can assure you very sincerely, that I would rather be received a *non*-poet with you, than be crowned with all the bays of the (*yet*-uncrowned) Lakers in their society. I believe you think better of these worthies than I do. I know them * * * * * * *.

As for Southey, the answer to my proposition of a meeting is not yet come. I sent the message, with a short note, to him through Douglas Kinnaird, and Douglas's response is not arrived. If he accepts, I shall have to go to England; but if not, I do not think the Noel affairs will take me there, as the arbitrators can settle them without my presence, and there do not seem to be any difficulties. The licence for the new name and armorial bearings will be taken out by the regular application, in such cases, to the Crown, and sent to me.

1. "I never could understand the clamour that has been raised "against the indecency of my three last volumes. . . . Yet, upon the "whole, the *History of the Decline and Fall* seems to have struck "root, both at home and abroad, and may, perhaps, a hundred "years hence still continue to be abused."—*Misc. Works*, vol. i. p. 176.

2. *Maximes et Réflexions morales*, ccxli. (See *Letters*, vol. v. p. 11, *note* 2.)

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Is there a hope of seeing you in Italy again ever? What are you doing?—*bored* by me, I know; but I have explained *why* before. I have no correspondence now with London, except through relations and lawyers and one or two friends. My greatest friend, Lord Clare,[1] is at Rome: we met on the road, and our meeting was quite sentimental—*really* pathetic on both sides. I have always loved him better than any *male* thing in the world.

981.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, March 4, 1822.[2]

Since I wrote the enclosed, I have waited another post, and now have your answer acknowledging the arrival of the packet—a troublesome one, I fear, to you in more ways than one, both from weight external and internal.

The unpublished things in your hands, in Douglas K.'s, and Mr. John Murray's, are, *Heaven and Earth*, a lyrical kind of Drama upon the Deluge, etc.;—*Werner, now with you*;—a translation of the First Canto of the *Morgante Maggiore*;—*ditto* of an Episode in Dante;—some stanzas to the Po, June 1st, 1819;—*Hints from Horace*, written in 1811, but a good deal, *since*, to be omitted; several prose things, which may, perhaps, as well remain unpublished;—*The Vision*, etc., of Quevedo Redivivus, in verse.

Here you see is "more matter for a May morning;"[3] but how much of this can be published is for consideration. The Quevedo (one of my best in that line) has appalled the Row already, and must take its chance at

1. For the Earl of Clare, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 116, *note* 1, and vol. v. p. 482.
2. The previous letter was enclosed in this.
3. *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 4.

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Paris, if at all. The new Mystery is less speculative than *Cain*, and very pious; besides, it is chiefly lyrical. The *Morgante* is the *best* translation that ever was or will be made; and the rest are—whatever you please to think them.

I am sorry you think *Werner* even *approaching* to any fitness for the stage, which, with my notions upon it, is very far from my present object. With regard to the publication, I have already explained that I have no exorbitant expectations of either fame or profit in the present instances; but wish them published because they are written, which is the common feeling of all scribblers.

With respect to "Religion,"[1] can I never convince

1. Moore replied (March 16, 1822) as follows:—

"With respect to our Religious Polemics, I must try to set you "right upon one or two points. In the first place, I do *not* identify "you with the blasphemies of Cain no more than I do myself with "the impieties of my Mokanna,—all I wish and implore is that you, "who are such a powerful manufacturer of these thunderbolts, would "not *choose* subjects that make it necessary to launch them. In the "next place, were you even a decided atheist, I could not (except, "perhaps, for the *decision* which is always unwise) blame you. I "could only pity,—knowing, from experience, how dreary are the "doubts with which even the bright, poetic view I am myself in- "clined to take of mankind and their destiny is now and then "clouded. I look upon Cuvier's book to be a most desolating one "in the conclusions to which it may lead some minds. But the "young, the simple,—all those whose hearts one would like to keep "unwithered, trouble their heads but little about Cuvier. *You*, "however, have embodied him in poetry which every one reads; "and, like the wind, blowing 'where you list,' carry this deadly "chill, mixed up with your own fragrance, into hearts that should "be visited only by the latter. This is what I regret, and what, "with all my influence, I would deprecate a repetition of. *Now*, "do you understand me?

"As to your solemn peroration, 'the truth is, my dear Moore, "etc., etc.,' meaning neither more nor less than that I give in to the "cant of the world, it only proves, alas! the melancholy fact, that "you and I are hundreds of miles asunder. Could you hear me "speak my opinions instead of coldly reading them, I flatter myself "there is still enough of honesty and fun in this face to remind you "that your friend Tom Moore—whatever else he may be—is no "Canter"

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you that *I* have no such opinions as the characters in that drama, which seems to have frightened every body? Yet *they* are nothing to the expressions in Goethe's *Faust* (which are ten times hardier), and not a whit more bold than those of Milton's Satan. My ideas of a character may run away with me: like all imaginative men, I, of course, embody myself with the character while I *draw* it, but not a moment after the pen is from off the paper.

I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic in a convent of Romagna; for I think people can never have *enough* of religion, if they are to have any. I incline, myself, very much to the Catholic doctrines; but if I am to write a drama, I must make my characters speak as I conceive them likely to argue.

As to poor Shelley,[1] who is another bugbear to you and the world, he is, to my knowledge, the *least* selfish and the mildest of men—a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any

1. Byron apparently read Moore's letter to Shelley, who writes to Horatio Smith, April 11, 1822 (*Prose Works of Shelley*, ed. H. B. Forman, vol. iv. pp. 267, 268), "Lord Byron has read me one "or two letters of Moore to him, in which Moore speaks with great "kindness of me. . . . Amongst other things, however, Moore, "after giving Lord B. much good advice about public opinion, "etc., seems to deprecate MY influence over his mind, on the "subject of religion, and to attribute the tone assumed in *Cain* to "my suggestions. Moore cautions him against my influence on this "particular with the most friendly zeal; and it is plain that his "motive springs from a desire of benefitting Lord B., without "degrading me. I think you know Moore. Pray, assure him, "that I have not the smallest influence over Lord Byron, in this "particular, and if I had, I certainly should employ it to eradicate "from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which, in spite "of his reason, seem perpetually to recur, and to lay in ambush for "the hours of sickness and distress. . . . My admiration of the "character, no less than of the genius of Moore, makes me rather "wish that he should not have an ill opinion of me." Moore answered in a kindly spirit. See *ibid.*, p. 285; see also Moore's Diary for May 14, 1822 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. pp. 352, 353).

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I ever heard of. With his speculative opinions I have nothing in common, nor desire to have.

The truth is, my dear Moore, you live near the *stove* of society, where you are unavoidably influenced by its heat and its vapours. I did so once—and too much—and enough to give a colour to my whole future existence. As my success in society was *not* inconsiderable, I am surely not a prejudiced judge upon the subject, unless in its favour; but I think it, as now constituted, *fatal* to all great original undertakings of every kind. I never courted it *then*, when I was young and high in blood, and one of its "curled darlings;" and do you think I would do so *now*, when I am living in a clearer atmosphere? One thing *only* might lead me back to it, and that is, to try once more if I could do any good in *politics;* but *not* in the petty politics I see now preying upon our miserable country.

Do not let me be misunderstood, however. If you speak your *own* opinions, they ever had, and will have, the greatest weight with *me.* But if you merely *echo* the *monde*, (and it is difficult not to do so, being in its favour and its ferment,) I can only regret that you should ever repeat any thing to which I cannot pay attention.

But I am prosing. The gods go with you, and as much immortality of all kinds as may suit your present and all other existence.

Yours, etc.

982.—To J. C. Armstrong.

[No date: in pencil, March, 1822.]

SIR,—I have to acknowledge the honour of your letter. It would have given me pleasure to have treated with you for your yacht—but I have already had one built at

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Genoa—under the direction of Capt. Wright and Capt. Roberts R.N.[1] who have had the goodness to superintend her progress—This renders any further trouble to you, Sir, unnecessary—but I am not the less obliged for your offer, and have the honour to be

Your very obed: humble serv:

NOEL BYRON.

983.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, March 6, 1822.

The enclosed letter from Murray hath melted me; though I think it is against his own interest to wish that I should continue his connection. You may, therefore, send him the packet of *Werner*, which will save you all further trouble. And pray, *can you* forgive me for the bore and expense I have already put upon you? At

1. Captain Daniel Roberts, R.N., who had travelled with Trelawny from Geneva to Genoa in the winter of 1821–22 (Trelawny, *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*, p. 13), was a friend both of Trelawny and of Williams. Mrs. Shelley, who did not then know him, speaks of him as "a very rough subject, I fancy,—"a famous angler, etc." (*Life and Letters*, vol. i. p. 325). He was an authority on boats and boat-building. "Have a boat we must," wrote Williams to Trelawny, December, 1821 (*Records*, p. 11), "and "if we can get Roberts to build her so much the better." Byron, Shelley, and Williams had already planned a summer stay and boating excursions on the Gulf of Spezia, and in January, 1822, Trelawny was commissioned to ask Roberts to build at Genoa "an open boat "for Shelley, and a large decked one for Byron" (*ibid.*, p. 93). For the design of the *Ariel*, Williams, not Roberts, was responsible. So says Trelawny (*ibid.*, p. 96). Williams, however, in his Diary, implies that Trelawny himself supplied the design. "*Tues-*"*day, January* 15.—Trelawny calls, and brought with him the "model of an American schooner, on which it is settled with S. "and myself to build a boat 30 feet long, and T. writes to Roberts "at Genoa to commence on it directly" (*Prose Works of Shelley*, ed. H. B. Forman, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 314). She cost Shelley £80, and arrived at Lerici on May 12, 1822. The *Bolivar*, a schooner, which cost Byron £750, ready for sea, was brought round from Genoa to Leghorn by Trelawny in the following June.

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least, *say* so—for I feel ashamed of having given you so much for such nonsense.

The fact is, I cannot *keep* my *resentments*, though violent enough in their onset. Besides, now that all the world are *at* Murray on my account, I neither can nor ought to leave him; unless, as I really thought, it were better for *him* that I should.

I have had no other news from England, except a letter from Barry Cornwall, the bard, and my old schoolfellow.[1] Though I have sickened you with letters lately, believe me

Yours, etc.

P.S.—In your last letter you say, speaking of Shelley, that you would almost prefer the "damning bigot" to the "annihilating infidel."[2] Shelley believes in immortality, however—but this by the way. Do you remember Frederick the Great's answer to the remonstrance of the

1. See *Letters*, vol. v. p. 37, *note* 2.

2. Moore had written, February 19, 1822—

"I have written to the Longmans to try the ground, for I do *not* "think Galignani the man for you. The only thing he can do is "what we can do, ourselves, without him,—and that is, employ an "English bookseller. Paris, indeed, might be convenient for such "refugee works as are set down in the *Index Expurgatorius* of "London; and if you have any political catamarans to explode, "this is your place. But, *pray*, let them be only political ones. "Boldness, and even licence, in politics, does good,—actual, pre- "sent good; but, in religion, it profits neither here nor hereafter; "and, for myself, such a horror have I of both extremes on this "subject, that I know not *which* I hate most, the bold, damning "bigot, or the bold, annihilating infidel. 'Furiosa res est in tene- "bris impetus;'—and much as we are in the dark, even the wisest "of us, upon these matters, a little modesty, in unbelief as well as "belief, best becomes us. You will easily guess that, in all this, I "am thinking not so much of you, as of a friend, and, at present, "companion of yours, whose influence over your mind (knowing "you as I do, and knowing what Lady B. *ought* to have found out, "that you are a person the most tractable to those who live with "you that, perhaps, ever existed) I own I dread and deprecate most "earnestly."

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villagers whose curate preached against the eternity of hell's torments? It was thus:—"If my faithful subjects "of Schrausenhaussen prefer being eternally damned, let "them."[1]

Of the two, I should think the long sleep better than the agonised vigil. But men, miserable as they are, cling so to any thing *like* life, that they probably would prefer damnation to quiet. Besides, they think themselves so *important* in the creation, that nothing less can satisfy their pride—the insects!

984.—To John Murray.

Pisa, March 6th 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have got your letter of ye 19th J^y^

You will have long ago received a letter from me (or should), declaring my opinion of the treatment *you* have met with about the recent publication. I think it disgraceful to those who have persecuted you. I make peace with you, though our war was for other reasons than this same controversy. I have written to Moore by this post to forward to you the tragedy of *Werner*, which I sent to him to transmit to another publisher. I shall not make

1. Frederick the Great, writing, May 3, 1768, to the Electress Marie-Antoine (Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, bk. xxi. chap. iv.), says, "Not even the little Town of Neufchâtel but has had its "troubles; your Royal Highness will be astonished to learn how. "A Parson there had set forth in a sermon, That considering the "immense mercy of God, the pains of Hell could not last for ever. "The Synod shouted murder at such scandal; and has been strug- "gling, ever since, to get the Parson exterminated. The affair was "of my jurisdiction; for your Royal Highness must know that I "am Pope in that Country;—here is my decision: Let the parsons, "who make for themselves a cruel and barbarous God, be eternally "damned, as they desire, and deserve; and let those parsons, who "conceive God gentle and merciful, enjoy the plenitude of his "mercy! However, Madam, my sentence has failed to calm the "minds; the schism continues; and the number of the damnatory "theologians prevails over the others."

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or propose any present bargain about it or the new *Mystery* till we see if they succeed. If they don't sell (which is not unlikely), you shan't pay; and I suppose this is fair play, if you choose to risk it.

Bartolini, the celebrated Sculptor,[1] wrote to me to desire to take my bust: I consented, on condition that he also took that of the Countess Guiccioli. He has taken both, and I think it will be allowed that *Her's* is beautiful. I shall make you a present of them both, to show you that I don't bear malice, and as a compensation for the trouble and squabble you had about Thorwaldsen's. Of my own I can hardly speak, except that it is thought very like what I *now am*, which is different from what I was, of course, since you saw me. The Sculptor is a famous one; and as it was done by *his own* particular request, will be done well, probably.

What is to be done about Taaffe and his Commentary? He will die if he is *not* published: he will be damned, if he *is*; but that *he* don't mind. You must publish him.

All the *row* about *me* has no otherwise affected me than by the attack upon yourself, which is ungenerous in Church and State. But as all violence must in time have its proportionate re-action, you will do better by and bye.

Yours very truly,

NOEL BYRON.

Apply to Mr. Douglas Kin[d] for the proofs of the new *Mystery*.

1. "Bertolini is an excellent workman, and takes admirable likenesses. . . . It is now the fashion among the English to sit to him. . . . The cheapness of sculpture at Florence must injure our English artists. Casts have been imported from London of the busts of the King, Fox, Pitt, Nelson, Perceval, and many others. These Bertolini reproduces in marble, and sends back to London, all expenses of carriage included, for twenty-two pounds each."—Matthews, *Diary of an Invalid*, p. 59, ed. 1820.

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985.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, March 8, 1822.

You will have had enough of my letters by this time —yet one word in answer to your present missive. You are quite wrong in thinking that your "*advice*" had offended me; but I have already replied (if not answered) on that point.

With regard to Murray, as I really am the meekest and mildest of men since Moses (though the public and mine "excellent wife" [1] cannot find it out), I had already pacified myself and subsided back to Albemarle Street, as my yesterday's *ye*pistle will have informed you. But I thought that I had explained my causes of bile—at least to you. Some instances of vacillation, occasional neglect, and troublesome sincerity, real or imagined, are sufficient to put your truly great author and man into a passion. But reflection, with some aid from hellebore, hath already cured me *pro tempore*, and, if it had not, a request from you and Hobhouse would have come upon me like two out of the *tribus Anticyris*,[2]—with which, however, Horace despairs of purging a poet. I really feel ashamed of having bored you so frequently and fully of late. But what could I do? You are a friend—an absent one, alas!—and as I trust no one more, I trouble you in proportion.

This war of "Church and State" has astonished me more than it disturbs; for I really thought *Cain* a speculative and hardy, but still a harmless, production. As I said before, I am really a great admirer of tangible

1. Byron possibly refers to *Much Ado about Nothing*, act ii. sc. 1—

"*Don Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

"*Leonato.* O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married they would talk themselves mad."

2. Horace, *Ars Poet.*, line 300.

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religion; and am breeding one of my daughters a Catholic, that she may have her hands full. It is by far the most elegant worship, hardly excepting the Greek mythology. What with incense, pictures, statues, altars, shrines, relics, and the real presence, confession, absolution,—there is something sensible to grasp at. Besides, it leaves no possibility of doubt; for those who swallow their Deity, really and truly, in transubstantiation, can hardly find any thing else otherwise than easy of digestion.

I am afraid that this sounds flippant, but I don't mean it to be so; only my turn of mind is so given to taking things in the absurd point of view, that it breaks out in spite of me every now and then. Still, I do assure you that I am a very good Christian. Whether you will believe me in this, I do not know; but I trust you will take my word for being

Very truly and affectionately yours, etc.

P.S.—Do tell Murray that one of the conditions of peace is, that he publisheth (or obtaineth a publisher for) Taaffe's *Commentary on Dante*, against which there appears in the trade an unaccountable repugnance. It will make the man so exuberantly happy. He dines with me and half-a-dozen English to-day; and I have not the heart to tell him how the bibliopolar world shrink from his Commentary;—and yet it is full of the most orthodox religion and morality. In short, I make it a point that he shall be in print. He is such a good-natured, heavy * * Christian, that we must give him a shove[1] through the press. He naturally thirsts to be an

1. See *Hints from Horace*, lines 381, 382, and Byron's *note* (*Poems*, vol. i. p. 417)—

> "While the Lord's servant chastens whom he loves,
> And Simeon kicks where Baxter only 'shoves.'"

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author, and has been the happiest of men for these two months, printing, correcting, collating, dating, anticipating, and adding to his treasures of learning. Besides, he has had another fall from his horse into a ditch the other day, while riding out with me into the country.

986.—To John Murray.

Pisa, March 15th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad that you and your friends approve of my letter of the 8th Ult°: you may give it what publicity you think proper in the circumstances. I have since written to you twice or thrice.

Besides the MSS. you are aware of, either in your own possession or Mr. D. Kinnaird's, there is a drama in five acts now in the care of Mr. Moore, which he will forward. I think of publishing it and the new Mystery in one volume; the *Vision of Judgement* anonymously and *secretly*, as *it* will be *pirated* of course and remedy refused according to law and lawyers.

Also the Pulci in the same way.

The translation from Dante, and the lines to the Po, may be published with the *Mystery* and Tragedy.

For all, or any of these, it may be as well to make no positive agreement, till you can pronounce upon their success or otherwise after publication.

As to "a poem in the old way, to interest the women," [1] as you call it, I shall attempt of that kind nothing further.

1. Shelley was of Byron's opinion. Writing to John Gisborne (*Prose Works*, vol. iv. p. 281), and speaking of the difficulty of writing without assurance of sympathy, he says, "Imagine Demos-"thenes reciting a Philippic to the waves of the Atlantic. Lord "Byron is in this respect fortunate. He touched the chord to "which a million hearts responded, and the coarse music which he "produced to please them, disciplined him to the perfection to "which he now approaches."

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I follow the bias of my own mind, without considering whether women or men are or are not to be pleased. But this is nothing to my publisher, who must judge and act according to popularity.

Therefore let the things take their chance: if *they pay*, you will pay me in proportion; and if they don't, I must.

The Noel affairs, I hope, will *not* take me to England. I have no desire to revisit that country, unless it be to keep you out of a prison (if this can be effected by my taking your place), or perhaps to get myself into one, by exacting satisfaction from one or two persons who take advantage of my absence to abuse me. Further than this, I have no business nor connection with England, nor desire to have, *out* of my own family and friends, to whom I wish all prosperity. Indeed, I have lived upon the whole so little in England (about five years since I was one and twenty), that my habits are too continental, and your climate would please me as little as the Society.

I saw the Chancellor's report in a French paper. Pray, why don't they prosecute the translation of *Lucretius* or the original with its

"Primus in orbe Deos fecit Timor,"[1]

or

"Tantum Religio potuit suadere Malorum?"[2]

I have only seen one review of the book, and that was in Galignani's magazine, quoted from the *Monthly*. It was very favourable to the plays, as Compositions.

You must really get something done for Mr. Taaffe's Commentary. What can I say to him?

Yours, ever and truly,

NOEL BYRON.

1. Statius, *Thebais*, iii. 661.
2. Lucretius, *De Rerum Naturâ*, i. 102.

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987.—To John Hanson.

Pisa, March 22d 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I greatly approve of the steps you have taken as indicated in your various letters, *all* of which I have reason to think have been received safely. I have written to you about three or four times but do not precisely recollect the number.

You are too sanguine about Dearden and the Rochdale affairs, I doubt. The decision in the Exchequer extinguished any further hopes on that point; for the Chancellor is no friend of mine, and may probably decide according to his feelings.

As to the tolls, you will I presume make the best bargain we can. Press the *points* you mention of the "Mansion, etc.," on the mind of my Arbitrator.

I regret what you say of the "portrait," etc.,[1] as some steps must be taken to prevent the Child's mind from being prejudiced against her father, and I beg of you to inform me what can *legally* be done to direct her education, so as to prevent her being brought up in a hostile state towards me. I have no wish to pretend to educate her *myself*, as she is a *daughter;* but if her mother's friends are to instil hostile feelings into her head, the Chancellor must be called upon to name a proper third person or Guardian to have her properly educated by. Let me hear from you soon.

Yours, ever and truly,

NOEL BYRON.

1. Lady Noel's will was proved at Doctors' Commons, February 22, 1822, by the executors, Dr. Lushington and N. W. R. Colbourne. She left to the trustees a portrait of Byron, described as enclosed in a case at Kirkby Mallory, with directions that it was not to be shown to his daughter Ada till she attained the age of twenty-one; but that, if her mother were still living, it was not to be so delivered without Lady Byron's consent.

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P.S. Would not Dearden, think you, come to some terms without going through with the Appeal?

P.S. 2d I am told that there are some erroneous paragraphs on the subject of the Noel business in the papers. I trust that you will cause such to be corrected and my right in the settlement truly stated.

988.—To E. J. Dawkins.[1]

Pisa, March 27, 1822.

SIR,—I take the liberty of transmitting to you the statements, as delivered to the police,[2] of an extraordinary affair which occurred here on Sunday last. This will not, it is to be hoped, be considered an intrusion, as several British subjects have been insulted and some wounded on the occasion, besides being arrested at the gate of the city without proper authority or reasonable cause.

With regard to the subsequent immediate occurrence of the aggressor's wound, there is little that I can add to the enclosed statements. The testimony of an impartial eye-witness, Dr. Crawford, with whom I had not the honour of a personal acquaintance, will inform you as much as I know myself.

1. Reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1891. Dawkins was the British Minister at Florence.

2. For the scuffle with Sergeant-major Masi, and the signed statement of Byron, Shelley, Trelawny, and Hay, together with that of Dr. Crawford, see Appendix II. Underneath the counter-statement of Taaffe, Byron has written the following note in his Italian copy of the *Rapporto sopra l'accaduto al Nobile Lord Noel Byron ed altri*; "Nota bene.—This deposition of Mr. John Taaffe, who began the "quarrel and then tried to back out of it for fear of the Pisans, hath "acquired for the said John Taaffe the name and designation of "*Falstaffe*. He hath since recanted a part of his said statement to "the English Minister, and now admits that he did think himself "affronted, etc."

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It is proper to add that I conceived the man to have been an officer, as he was well dressed, with scaled epaulettes, and not ill-mounted, and *not* a serjeant-major (the son of a washerwoman, it is said) as he turns out to be.

When I accosted him a second time, on the Lung' Arno, he called out to me with a menacing gesture, "Are you content?" I (still ignorant of what had passed under the gateway, having ridden through the guard to order my steward to go to the police) answered, "No; I want your name and address." He then held out his hand, which I took, not understanding whether he intended it as a pledge of his hostility or of his repentance, at the same time stating his name.

The rest of the facts appear to have been as within stated, as far as my knowledge goes. Two of my servants (both Italians) are detained on suspicion of having wounded him. Of this I know no more than the enclosed papers vouch, and can only say that, notwithstanding the atrocious aggression (of the particulars of which I was at the moment ignorant), the act was as completely disapproved of by me as it was totally unauthorised, either directly or indirectly.

It neither is nor has been my wish to prevent or evade the fullest investigation of the business; had it been so, it would have been easy to have either left the place myself or to have removed any suspected person from it, the police having taken no steps whatever till this afternoon—three days after the fact.

I have the honour, etc.,

NOEL BYRON.

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989.—To John Murray.

Pisa, March 31st 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of several books, etc., which I will acknowledge more at length shortly.

I am very much occupied at present with a squabble between some English (myself for one) and some Soldiers of the Guard at the Gate and a dragoon, who wanted to arrest us. Some have been wounded—the dragoon severely, but now recovering. The matter is before the British Minister at Florence, and of course I cannot send an *ex parte* statement, till I see what he says further. His letter to me has been very handsome and obliging.

Yours, ever and truly,

N. B.

990.—To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird (?).

Pisa, April 2, 1822.

MY DEAR [DOUGLAS],—I cannot make this a long letter (luckily for you), for I am a good deal occupied about a very unpleasant squabble between some soldiers of the guard at the gate, a drunken brutal dragoon, and some English gentlemen, including myself.

The result was, that they tried to arrest us. I broke through with another. An Englishman was wounded and the dragoon stabbed (by a servant, as is supposed), in a very dangerous way, in the full street, before thousands of people, as he was galloping along, after sabring the unarmed people already in arrest. The fellow is, however, declared out of danger, and the Englishman is also well. This is the sum; but the particular depositions I reserve until I hear again from our minister at Florence

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—who has sent me one very polite answer to the papers which I forwarded to him—in order that the statement may not appear garbled or premature.

You may suppose the row, a sort of miniature Manchester business,[1] except that the military aggressor has not, in this instance, escaped with impunity. It is a strange instance of the fallibility of human testimony, that, with thousands of witnesses, they have not been able to identify the man who wounded the dragoon, nor even the weapon with which the deed was perpetrated; for some said a pistol, some an air-gun, and others, a stiletto, a lance, and a pitchfork.

Mr. Dawkins, our minister, says, that I am acquitted of any suspicion of having sanctioned, approved, or suggested the act of which his assailant is accused. The fact was, we, at least I, mistook the fellow for an officer —he is a serjeant-major—but I am no great tailor in uniforms. He rode against one of the party, and I advanced to him, to ask what he meant. He blustered and bullied—and thence the whole affair. After I had given him my card, he called to the guard to arrest us, and so forth, as alluded to above. I have only one word more to add: the man they have sworn to as guilty of the act is not a servant of mine, but of Count Gamba; there is, however, every reason to suppose that he is *not* the real assailant.

Yours, ever and truly,

N. B.

1. The Reform meeting, convoked by "Orator" Hunt and others in St. Peter's Fields, Manchester, was dispersed by the yeomanry, August 16, 1819. Several persons were killed, and between three and four hundred injured. Lord Sidmouth expressed to the colonel the Prince Regent's "high approbation of the "exemplary manner in which the yeomanry had assisted and sup- "ported the civil power in the county palatine."

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991.—To John Hanson.

Pisa, April 8th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—It has been suggested to me that a legal authority (Mr. C. Butler) has said that it will be necessary to have an act of parliament for the assumption of the name of Noel. Is this so? or not? I trust that the best advice has been taken.

I should be glad to know too why the arbitration is not proceeded upon, as I have already appointed my referee and forwarded my sentiments on the subject to yourself and all others concerned in the direction of my affairs.

Yours ever and truly,

NOEL BYRON.

992.—To John Murray.

Pisa, April 9th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—The busts will be sent when completed. They are already paid for, etc. Thank Mr. D'Israeli for his book, and say that I shall write to him soon to acknowledge its arrival more particularly.[1] Also the same to Mr. Luttrell.

I believe the new *Mystery* is pious enough; but if anything wants softening here and there, send me an extract, but *not* a proof, as I have already corrected it carefully. Have you got *Werner* from Mr. Moore? Your best way to publish the "Quevedo Redivivus" will be with some other bookseller's name, or as a *foreign* edition; and in such a *cheap* form that the pirates cannot undersell you. Mr. Douglas Kinnaird has the corrected

1. The third edition of *The Literary Character*, published in 1822. (For the promised letter, and Disraeli's reply, see pp. 83–89, and *note* 1.)

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proof in his hands, and will put it into yours upon your application to him.

I wish you would decide something about the publication of the *Pulci*, etc.: I do not mean *terms*, but the time of publication.

My lawyers say that the Act of Parliament is *not* necessary for the name of Noel; but I have written to them, and to my trustee, Mr. D. K., to get good advice thereanent.

I have had a newspaper letter sent to me, which asks, "who molested *you?*" did you not say to me that they were prosecuting you? Let me hear from you.

Yours truly,

NOEL BYRON.

993.—To John Murray.

Pisa, April 13th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—Your congratulations on the Noel accession are somewhat premature, as Lady B. is on a "Milk diet," from which it may be that there will be a greater flow of *Milk* than *Honey* (and of *Gall* than either), from this new "land of Promise." You might as well expect peace in the House of Atreus, as comfort, honour, or prosperity, from the Union between those of Noel and Byron.

Mr. Kinnaird writes that there has been an "excellent "defence" of *Cain*, against "Oxoniensis:" [1] you have sent me nothing but a not very excellent *of*-fence of the same poem. If there be such "a defender of the Faith," you

1. Probably Byron refers to *A Letter to Sir Walter Scott, Bart., in answer to the Remonstrance of Oxoniensis on the publication of Cain, a Mystery, by Lord Byron.* By Harroviensis. London, 1822.

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may send me his thirty nine articles, as a counterbalance to some of your late communications.

Are you to publish, or not, what Moore and Mr. Kinnaird have in hand, and the *Vision* of Quevedo? If you publish the latter in a very cheap edition, so as to baffle the pirates by a low price, you will find that it will do. The *Mystery* I look upon as good, and *Werner* too, and I expect that you will publish them speedily. You need not put your name to *Quevedo*, but publish it as a foreign edition, and let it take its chance and make its way. D. K. has it still, with the preface, I believe.

I refer you to him for documents on the late row here: I sent them a week ago.

Yours ever,

N. B.

994.—To John Murray.

Pisa, April 18th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I have received the defence of *Cain*. Who is *my* Warburton?[1] for he has done for me what the Bishop did for the poet against Crousaz. His reply seems to me conclusive; and if you understood your own interest, you would print it together with the poem.

It is very odd that I do not hear from you. I have forwarded to Mr. D. K.d the documents on a squabble here, which occurred about a month ago: the affair is still going on; but they make nothing of it hitherto. I think, what with home and abroad, there has been hot water enough for one while. Mr. Dawkins, the English

1. Jean Pierre de Crousaz published his *Examen de l'Essai de Monsieur Pope sur l'homme* at Lausanne in 1737. He was answered by William Warburton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, in *A Vindication of Mr. Pope's Essay on Man from the Misrepresentations of Mr. de Crousaz*, 1738–39.

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Minister, has behaved in the handsomest and most gentlemanly manner throughout the whole business.

Yours ever and truly,

N. B.

P.S.—Are you to publish or not? I wish you would let me have a positive answer before the Season wears out. I have directed you how to publish *The Vision* of Quevedo, etc., in a small cheap form without your name: also the Pulci, with the text of the original; the *Mystery* and *Werner* together, in what form you please. Don't dawdle, but let me know. I have got Lord Glenbervie's book,[1] which is very amusing and able upon the topics which he touches upon, and part of the preface pathetic. Write soon.

995.—To John Murray.

Pisa, April 22d. 1822.

DEAR SIR,—You will regret to hear that I have received intelligence of the death of my daughter Allegra of a fever in the Convent of Bagna Cavallo,[2]

1. In 1821 Sylvester Douglas, Lord Glenbervie, printed, but did not publish, his *Translation from the Italian of Forteguerri of the First Canto of Ricciardetto. With an Introduction concerning the Romantic, Burlesque and Mock-Heroic Poets.* The translator's name was not given. In 1822 Murray published the book with Lord Glenbervie's name. To this edition Lord Glenbervie added a preface.

2. Allegra died April 20, 1822, aged five years and three months.

In Willis's *Current Notes* for 1851 (p. 32) the following extract from a letter from Byron, sold by Puttick and Simpson in April, 1851, is printed: "Death has done his work—and I am resigned "—for however deeply human scrutiny may pry into the infinitely "perplexed combination of events—however accurately human pru- "dence may understand, arrange, and make use of what it knows— "it still ever remains confined, nor even dreams of a thousand "matters which come forth from the womb of the next hour. Even

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where she was placed for the last year, to commence her education. It is a heavy blow for many reasons, but must be borne,—with time.

"at my age, I have become so much worn and harassed by the "trials of the world, that I cannot refrain from looking upon that "*early rest*, which is at times granted to the young, as a blessing. "There is a purity and holiness in the apotheosis of those who "leave us in their brightness and their beauty, which instinctively "lead us to a persuasion of their beatitude."

Countess Guiccioli thus describes Byron's grief at the death of Allegra: "Nell' occasione pure della morte della sua figlia "naturale io ho veduto nel suo dolore tuttociò che vi è di più pro- "fondo nella tenerezza paterna. La sua condotta verso di codesta "fanciulla era stata sempre quella del padre il più amoroso; ma "dalle di lui parole non si sarebbe giudicato che avesse tanta "affezione per lei. Alla prima notizia della di lei malattia egli fu "sommamente agitato; giunse poi la notizia della morte, ed io "dovetti esercitare il tristo ufficio di participarla a Lord Byron. "Quel sensibile momento sarà indelebile nella mia memoria. Egli "non usciva da varii giorni la sera: io andai dunque da lui. La "prima domanda che egli mi fece fu relativa al Corriere che egli "aveva spedito per avere notizie della sua figlia, e di cui il ritardo "lo inquietava. Dopo qualche momento di sospensione con tutta "l'arte che sapeva suggerirmi il mio proprio dolore gli tolsi ogni "speranza della guarigione della fanciulla. 'Ho inteso,' disse egli "—'basta così—non dite di più'—e un pallore mortale si sparse "sul suo volto; le forze gli mancarono, e cadde sopra una sedia "d'appoggio. Il suo sguardo era fisso e tale che mi fece temere "per la sua ragione. Egli rimase in quello stato d'immobilità un'o- "ra; e nessuna parola di consolazione che io potessi indirizzargli "pareva penetrare le sue orecchie non che il suo core. Ma basta "così di questa trista detenzione nella quale non posso fermarmi "dopo tanti anni senza risvegliare di nuovo nel mio animo le "terribile sofferenze di quel giorno. La mattina lo trovai tran- "quillo, e con una espressione di religiosa rassegnazione nel suo "volto. 'Ella è più felice di noi,' diss' egli—'d'altronde la sua "situazione nel mondo non le avrebbe data forse felicità. Dio ha "voluto così—non ne parliamo più.' E da quel giorno in poi non "ha più voluto proferire il nome di quella fanciulla. Ma è divenuto "più pensieroso parlando di Ada, al punto di tormentarsi quando "gli ritardavano di qualche ordinario le di lei notizie."

Moore (*Life*, p. 567) translates the passage as follows: "On the "occasion also of the death of his natural daughter, I saw in his "grief the excess of paternal kindness. His conduct towards this "child was always that of a fond father; but no one would have "guessed from his expressions that he felt this affection for her. "He was dreadfully agitated by the first intelligence of her illness; "and when afterwards that of her death arrived, I was obliged to "fulfil the melancholy task of communicating it to him. The

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It is my present intention to send her remains to England for sepulture in Harrow Church (where I once hoped to have laid my own), and this is my reason for troubling you with this notice. I wish the funeral to be very private. The body is embalmed, and in lead. It will be embarked from Leghorn. Would you have any objection to give the proper directions on its arrival?

I am yours, etc.,

N. B.

P.S.—You are aware that protestants are not allowed holy ground in Catholic countries.

"memory of that frightful moment is stamped indelibly on my "mind. For several evenings he had not left his house; I there- "fore went to him. His first question was relative to the courier "he had despatched for tidings of his daughter, and whose delay "disquieted him. After a short interval of suspense, with every "caution which my own sorrow suggested, I deprived him of all "hope of the child's recovery. 'I understand,' said he,—'it is "enough, say no more.' A mortal paleness spread itself over his "face, his strength failed him, and he sunk into a seat. His look "was fixed, and the expression such that I began to fear for his "reason; he did not shed a tear; and his countenance manifested "so hopeless, so profound, so sublime a sorrow, that at the moment "he appeared a being of a nature superior to humanity. He re- "mained immovable in the same attitude for an hour, and no "consolation which I endeavoured to afford him seemed to reach "his ears, far less his heart. But enough of this sad episode, on "which I cannot linger, even after the elapse of so many years, "without renewing in my own heart the awful wretchedness of that "day. He desired to be left alone, and I was obliged to leave "him. I found him on the following morning tranquillised, and "with an expression of religious resignation on his features. 'She "is more fortunate than we are,' he said; 'besides, her position in "the world would scarcely have allowed her to be happy. It is "God's will—let us mention it no more.' And from that day he "would never pronounce her name; but became more anxious "when he spoke of Ada,—so much so as to disquiet himself when "the usual accounts sent him were for a post or two delayed."

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996.—To Percy Bysshe Shelley.

April 23, 1822.

The blow was stunning and unexpected; for I thought the danger over, by the long interval between her stated amelioration and the arrival of the express.[1] But I have borne up against it as I best can, and so far successfully, that I can go about the usual business of life with the same appearance of composure, and even greater. There is nothing to prevent your coming to-morrow; but, perhaps, to-day, and yester-evening, it was better not to

1. The following letter from Shelley to Byron refers to Jane Clairmont's grief for Allegra's death :—

"Lerici, May 8, 1822.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I have succeeded in dissuading "Clare from the melancholy design of visiting the coffin at Leghorn, "much to the profit of my own shattered health and spirits, which "would have suffered much in accompanying her on such a journey. "She is much better: she has indeed altogether suffered in a "manner less terrible than I expected, after the first shock, during "which, of course, she wrote the letter you enclose. I had no idea "that her letter was written in that temper, and I think I need not "assure you that, whatever mine or Mary's ideas might have been "respecting the system of education you intended to adopt, we "sympathise too much in your loss, and appreciate too well your "feelings, to have allowed such a letter to be sent to you had we "suspected its contents.

"The portrait and the hair arrived safe: I gave them to Clare, "and made her acquainted with your concession to her requests. "She now seems bewildered; and whether she designs to avail "herself further of your permission to regulate the funeral, I know "not. In fact, I am so exhausted with the scenes through which "I have passed, that I do not dare to ask. I think she will be "persuaded not to interfere, as I am convinced that her putting "herself forward in any manner would be as injurious to herself as "it would be painful to me, and probably to you. She has no "objection (thus much she has said) to the interment taking place "in England.

"Tita, I think I told you, is with me. Williams heard this "morning from Trelawny, who says that a good deal yet remains "to be done with the Bolivar. My boat is not yet arrived.

"Believe me ever, my dear Lord B.,

"Your's very faithfully,

"P. B. SHELLEY."

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have met. I do not know that I have any thing to reproach in my conduct, and certainly nothing in my feelings and intentions towards the dead. But it is a moment when we are apt to think that, if this or that had been done, such event might have been prevented,—though every day and hour shows us that they are the most natural and inevitable. I suppose that Time will do his usual work—Death has done his.

Yours ever,

N. B.

997.—To John Murray.

Pisa, May 1st 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I have received Sir Walter Scott's letter, enclosed in yours, which I will answer shortly.

Last week I wrote to apprize you of the death of my natural daughter, Allegra.

Of the Pisan affray, the chief documents are in possession of Mr. Dt K.d, and a further copy was sent to Mr. Hobhouse, both of which I trust have been received.

I shall expect the proof of the *Werner*. I desired you to obtain *the Mystery* from Mr. K.d, also *the Vision*; and, as I have already repeated to you my wishes on the subject, I expect that you will publish them as directed.

Can you tell me the author of the defence of *Cain*? If you understand your own interest, you will get it circulated as much as you can.

I am, yours very truly,

N. B.

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998.—To Sir Walter Scott.[1]

Pisa, May 4, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR WALTER,—Your account of your family is very pleasing: would that I "could answer this

1. The following is Scott's answer to Byron's letter :—

"Edinburgh, 26 June, 1822.

"MY DEAR LORD,—The best answer I can send to your enquiries respecting what I have been doing (and in one sense it is "an indifferent one) is the enclosed dramatic Sketch. Mrs. Joanna "Baillie wished me to contribute something to a Pic-nic publication which she means to publish for the benefit of a friend who "had been unfortunate in trade. I have no love for these sort of "olla podridas, but I have a great respect for our sister in the "Muses, and was most willing to gratify her. I tried therefore "a scene or two, but soon ran out of bounds; and instead of a "petty and partial skirmish, as I intended, I ran scampering and "kicking my heels through a whole field of battle, and rid my "Pegasus hard, untill, as John Kemble said of his mundane "houyhnhnm, *yerked* un off and there was an end of the matter. I "should have liked much to have put it under your patronage, for "which there might have been found some cause in the fractional "interest which we have respectively in the heroes of whom I have "inflicted this celebration upon your Lordship, being in lineal "descent half a Gordon, as I am a fourth part of a Swinton. But "I felt that, besides its not being worthy of being your god child, "I ought to offer to Mrs. Baillie the sponsorship, considering it "was undertaken at her request, though it overran her limits. And "so enough of Halidon hill; and sending it to you instead of the "Dramas is much like the old story of the Brass and Golden "armour in the celebrated transaction in which the old Greek "*diddled* the Phrygian.

"I was favoured with the *procès verbal* respecting the Sergeant-"Major, and I do not wonder, conducting himself as he did, he "came by a *coltellata* from some of your Lordship's *Gillies*. I think "the same would have been like to have happened in my own case, "especially if my piper had got a couple of drams, in which case "he is not unapt to pipe to the Skene dhû. I wonder at Taafe, "who seems more cold livered in the matter than I would have "expected. I knew him in Edinburgh some years since, and I "have just now a card from him, which I take the liberty to enclose "an answer to under this cover. He meditates a work in English "upon Dante; but I should fear the original is too little known "amongst [us] to make the commentary, however valuable to "Italian scholars, a matter of great interest with the general reader.

"Did you know poor Boswell, whom we have lost in a melan-"choly manner through too long perseverance in thrumming upon

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"comfort with the like!"[1] but I have just lost my natural daughter, Allegra, by a fever. The only consolation, save time, is the reflection that she is either at

"a bad jest? He was a most high-spirited, joyous fellow, with no "small share of humour, and a ready composer of songs, which he "sang himself very well. Very hardy and resolved, too—in short, "a man of gallant and determined character. His brother Junius, "too, is gone, who in many points strongly resembled his father, "the biographer of Johnson (though with ten times his talent); he "has also been hurried off, and in so far my prospects of social "pleasure when I go to London are materially lessened.

"We are still agitated here by the consequences of the transition "from a state of war to a state of peace, and are very near arriving "at the comfortable conviction that the latter, with its old adjunct "of Plenty, is one of the most ruinous matters which ever befall us. "Meantimes the poor have good wages and all the necessaries of "life in profusion, and I own I am not for ever afraid of tumults "which are to begin with those who have any thing left to lose. I "remember once wishing much to be a caricaturist. It was after a "celebrated hoax—not the Cochrane hoax, but another of earlier "date—had been just detected at the Stock Exchange, and the fury "of outwitted and disappointed avarice assumed from its violence "all the features of more lofty passion, and would have been even "magnificent had it not been for the buz-wigs and gold-headed "canes which the old creatures shook at each other in the acme of "their wrath. But much to my disappointment, they did not "come to actual blows, which makes me think your stockholder "and your landholder will endure a good deal ere they go actually "by the ears. Paddy, poor soul, in his frolics of last year, was so "busy murthering tithe proctors and yeomen that he quite forgot "potatoes will not grow without being planted, and that if he "chases away his gentry they must needs go off with the rents in "their pocket. He is now, I expect, in a piteous condition, and "crying ubbooboo for famine in the very midst of plenty; for what "signifies how cheap things are to those who have no money? "Matters will all settle by-and-bye, but as in a crowd and "scramble there will be a good deal of individual damage done "first.

"Perhaps I may see you next year—that is, if you continue an "inhabitant of the North of Italy. My son is at Berlin, studying "the great homicidal art of Mars and shooting wild boars. I "intend to go over in Spring, and, having time for my companion, "shall be tempted to take a ramble on the continent. I shall "scarce be within a hundred miles or two of Your Lordship "without wishing to see you, being, with great sincerity,

"Yours affectionately,

"WALTER SCOTT."

1. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 3.

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rest or happy; for her few years (only five) prevented her from having incurred any sin, except what we inherit from Adam.

"Whom the gods love die young." [1]

I need not say that your letters are particularly welcome, when they do not tax your time and patience; and now that our correspondence is resumed, I trust it will continue.

I have lately had some anxiety, rather than trouble, about an awkward affair here, which you may perhaps have heard of; but our minister has behaved very handsomely, and the Tuscan Government as well as it is possible for such a government to behave, which is not saying much for the latter. Some other English and Scots, and myself, had a brawl with a dragoon, who insulted one of the party, and whom we mistook for an officer, as he was medalled and well mounted, etc.; but he turned out to be a serjeant-major. He called out the guard at the gates to arrest us (we being unarmed); upon which I and another (an Italian) rode through the said guard; but they succeeded in detaining others of the party. I rode to my house, and sent my secretary to give an account of the attempted and illegal arrest to the authorities, and then, without dismounting, rode back towards the gates, which are near my present mansion. Half-way I met my man vapouring away and threatening to draw upon me (who had a cane in my hand, and no

1. So Byron in *Don Juan*, Canto IV. stanza xii.—

"'Whom the gods love die young' was said of yore."

Plautus, in his *Bacchides*, act iv. sc. 6—

". . . quem Di diligunt
Adolescens moritur,"

translates the Greek—

Ὃν οἱ Θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

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other arms). I, still believing him an officer, demanded his name and address, and gave him my hand and glove thereupon. A servant of mine thrust in between us (totally without orders), but let him go on my command. He then rode off at full speed; but about forty paces further was stabbed, and very dangerously (so as to be in peril), by some *Callum Beg*[1] or other of my people (for I have some rough-handed folks about me), I need hardly say without my direction or approval. The said dragoon had been sabring our unarmed countrymen, however, at the *gate, after they were in arrest*, and held by the guards, and wounded one, Captain Hay, very severely. However, he got his paiks[2]—having acted like an assassin, and being treated like one. *Who* wounded him, though it was done before thousands of people, they have never been able to ascertain, or prove, nor even the *weapon;* some said a *pistol*, an *air-gun*, a stiletto, a sword, a lance, a pitchfork, and what not. They have arrested and examined servants and people of all descriptions, but can make out nothing. Mr. Dawkins, our minister, assures me that no suspicion is entertained of the man who wounded him having been instigated by me, or any of the party. I enclose you copies of the depositions of those with us, and Dr. Crauford, a canny Scot (*not* an acquaintance), who saw the latter part of the affair. They are in Italian.

These are the only literary matters in which I have been engaged since the publication and row about *Cain;*

1. *Waverley*, chap. lviii.

2. See *Rob Roy*, chap. xxix., "But deil o' me an I wad break "my heart to hear that Rob had gien them a' their paiks." So also Scott in *The Heart of Midlothian*, chap. ii., quotes—

> "O soldiers! for your ain dear sakes,
> For Scotland's love, the land o' Cakes,
> Gie not her bairns sic deadly paiks."

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—but Mr. Murray has several things of mine in his obstetrical hands. Another *Mystery*—a *Vision*—a Drama —and the like. But *you won't* tell me what *you* are doing—however, I shall find you out, write what you will. You say that I should like your son-in-law—it would be very difficult for me to dislike any one connected with you; but I have no doubt that his own qualities are all that you describe.

I am sorry you don't like Lord Orford's new work.[1] My aristocracy, which is very fierce, makes him a favourite of mine. Recollect that those "little factions" comprised Lord Chatham and Fox, the father; and that *we* live in gigantic and exaggerated times, which make all under Gog and Magog appear pigmean. After having seen Napoleon begin like Tamerlane and end like Bajazet[2] in our own time, we have not the same interest in what would otherwise have appeared important history. But I must conclude.

Believe me ever and most truly yours,

NOEL BYRON.

1. *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.* Edited by Lord Holland (1822). Sir Walter Scott thought that, though "acid and lively," the book served "to show how little "those who live in public business, and, of course, in constant "agitation and intrigue, know about the real and deep progress of "opinions and events" (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chap. lv., ed. 1839, vol. vii. p. 12).

2. In Rowe's *Tamerlane*, act v., Tamerlane, addressing Bajazet, asks—

> "What punishment is equal to thy crimes?
> The doom, thy rage designed for me, be thine;
> Closed in a cage, like some destructive beast,
> I'll have thee borne about, in public view,
> A great example of that righteous vengeance
> That waits on cruelty, and pride like thine."

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999.—To John Hanson.

Pisa, May 4th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I perceive some confusion and contradiction in the accounts in the papers occasioned by their confounding Lady Noel's personal property with the Wentworth estates. Had you not better publish a statement that the arbitration referred to the Wentworth estates only, inherited by the will and testament of Lord Wentworth? This would put an end to all mistakes and misstatements on the subject.

I am anxious to hear what you have done in this, and the Rochdale matters, etc., and will not trespass further on your time at present than by requesting you to believe me, with remembrances to all your family,

Yours very truly and affectly,

NOEL BYRON.

1000.—To John Murray.

Pisa, May 4th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I will thank you to be a little more expeditious in our publishing matters, and also a little more explicit; for you do not say whether you have gotten from Mr. Dr K.d the *Mystery* and *Vision*, nor make any reply about the *Pulci*, which has now been *two* years in your hands, and better.

The *Mystery* and *Werner* I mean to print in one volume, with the lines to the "Po," and the translation of "Francesca" from "Dante." You, by this time, will have received *Werner*.

I recommend to you (when you re-publish), to append the defence of *Cain* to that poem. Who is the author?

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He must be a good-natured fellow as well as a clever one.

Believe me, yours truly,

N. B.

1001.—To John Murray.

Pisa, May 16th, 1822.

Dear Sir,—When I write to you as a friend, you will of course take your own time and leisure to reply; but when I address you as a publisher, I expect an answer.

I have written to you repeatedly, to ask whether you have or have not recovered the compositions of mine which are (or were) in the hands of Mr. D. K.d and Mr. Moore; and also directing when and how I wished them to be published. To all this I have had no satisfactory answer, nor indeed any answer at all, for the few lines I have received from you are upon other subjects. As it was at your own wish that I agreed to continue our literary connection, this appears a strange mode of renewing it; but if you have repented of your desire, let me know at once (for you are not celebrated for knowing your own mind upon such matters, as I hear with regard to others as well as myself), and there is no harm done.

I am told that Moore is in London;[1] if so, make my best remembrances: tell Sir Walter that I answered his second letter last week.

Continue to direct to Pisa, though I am going into the Country near Leghorn in a few days.

Could you send me the "*Lockhart* papers,"[2] a

1. Moore landed in England April 15, and reached London April 16 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. pp. 342, 343).

2. *The Lockhart Papers; containing Memoirs and Commentaries upon the Affairs of Scotland from* 1702 *to* 1715, *by G. Lockhart.*

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publication upon Scotch affairs of some time since? Also Scott's new works and Moore's. I am quite ignorant of your English literary matters, and have no great curiosity, having, I believe, seen the best of last year—Scott's, Israeli's, Luttrell's, etc. Israeli has quoted my remarks frequently in his notes; but I would have furnished him with better remarks, than those of mine which he has printed, if I had thought that he reckoned them worth the copying, or that the book was to fall into his hands. I gave it to Capt Fyler.

I have lately been rather unwell, and out of Spirits, as you will suppose, if you have received the letter announcing the loss of one of my children.

This event has driven me into some attempts at Composition, to hold off reality; but with no great success.

The busts which you enquire after have been long paid for, but are not even begun. Bartolini is famous for his delays, something like yourself.

Yours truly,

N. B.

1002.—To John Hay.[1]

Pisa, May 17th 1822.

Dear Hay,—I have to acknowledge yours of the 1st May. The reason of my not writing immediately was 1^{sly}, that I waited to hear something settled at Florence; and 2dly, that I have since your departure lost my natural daughter by a fever—an event which drove everything else from my contemplation for the moment, though I

Published from the original manuscripts in the possession of A. Aufrere, 2 vols., London, 1817, 4°.

1. Printed from the original letter in the possession of S. Davey, Esq.

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perhaps ought nevertheless to have considered your anxiety.

With regard to the Pisan affair, it remains where it did; nothing done, much said, and little discovered. They have exiled Tita *acquitting him entirely* of any thing to do with the *fact*, but sent him away because he wore large mustachios, etc., reporting that he and I, etc., carried arms, etc., and put Pisa in fear, etc., etc., etc. The other man is still detained—(I mean G[amba]'s servant), and Mr. Dawkins writes that the Tuscan Government do all they can to suppress the business altogether, but that he will urge them through with it, as it is proper to do so. The accounts in the English papers have been nearer the truth than you would imagine. Douglas Kinnaird's address is Ransoms & Co., Pall Mall, London. Yesterday I desired Lega to forward to you some directions for a power of attorney for Collini.[1] Your name has not been mentioned in the newspapers.

I write in haste, and you will observe that I only reply to the part of your letter on *busi*ness—for the reasons which you may suppose prevent me from touching upon the political part of it.

Let me hear from you, and believe me

Yours ever and truly,

N. B.

1003.—To John Murray.

Pisa, May 17th, 1822.

DEAR SIR,—Since I wrote to you yesterday, I have received your letter of the third or second. As the *Mystery* is not in many pages, you had better add it to *Werner*, and let them take their chance. I do not mean

1. Byron's Italian counsel (see Appendix II.).

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the Pulci to be published in the same volume with *the Vision:* the latter of course ought to be a separate publication.

As I take the risk upon myself, you will permit me to decide upon the *time* of publication, which must be sooner than what you say; for I care nothing about what you call "the Season," and merely wish to occupy my mind—and the thing is an occupation, or at least an Idea. If I had called upon you for any specific terms, or pretended to any great expectations, you would then have a *right* to decide upon the time, etc.; but as I have done nothing of the kind, and will even abide by the loss, if loss there be, you will permit *me* to arrange the publication according to my own risk and pleasure.

I hear that the *Edinburgh*[1] has attacked the three dramas, which is a bad business for *you;* and I don't wonder that it discourages you. However, *that* volume may be trusted to *Time*,—depend upon it. I read it over with some attention since it was published, and I think the time will come when it will be preferred to my other writings, though not immediately. I say this without irritation against the Critics or Criticism, whatever they may be (for I have not seen them); and nothing that has or may appear in Jeffrey's review can make me forget that he stood by me for ten good years, without any motive to do so but his own good will.

I hear Moore is in town; remember me to him, and believe me

Yours truly,

N. B.

P.S.—If you think it necessary, you may send me

1. The *Edinburgh Review* (No. lxxii.) for February, 1822, pp. 413-452, reviews the three tragedies.

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the *Edinburgh:* should there be any thing that requires an answer, I will reply, but *temperately* and *technically:* that is to say, merely with respect to the *principles* of the Criticism, and not personally or offensively as to its literary merits.

1004.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, May 17, 1822.

I hear you are in London. You will have heard from Douglas Kinnaird (who tells me you have dined with him) as much as you desire to know of my affairs at home and abroad. I have lately lost my little girl Allegra by a fever, which has been a serious blow to me.[1]

I did not write to you lately (except one letter to Murray's), not knowing exactly your "whereabouts." Douglas K. refused to forward my message to Mr. Southey—*why*, he himself can explain.

You will have seen the statement of a squabble, etc., etc.[2] What are you about? Let me hear from you at your leisure, and believe me ever yours,

N. B.

1. Moore returned to Paris May 8, 1822. He notes in his Diary for June 21 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 358), "A long letter from "Lord Byron to-day: he has lost his little natural daughter, "Allegra, and seems to feel it a good deal. When I was at Venice, "he said, in showing me this child, 'I suppose you have some "notion of what they call the parental feeling, but I confess I have "not; this little thing amuses me, but that's all.' This, however, "was evidently all affected; he feels much more naturally than he "will allow."

2. "Here follows a repetition of the details given on this subject "to Sir Walter Scott and others" (Moore).

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1005.—To Percy Bysshe Shelley.[1]

Pisa, May 20th 1822.

DEAR SHELLEY,—It is proper that you should prosecute on every account; but you need not apprehend that any punishment will be inflicted on the fellow, or expect any very splendid severity from the Tuscan Government to their own ragamuffin. After their obvious

1. Byron's letter is an answer to the following letter from Shelley:—

"Lerici, May 16, 1822.

"MY DEAR LORD B.,—I received this morning a letter from "Lega, with one enclosed of Collini's, relating, if I rightly under- "stand them, to the prosecution of Masi. I wish it to be "understood that I *personally* have not the least desire to proceed "against the poor devil; but if you think it might conduce to "Antonio's enlargement, or be in any other respect advantageous "to you, I am willing to act as you think best. Pray write to me "precisely what you wish me to do on this subject, and how to "proceed; for as to Lega's compositions, and that enclosed, as "they seem written under the supposition of my having a secretary "at my elbow as learned in the law as himself, they are, and "probably will continue to be, totally unintelligible to me.

"Clare is much better: after the first shock, she has sustained "her loss with more fortitude than I had dared to hope. I have "not, however, renewed any conversation on the subject of my last "letter: I think you ought to consider yourself free from any "interference of her's in the disposal of the remains.

"My boat is arrived, and the Bolivar expected, I hear, in about "a fortnight. Williams (who, by the bye, desires his best remem- "brances) is delighted with her, and she serves me at once for a "study and a carriage.

"I dare say I shall soon see you at Leghorn, when or before I "hope to hear all the news, literary and domestic, which you have "received, and which, if there be any faith in augury, cannot be "otherwise than good.

"Believe me, my dear Lord B.,

"Yours very truly,

"P. B. SHELLEY.

"P.S.—I can only suggest, on the subject of Clare, the pro- "priety of her being made acquainted, through me, of the destina- "tion of the remains.

"I hear nothing of Hunt—do you?"

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injustice in the case of Tita and Antonio, I really see no occasion for any delicacy with regard to the Serjeant—either on account of his own conduct or that of his Government. As he did *not* assault me, and as I gave him a card (believing him to be an officer) which with us bears a hostile Interpretation, *I* cannot prosecute him; but otherwise I would, I assure you, and shall be very much surprized if you decline to do so. Indeed it is absolutely necessary on account of Antonio and Tita. The accounts in England of the Squabble appear on the whole to have been tolerably fair, and without prejudice as far as I have heard or seen.

The only literary news that I have heard of the plays (contrary to your friendly augury) is that the *Edinburgh R.* has attacked them all three as well as it could. I have not seen the article. Murray writes discouragingly, and says "that nothing published this year has made the "least impression" including, I presume, what he has published on my account also. You see what it is to throw pearls to swine. As long as I write the exaggerated nonsense which has corrupted the public taste, they applauded to the very echo, and, now that I have really composed, within these three or four years, some things which sh^d "not willingly be let die,"[1] the whole herd snort and grumble and return to wallow in their mire. However, it is fit I sh^d pay the penalty of spoiling them, as no man has contributed more than me in my earlier compositions to produce that exaggerated and false taste. It is a fit retribution that any really classical production sh^d be received as these plays have been treated. The American Commodore has invited me on board his Frigate,[2] and I go to see her and him tomorrow. I have

1. Milton, *The Reason of Church Government*, bk. ii.
2. Commodore Jones of the *Constitution*. (See p. 72, *note* 3.)

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not yet decided on the subject you mention waiting for letters from England.

Of Hunt I hear nothing—nor you.[1] I suppose that he has embarked then.

Yours ever and truly,

N. B.

1. A later letter from Shelley announces Hunt's departure from England—

"Lerici, Sunday.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I have just heard from Hunt, and, "what is still more decisive, from a friend of his, announcing his "third embarkation on the 13th of May. We may therefore expect "him every day at Leghorn, and, although he omits to mention the "name of the ship, you are on the spot, and will easily be able, by "the intervention of Dunn or some other omniscient of that sort, to "intercept him before he proceeds to Pisa, and give him my direc- "tion, and contrive that the poor fellow's first impressions on his "arrival in Italy should be such as they could not fail to be from an "unexpected meeting with you. I shall sail over to pay both him "and you a visit as soon as I hear of his arrival. But perhaps he "has written to you more explicitly.

"I hear that the Americans are tempting you to migrate, in "hopes, perhaps, that when Time, who blots out escutcheons and "patents of nobility, shall have made the title page of *Cain* and "*Childe Harold* still brighter, the Homeric doubt shall be renewed "about your birthplace throughout all the regions in which English "will be spoken. It will be curious enough to hear the academies "of New Holland and Labrador disputing on such a subject.

"What news of our process? I hear that Antonio is treated "with more mildness, and likely to be released. They say, too, "that Masi is to be degraded and severely punished. This would "be a pity, and I think you would do well, so soon as our own "points are gained, to intercede for the poor devil, whom it would "not be right to confound with his government, or rather with the "popular prejudice of the Pisans, to the suggestions of which the "government conformed itself.

"Clare desires me to send you the enclosed packet, and to "request that her letters may be returned to her.

"I hear nothing of your Schooner: Williams is on the look out "for her all day, and has hoisted his flags at least ten times in "honour of the approach of her phantom.

"These filthy people have covered my letter with oil, but it is "too late to do any thing else than beg you to excuse it.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"P. B. S."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

LEGHORN AND PISA, MAY—OCTOBER, 1822.

ALLEGRA'S BURIAL-PLACE — *THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED*—ARRIVAL OF LEIGH HUNT—*DON JUAN*, CANTOS IX., X., XI.—*THE LIBERAL*—DEATH OF SHELLEY.

1006.—To John Murray.

Montenero, May 26th 1822,
near Leghorn.

DEAR SIR,—The body is embarked, in what ship I know not, neither could I enter into the details; but the Countess G. G. has had the goodness to give the necessary orders to Mr. Dunn,[1] who superintends the embarkation, and will write to you. I wish it to be buried in Harrow Church: there is a spot in the Churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy: this was my favourite spot;[2] but, as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory,

1. Henry Dunn (1776–1867) came from Malta in 1814, and set up a British shop at Leghorn, in what is now the Via Vittorio Emanuele. [Tradition says that Byron was in the back parlour of this shop when the news reached him of the recovery of Shelley's body.—R. Edgcumbe.]

2. See "Lines Written beneath an Elm in the Churchyard of "Harrow," *Poems*, vol. i. p. 208—

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the body had better be deposited in the Church. Near the door, on the left hand as you enter,[1] there is a monument with a tablet containing these words:—

"When Sorrow weeps o'er Virtue's sacred dust,
Our tears become us, and our Grief is just:
Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays
This last sad tribute of her love and praise."

I recollect them (after seventeen years), not from any thing remarkable in them, but because from my seat in the Gallery I had generally my eyes turned towards that monument: as near it as convenient I could wish Allegra to be buried, and on the wall a marble tablet placed, with these words:[2]—

In memory of
Allegra,
daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,
who died at Bagnacavallo,
in Italy, April 20th, 1822,
aged five years and three months.

"I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me."
2d Samuel, xii. 23.

"Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh,
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloudless sky;
. . . . . .
"Oft have I thought 'twould soothe my dying hour—
If aught may soothe when Life resigns her power—
To know some humbler grave, some narrow cell,
Would hide my bosom where it lov'd to dwell," etc.

"Byron's tomb" is a slab of blue limestone, under the shadow of "Byron's elm," on the south-west of the church. The tomb, now enclosed by railings, is split; part is missing, and the inscription defaced. But Lysons (*Environs of London*, ed. 1795, vol. ii. p. 574) mentions among the monuments in the churchyard that of "John Peachey, Esq., of the island of St. Christopher's (1780)."

1. The tablet, which, on entering the church, is on the right-hand of the south door, is "Sacred to the memory of Thomas "Ryves, F.R.S., A.S., who died July 23, 1788, aged 68."

2. Byron's wishes were not carried out. Two letters from the

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The funeral I wish to be as private as is consistent with decency; and I could hope that Henry Drury will,

Vicar of Harrow, the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, to John Murray (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. pp. 430, 431), explain the difficulty in erecting a monument to the memory of Allegra :—

(1)

"SIR,—Mr. Henry Drury was so good as to communicate to me "a request conveyed to you by Lord Byron respecting the burial of "a child in this church. Mr. H. Drury will probably have also "stated to you my willingness to comply with the wish of Lord "Byron. Will you forgive me, however, for so far trespassing "upon you (though a stranger) as to suggest an inquiry whether it "might not be practicable and desirable to fulfil for the *present* only "a *part* of his lordship's wish—by burying the child, and putting up "a tablet with simply its name upon the tablet; and thus leaving "Lord B. more leisure to reflect upon the character of the inscrip- "tion he may wish to be added. It does seem to me that whatever "he may wish in the moment of his distress about the loss of this "child, he will afterwards regret that he should have taken pains to "proclaim to the world what he will not, I am sure, consider as "honourable to his name. And if this be probable, then it appears "to me the office of a true friend not to suffer him to commit him- "self, but to allow his mind an opportunity of calm deliberation. I "feel constrained to say that the inscription he proposed will be felt "by every man of refined taste, to say nothing of sound morals, to "be an offence against taste and propriety. My correspondence "with his Lordship has been so small that I can scarcely venture "myself to urge these objections. You perhaps will feel no such "scruple. I have seen no person who did not concur in the pro- "priety of stating them. I would entreat, however, that should "you think it right to introduce my name into any statement made "to Lord Byron, you will not do it without assuring him of my "unwillingness to oppose the smallest obstacle to his wishes, or "give the slightest pain to his mind. The injury which, in my "judgment, he is from day to day inflicting upon society is no justi- "fication for measures of retaliation and unkindness.

"Your obedient and faithful servant,

"J. W. CUNNINGHAM."

(2)

"The Churchwardens have been urged to issue their prohibition "by several leading and influential persons, laymen, in the parish. "You are aware that as to *ex-parishioners* the consent of the "churchwardens is no less necessary than my own; and that there- "fore the enclosed prohibition is decisive as to the putting up of "the monument. You will oblige me by making known to Lord "Byron the precise circumstances of the case.

"I am, your obedient servant,

"J. W. CUNNINGHAM."

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perhaps, read the service over her. If he should decline it, it can be done by the usual Minister for the time being. I do not know that I need add more just now.

I will now turn to other subjects. Since I came here, I have been invited by the Americans on board of their Squadron, where I was received with all the kindness which I could wish, and with *more ceremony* than I am fond of. I found them finer ships than your own of the same class, well manned and officered. A number of American gentlemen also were on board at the time, and some ladies. As I was taking leave, an American lady asked me for a *rose* which I wore, for the purpose, she said, of sending to America something which I had about me, as a memorial. I need not add, that I felt the compliment properly. Captain Chauncey[1] showed me an American and very pretty edition of my poems,[2] and offered me a passage to the United States, if I would go there. Commodore Jones[3] was also not less kind and

The "enclosed prohibition" was as follows:—

"Harrow, September 17th 1822.

"HONOURED SIR,—I object on behalf of the parish to admit "the tablet of Lord Byron's child into the church.

"JAMES WINKLEY, *Churchwarden.*"

Allegra was therefore buried at the entrance to Harrow Church, but no tablet or memorial was erected.

1. Isaac Chauncey (1772–1840), one of the most celebrated officers in the U.S. Navy, distinguished himself on several occasions, in command of the *Pike*, against the English fleet in the war of 1812–15.

2. It is impossible to identify the particular edition which is here referred to. If, as seems to be implied, it was a collected edition of Byron's poetry, it may have been one of the following: *Poetical Works*, Boston, 1814, 2 vols. 24mo; *Poems*, New York, 1817, 24mo; *Works*, New York, 1820, 4 vols. 24mo; *Works*, Philadelphia, 1820, viii. 151 pages, 12mo (including "English Bards," "The "Waltz," and "The Curse of Minerva"). Numerous editions of particular poems, published before 1822, prove Byron's popularity in America, and, without anticipating the complete bibliographical notes to the Poems, many of these are collected in Appendix IV.

3. Jacob Jones (1768–1850) entered the U.S. Navy as a midshipman in 1799. At the outbreak of the war of 1812, he was commander

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attentive. I have since received the enclosed letter, desiring me to sit for my picture for some Americans.[1] It is singular that, in the same year that Lady Noel leaves by will an interdiction for my daughter to see her father's portrait for many years, the individuals of a nation, not remarkable for their liking to the English in particular, nor for flattering men in general, request me to sit for my "pourtraicture," as Baron Bradwardine calls it.[2] I am also told of considerable literary honours in

of the *Wasp* of 18 guns. His capture of the *Frolic*, October 18, 1812, a British brig, more powerfully armed than his own vessel, was an important event. It destroyed the idea that the British Navy was invincible at sea. Though the *Wasp* and her prize were captured by the *Poictiers* (74 guns) immediately afterwards, the victory of Jones made him a popular hero. In 1822 Jones commanded the American squadron in the Mediterranean.

1. William Edward West (1788–1857) had been a pupil of Thomas Sully, at Philadelphia, and in 1819 came to Italy to study art. For fourteen years (1825–39) he painted in London. In 1839 he returned to the United States. The enclosed letter ran thus—

"Leghorn, 25th May, 1822.
"Casa del Console Olandese, San Marco.

"My Lord,—If Captain Chauncey of the U.S. Ship Ontario "had not left Leghorn a day sooner than he expected, it was his "intention to have communicated in person the substance of this "note.

"Lord Chatham, in the British Senate, and the Eulogist of "Washington, are solitary examples in English Literature of those "who have done justice to our character. My friend Mr. West of "Mississippi, a student in the Academy at Florence, has been desired "to request permission to paint a portrait of your Lordship for the "Academy of fine arts at New York. I would not have ventured "to intrude this request upon your Lordship's patience—if I did "not know how much we should value in our own country a "portrait of Lord Byron painted by an American, who has already "obtained at home some reputation in his art. I beg your Lord-"ship to attribute whatever might appear rude or unreasonable in "this note to any thing other than to a want of the great respect "with which

"I have the honor to be
"Your Lordships Mo. Obt Servt
"George H. Bruen,
"of New York.

"To the Rt Honble Lord Byron, Montenero."

2. *Waverley*, chap. xiii.

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Germany. Goethe, I am told, is my professed patron and protector. At Leipsic, this year, the highest prize was proposed for a translation of two Cantos of *Childe Harold*. I am not sure that this was at *Leipsic*, but Mr. Bancroft[1] was my authority—a good German Scholar (a young American), and an acquaintance of Goethe's.

Goethe and the Germans are particularly fond of *Don Juan*, which they judge of as a work of Art. I had heard something like this before through Baron Lutzerode.[2] The translations[3] have been very frequent of several of the works, and Goethe made a comparison between *Faust* and *Manfred*.

All this is some compensation for your English native brutality, so fully displayed this year (I mean *not your* individually) to its brightest extent.

I forgot to mention a little anecdote of a different kind. I went over the Constitution (the Commodore's flag ship), and saw, among other things worthy of remark, a little boy *born* on board of her by a sailor's wife. They

1. George Bancroft (1800–1891), afterwards the historian of the United States, addressed Byron in the following note: "Mr. "Bancroft, an American citizen, ventures to request the honour of "waiting on Lord Byron. Monte Nero, Wednesday morning." In the Lenox Library, New York, is a duodecimo edition of *Don Juan*, with the inscription, "Mr. George Bancroft. From the "Author Noel Byron, May 22, 1822." On one side of the volume is a presentation copy of *American Notes* to "George Bancroft, from "his friend Charles Dickens;" on the other, an original edition of *Evangeline*, "with the kind regards of the Author."

2. Baron Lutzerode, translator of *Cain*, and, according to Medwin (*Conversations*, vol. ii. p. 71), "a great enthusiast" about Byron, seems to have been an official at the Court of the Grand-Duke Ferdinand. For this reason Byron refused to receive a visit from him, though Medwin (*ibid.*, pp. 70, 71) told Byron that the baron was asking "for authentic particulars" of his life, "to affix to "his translation of *Cain*, and thus contradict the German stories" which were circulated about him, and had imposed upon Goethe.

3. For Goethe, see *Letters*, vol. v. Appendix II.; for German editions, see bibliographical notes to *Poems*.

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had christened him "Constitution Jones." I, of course, approved the name; and the woman added, "Ah, Sir, if "he turns out but half as good as his name!"

Yours ever and truly,

N. B.

1007.—To John Murray.

Montenero, near Leghorn, May 29th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I return you the proofs revised. Your printer has made one odd mistake:—"poor as a *Mouse*,' instead of "poor as a *Miser*:"[1] the expression may seem strange, but it is only a translation of *Semper avarus eget*. You will add the *Mystery*, and publish as soon as you can. I care nothing for your "Season," nor the *blue* approbations nor disapprobations. All that is to be considered by you on the subject is as a matter of *business*; and if I square that to your notions (even to the running the risk entirely myself), you may permit me to choose my own time and mode of publication. With regard to the late volume, the present run against *it* or *me* may impede it for a time, but it has the vital principle of permanency within it, as you may perhaps one day discover. I wrote to you on another subject a few days ago.

Yours,

N. B.

P.S.—Please to send me the dedication of *Sardanapalus* to Goethe, which you took upon you to omit—which omission, I assure you, I take very ill. I shall

1. "*Frits.* The man call'd Werner's poor!
Iden. Poor as a miser."
Werner, act ii. sc. 1.
The original is from Hor., *Epist.*, I. ii. 56.

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prefix it to *Werner*, unless you prefer my putting another, stating that the former had been omitted by the publisher.

On the title page of the present volume, put "published for the Author, by J.M."

1008.—To John Murray.

Montenero, Leghorn, June 6th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I return you the revise of *Werner*, and expect the rest. With regard to the lines to the "Po," perhaps you had better put them quietly in a second edition (if you reach one, that is to say) than in the first; because, though they have been reckoned fine, and I wish them to be preserved, I do not wish them to attract IMMEDIATE observation, on account of the relationship of the Lady to whom they are addrest with the first families in Romagna and the Marches.

The defender of *Cain* may or may not be, as you term him, "a tyro in literature:" however, I think both you and I are under great obligation to him; but I suppose *you* won't think so, unless his defence serves as an advertisement. I have read the *Edinburgh R.* in Galignani's magazine, and have not yet decided whether to answer them or not; for, if I do, it will be difficult for me not "to make sport for the Philistines" by pulling down a house or two; since, when I once take pen in hand, I *must* say what comes uppermost, or fling it away. I have not the hypocrisy to pretend impartiality, nor the temper (as it is called) to keep always from saying what may not be pleasing to the hearer or reader. What do they mean by *elaborate*?[1] why, *you* know that they were

1. "It is nothing less than absurd to observe, that Lucifer "cannot well be expected to talk like an orthodox divine, and that "the conversation of the first rebel and the first murderer was not "likely to be very unexceptionable; or to plead the authority of

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written as fast as I could put pen to paper, and printed from the *original* MSS., and never revised but in the proofs: *look* at the *dates* and the MSS. themselves; whatever faults they have must spring from carelessness, and not from labour: they said the same of *Lara*, which I wrote while undressing after coming home from balls and masquerades, in the year of revelry 1814.

Yours ever,

N. B.

June 8, 1822.

P.S.—Since the last was written, I have sent you by my earliest and dearest friend, Lord Clare, a common-place book, about half filled, which may serve *partly* hereafter in aid of the Memoirs purchased by you from Mr. Moore. There are parts which have no reference to, nor will answer your purpose; but some others may do perhaps.

You give me no explanation of your intention as to the *Vision by Quevedo Redivivus*, one of my best things. Indeed, you are altogether so abstruse and undecided lately, that I suppose you mean me to write "John "Murray, Esqre, a *Mystery*,"—a composition which would not displease the Clergy nor the trade. I by no means wish you to do what you don't like, but merely to say what you will do. The *Vision must* be published by

"Milton, or the authors of the old mysteries, for such offensive "colloquies. The fact is, that here *the whole argument*—and a "very elaborate and specious argument it is—is directed against the "goodness or the power of the Deity, and against the reasonable-"ness of religion in general; and there is no answer so much as "attempted to the offensive doctrines that are so strenuously incul-"cated. The Devil and his pupil have the field entirely to them-"selves, and are encountered with nothing but feeble obtestations "and unreasoning horrors."—*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxvi. p. 437.

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some one. As to *Clamours*, the die is cast: and "come "one, come all," we will fight it out—at least one of us.[1]

The difference between you and me is, that you are of *every man's* opinion (especially the last fool's who talks to you), and I of *no* man's. Both extremes are bad; but we can't establish a medium.

1009.—To Thomas Moore.

Montenero, Villa Dupuy,[2] near Leghorn, June 8, 1822.

I have written to you twice through the medium of Murray, and on one subject,[3] *trite* enough,—the loss of

1. "Come one, come all. This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Lady of the Lake, Canto V. stanza 10.

2. Leigh Hunt (*Autobiography*, ed. 1850, vol. iii. p. 7) describes the villa, reached through the hot dusty suburbs of Leghorn, as salmon-coloured, and the "hottest-looking house" he ever saw.

3. The following is Moore's answer to Byron's letter:—

"19, Rue Basse, à Passy près Paris, July 8, 1822.

"MY DEAR BYRON,—I have received a letter from you since I "last wrote, which by these presents I acknowledge, lest you should "not follow it up with another.

"As to the loss you have suffered, I shall say, my dear fellow, "but little. It is a thought and a fear that haunts me for ever in "my own little circle; and not only from experience, but from "apprehension, I can sympathize with you most deeply. It is odd "enough that Rogers, though he brought no such calamity to me, "yet croaked it in my ear as he passed. After seeing my little girl, "who is now as blooming a creature as can be, instead of saying "anything kind about her, as I expected, he asked me 'whether "she was healthy, as her flesh felt very soft;' and then said, with "an ominous look, that it was a pity I had not a third child, as to "hang by but two threads was fearful. I *do* agree with you, and "always did, that he is most disagreeable, but I have a sort of "conscience about saying so. He has done me many kindnesses, "and I should hate to be thought ungrateful for them. In what he "told me about you, during his shadowy transit here, there was "not much tinge of bile—indeed, none at all, if one did not look in "his face. He told me of your hospitality to him, of his ride with "you to the place where you fire, of the graceful manner in which "the girl bowed to you on the road, of the sort of dignity which "the consciousness of being your favourite seemed to give to

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poor little Allegra by a fever: on which topic I shall say no more—there is nothing but time.

"another, of the gentleness of Madame Guiccioli, etc., etc. The "only little black stuff he vomited was in a word or two about the "bombazeen on your hat, whose quantity seemed to have caught "his observation; but, as you love me, never breathe a syllable of "this, for I got it rarely from him (and perhaps deserved it) for "telling you what Wordsworth wrote to some woman about you— "at least he said it was I who told you, though I quite forgot "having done so, and agree with him that such tattle is in general "both officious and mischievous. The bombazeen, however, was "innocent, and I am sure you will be surprized to find you got so "safely off.

"Jeffrey's article is thought in general to have been got up, as a "matter of trade, to suit the present *moral* run of the market; but "I think better of him, and believe him to be as conscientious in "what he says about you as he is in considering me a very small "poet, which (notwithstanding his effort about *Lalla Rookh*) I am "convinced he does. His admiration of your genius I know to be "unbounded, and, as for myself, I have lately had a proof of his "estimation of me (personally) which not only makes me forgive "his slight opinion of my writings, but convinces me, from the "manly and unostentatious manner in which the thing was done, "that he is of the better order of this world's spirits, and above any "such hypocritical subserviency to public opinion as some impute "to him.

"I have some idea now of publishing *my* Angels separate, in "which case you must let me dedicate it to you: indeed, you owe "me something for having, in that eternal 'glancing' of yours "'from earth to heaven,' spied out such a favourite subject of mine. "What is worse, too, I intended it as an episode in the Opus "Magnum I have been so long about, and it would have been "*there* put into a dramatic form.

"I saw your friend Lord Clare (whom I envy not a little the "way in which you speak of him) in his way through Paris. I do "not know him—indeed, he refused to know me some years since, "on account of the way in which I mentioned his father in one of "my anonymous pamphlets, as included in the three C's, which "(like the τρία κάκκατα κάκιστα of the Romans) had been fatal to "Ireland—Camden, Clare, and Castlereagh; but I don't think at "all the worse of the son for this.

"You will be glad to hear (at least, if you knew what a weight "it is off my mind, you would be *delighted*) that the Memoirs are "again at my disposal, and now only remain in Murray's hands as "security for the sum, which I hope in the course of the next year "to pay him. It is far, far better so. Some spirits (certainly *not* "of the finer order) had been busy in representing the whole trans- "action as a sort of purchase of posthumous eulogy; and putting it "in a variety of other lights, or rather shadows, which I have not

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A few days ago, my earliest and dearest friend, Lord Clare, came over from Geneva on purpose to see me before he returned to England. As I have always loved him (since I was thirteen, at Harrow) better than any (*male*) thing in the world, I need hardly say what a melancholy pleasure it was to see him for a *day* only; for he was obliged to resume his journey immediately. * * * I have heard, also, many other things of our acquaintances which I did not know; amongst others, that * * * Do you recollect, in the year of revelry 1814, the pleasantest parties and balls all over London? and not the least so at * *'s. Do you recollect your singing duets with Lady * *, and my flirtation with Lady * *, and all the other fooleries of the time? while * * was sighing, and Lady * * ogling him with her clear hazel eyes. *But* eight years have passed, and, since that time, * * has * * * * * * *; —— has run away with * * * * * *; and *mysen* (as my Nottinghamshire friends call themselves) might as well have thrown myself out of the window while you were singing, as intermarried where I did. You and * * * * * have come off the best of us. I speak merely of my marriage, and its consequences, distresses, and calumnies; for I have been much more happy, on the whole, *since*, than I ever could have been with * * * * * * *.

I have read the recent article of Jeffrey in a faithful transcription of the impartial Galignani. I suppose the long and short of it is, that he wishes to provoke me to

"time now to enumerate. I found Murray perfectly fair in meeting "my wishes. The deed of sale was cancelled, and a bond, making "me his debtor two thousand guineas, on the security of the MS., "substituted; so that now both I and it are free, and I only hope "you will go on the more cheerfully with the Memoirs, from "knowing that it is for me and me only you are employed.

"Ever, my dear Byron, yours affectionately,

"THOMAS MOORE."

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reply. But I won't, for I owe him a good turn still for his kindness by-gone. Indeed, I presume that the present opportunity of attacking me again was irresistible; and I can't blame him, knowing what human nature is. I shall make but one remark:—what does he mean by elaborate? The whole volume was written with the greatest rapidity, in the midst of evolutions, and revolutions, and persecutions, and proscriptions of all who interested me in Italy. They said the same of *Lara*, which, *you* know, was written amidst balls and fooleries, and after coming home from masquerades and routs, in the summer of the sovereigns. Of all I have ever written, they are perhaps the most carelessly composed; and their faults, whatever they may be, are those of negligence, and not of labour. I do not think this a merit, but it is a fact.

Yours ever and truly,

N. B.

P.S.—You see the great advantage of my new signature;—it may either stand for "Nota Bene" or "Noel Byron,"[1] and, as such, will save much repetition, in writing either books or letters. Since I came here, I have been invited on board of the American squadron, and treated with all possible honour and ceremony. They have asked me to sit for my picture; and, as I was going away, an American lady took a rose from me (which had been given to me by a very pretty Italian lady that very morning), because, she said, "She was "determined to send or take something which I had

1. Byron delighted, says Leigh Hunt (*Lord Byron and his Contemporaries*, ed. 1828, vol. i. p. 125), "when he took the additional "name of Noel, . . . to sign himself N. B.; 'because,' said he, "'Bonaparte and I are the only public persons whose initials are "the same.'"

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"about me to America." *There* is a kind of Lalla Rookh incident[1] for you! However, all these American honours arise, perhaps, not so much from their enthusiasm for my "Poeshie," as their belief in my dislike to the English,—in which I have the satisfaction to coincide with them. I would rather, however, have a nod from an American, than a snuff-box from an emperor.[2]

1. A Court *fête*, taken from *Lalla Rookh*, was organized at Berlin in 1822. "The Grand-Duchess of Russia (daughter of the King of "Prussia) . . . acted 'Lalla Rookh'; and the sister of Prince "Radzivil . . . played the 'Peri'" (Moore, *Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 217). Moore (*ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 4) met a German in Paris, September 7, 1822, whom he "begged to order from Berlin a set "of the engravings the king has had made from the costumes worn "at the Court Fête founded on 'Lalla Rookh,' as well as the trans-"lation of the poem by Baron Fouquet, author of 'Ondine,' etc."

2. Lady Holland had been left a snuff-box by Napoleon, which had been given to him by the Pope for his clemency in sparing Rome (Moore, *Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 261). Lord Carlisle wrote some stanzas, urging her, as Byron told Medwin (*Conversations*, vol. ii. p. 83), to decline the gift, "for fear that horror and murder "should jump out of the lid every time it is opened." The eight stanzas are printed in the *Annual Register* for 1821 (p. 731), seven on one page, the eighth over the leaf. Medwin seems to have looked up the lines in the *Register*, noticed only seven, and, to save Byron's accuracy in facts, sacrificed the metre. The first two stanzas of Lord Carlisle's poem ran thus—

"Lady, reject the gift! 'tis tinged with gore!
Those crimson spots a dreadful tale relate:
It has been grasp'd by an infernal Power;
And by that hand which seal'd young Enghien's fate.

"Lady, reject the gift! beneath its lid
Discord, and Slaughter, and relentless War,
With every plague to wretched Man lie hid—
Let not these loose to range the world afar."

Byron made a parody on the first stanza, which he repeated to Medwin—

"Lady, accept the box a hero wore,
In spite of all this elegiac stuff;
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore
Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff!"

See Medwin's *Conversations*, vol. ii. p. 83. Moore quotes (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 295) an epigram by Lord Holland on Lord Carlisle's verses—

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1010.—To Isaac Disraeli.[1]

(to ye care of John Murray, Esqre)

Montenero, Villa Dupuy, n^r^ Leghorn, June 10th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—If you will permit me to call you so. I had some time ago taken up my pen at Pisa to thank you

"For this her snuff-box to resign!
A pleasant thought enough.
Alas! my lord, for verse like thine,
Who'd give a pinch of snuff?"

1. This letter, printed in Disraeli's Preface to the 4th edition (1839) of *The Literary Character*, is reprinted from the original. In the Preface to the 2nd edition (1818) Disraeli alludes to Byron's love for the book: "The circumstance that a man of genius could "reperuse this slight effusion at two different periods of his life "was a sufficient authority, at least for an author, to return it once "more to the anvil." In the 3rd edition (1822) Disraeli included the manuscript notes which Byron had made in a copy of the book.

Disraeli answered Byron's letter of June 10, 1822, as follows:—

"London, Bloomsbury Square, 19 July, 1822.

"MY LORD,—The honour of your most interesting Letter is very "precious, and the kindness of its address instantly found an echo "in my own breast.

"Our knowledge of each other has been an intimacy of several "years—without the inconveniences resulting from a personal ac- "quaintance. In Literature, with congenial pursuits, the exchange "of a single letter is equivalent to ten years of the mere courtesies "of Life.

"Such as I am, then, your Lordship knows me! And it is no "slight indication of the generous warmth of your dispositions in "always having noticed me with an approbation, which we solitary "authors, in our imagination, are not apt to diminish, and perhaps "are too fond to remember. If there are truths in my views of 'the "*Literary Character*,' many I may have derived by comparing the "Byron of my own times with the Byron of other ages, wherever "I could touch on your feelings or delineate your intentions.

"It has not, however, been my good fortune to have opened "your 'Book of Life.' Locked up by Murray in an iron chest "fitted to your Manuscript, the idea of its *value* would disturb its "possessor; and I could not sleep with it in my own House, "without dreaming of a Conflagration!

"Unquestionably, it would be important to become acquainted "with the feelings of your Youth, the circumstances, no matter "what they were, which influenced, or probably created, your "habits, and your modes of thinking. Were Mine worth noticing,

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for the present of your new Edition of the *Literary Character*, which has often been to me a consolation,

"I am sure I could trace them to the Events which happened to "me, and to the peculiar situations in which I have found myself. "And this, doubtless, must form the story of every great Character, "only differing in its strength and its susceptibility.

"The results of some late circumstances to which your Lordship "alludes are singularly extraordinary—and utterly absurd! By the "awards of our anomalous critics in the court of Chancery, your "Lordship, with all poets hereafter, is deprived of the natural "controul which the literary parent should have over the being he "created. These Whigs!

"'They have no children, they!'

"From a mere deficiency in comprehending the nature of the "poetical character, they have also decreed that two poems, un- "parallelled in any language, shall become the property of every "person—except the Proprietor! This, too, these Sages proposed "as a *suppression*; but neither the Public nor the Poet have been "injured, since multiplied Editions spread them in every Street and "Village—the Publisher only has very considerably suffered.

"The bray of Asses which was returned among themselves on the "publication of *Cain* was rather that of alarm and misconception. "The dread of your 'Mystery' is dying away; the perfect moral "misery of Cain will now be found instructive for those who are "capable of being instructed. Surely a Poet, like the dread Bard "of Ecclesiasticus in the darkness of Nature, may show us how "'A heavy yoke is upon the sons of Adam from the day that they "go out of their Mother's Womb.'

"There was 'a Remonstrance to Mr. Murray' published, a "huffing one, dull, and pompously insolent—A puffy giant, but "with legs too weak to bear him up! It was handed to me at "Rivington's, with a mystifying insinuation of its high authentic "source—by the style I thought it was from a country school- "master; by the insinuation, from a Bishop! Murray now tells "me that it is the heavy labour of Todd—a Doctor of the "Sorbonne!—it would have been more to the purpose in the Xth "Cent^y^, when Excommunications were in vogue. This Todd is "that 'Lourdane' who persisted in rising at five every morning to "labour, or rather to belabour, on Milton and Spenser.

"In all these Ordeals your Lordship has suffered no injuries as a "*Poet*. One name only will be fixed on as the great poet of our "Age. This simple fact is the basis for that consciousness of "Posterity which, though you finely call a Dream, acts on Great "Minds the same as Reality. There are masters among their con- "temporaries who are most likely to be, as Bacon calls them, 'the "Servants of Posterity.'

"Perhaps you may be paying the penalty of supreme excellence "when it is abundant. The Manna falling from Heaven was a

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and always a pleasure. I was interrupted, however, partly by business, and partly by vexations of different

"Miracle: had it rained Manna every day, the Miracle would have "been the same—but the sensation of the Miraculous would not. "Men would have silently fed on that which before they had "trembled to touch.

"Your Lordship says, 'Truth men dare not look in the face "except by degrees, they mistake her for a Gorgon, instead of "knowing her to be Minerva!' Poor Dr. Beattie could never "endure the reading of his Book on its 'Immutability' without an "epileptic sensation. The truth in one age and in one place seems "not to be the truth in another, but something always *relative*. "We often feel the warm embrace of Truth, but can we long "possess her without a suspicion of her infidelity? Truths do much "good, and we find also much evil. You know how timid was the "centenary Fontenelle, and old Montaigne, who was not apt to "blink, shrugged up his shoulders with a 'Que scais-je!' I doubt "whether we shall know what is Truth till the time comes which "that fine dreamer the Abbé de St. Pierre thought might come, "when everything that is imaginable would exist.

"It has often struck me, in this imperfect state of human affairs, "that many popular prejudices, when looked narrowly into, will "be found to have been contrivances to keep Society together— "bad, good, or neither one nor the other.

"Are we to reveal the *whole truth* to this strange Being? In "administering this potent Medicine, should we not look to the "scales, and strengthen without poisoning His stomach? Gian- "none, a profound philosophical historian, the Martyr of History! "—He would tell the *whole truth* in his history of Naples; was for "this debarred the light of the Sun and 'the shade of the green- "wood tree.' I am delighted with Erasmus, I am shocked at "Luther. A gradual approximation to Truth may in the course of "time settle many important uncertainties, as many have been. "You see, I am an apothecary in philosophy—weak doses fre- "quently repeated, with the usual label, 'To be taken as before.' "I trust to Water and to Time as much as to Medicine.

"Mentioning Giannone reminds me of the striking *title* of one of "his works, which, however, I have not yet met with: *Il Tri- "regno, ossia del Regno del Cielo, della Terra, e del Papa.* It is a "poem in a title, but would be 'Caviàre to the Million.'

"Is your Lordship much interested with our old English writers? "Mr. Nares has compiled an useful and amusing quarto of our old "English phrases, allusions to Customs, etc., under the title of "'A Glossary,' for the Elizabethan Age; the extracts are in the "manner of Johnson's Dict?

"A poem called 'Italy,' in blank verse—modern blank, Words- "worthian at times—appeared, preceding the return of Sam Rogers, "and was soon ascribed to him. He neither denies nor owns it; "but as the poem was also ascribed to Lord Holland, or as coming

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kinds, for I have not very long ago lost a child by a fever, and I have had a good deal of petty trouble with

"from that venerable board of Literature and Criticism, Holland "House—Rogers *assured* a friend of mine and his that Lord "Holland knew little of the matter—we infer, then, that it may be "one of 'the pleasures of Memory.'

"There was a shameless imposition practised by Colburn, who "announced THE life of Lord Byron! he depended for selling his "Edition on some literary Gulls in town, and the country Rookeries. "I was astonished to find that *in town* respectable amateurs con- "ceived that it was the MS. in Murray's iron chest—a literary "juggle! but the chest was a bungling trick on one side, performed "by a hoary garrettier *en chef*, a Dr. Watkins, who is a dead hand "at a Life! And if your Lordship received your own life, it was "enough to have deprived you of it!—for some have died of "laughter.

"At Mrs. Weddell's, a charming old Lady who receives much "company, I met the other evening with Botherby. He was com- "plaining to me that Murray would not print for him more than "one Epic, and several tragedies! at the publisher's own cost and "charges. The late Sir Harry Englefield was related to Sotheby, "and Sotheby has printed an Eloge, the vapidest *ever printed!*— "but what an example of good-nature! for Sir Harry used to print "epigrams on our Epic Bard! Here is one on the 'Saul!'—

> "'Great Alexander, we are told,
> Placed Homer in a box of gold:
> But as for Saul, how shall I fit him?
> I'll put him in a box of Shittim!'

"The literary comet in our *conversaziones* this season was Maria "Edgeworth, who took up an odd whim of introducing and being "introduced. It was all Souls' day with her. She is monstrously "ugly, and I saw her in a Shepherdess's hat. She says nothing, "but a great deal. In her father's life-time, when she came up to "London, she was like a sealed fountain; but now, being on her "own bottom, she pours down like the falls of Niagara. She is "very short, and Sir Humphry Davy observed to me, 'Poor "woman, she is on *representation*, and is *not up* to it!' She "promises another novel, and if she can write without her Father, "which the continuation of his life excites suspicions that she may "not, her criticisers may be criticised.

"I could tell your Lordship many pleasant *historiettes* about "Pope and Bowles! Apollo forgive this cheek-by-jowl affair. "The Review made Bowles write 1001 letters, and publish pam- "phlet on pamphlet. He has obtained an odd kind of celebrity by "the strength of his arm in writing what people only know of by "perpetual advertisement; and, forgotten as a poet, he is remem- "bered for a controversy with your Lordship. I spoke to Camp- "bell, but he is engaged as Editor of a Magazine: he offered to

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the laws of this lawless country, on account of the prosecution of a servant for an attack upon a cowardly Scoundrel of a dragoon, who drew his Sword upon some unarmed Englishmen; and whom I had done the honour to mistake for an officer, and to treat like a Gentleman. He turned out to be neither—like many others with medals and in uniform; but he paid for his brutality with a severe and dangerous wound inflicted by nobody knows whom: for of three suspected and two arrested they have been able to identify neither, which is strange, since he was wounded in the presence of thousands in a public Street during a feast day and full promenade.

But to return to things more analogous to the *Literary Character*. I wish to say that had I known that the book was to fall into your hands, or that the MSS. notes you have thought worthy of publication would have

"show me his notes on Bowles. I have been fully occupied by "writing three volumes of *philosophical* Curiosities of Literature. "Gifford only wants the ten years which have passed to give the "*Coup de grace*. No one runs with our Bowles, so he walks over "the course, and his neighing is as insolently joyous as ever. He "has suppressed a letter addressed to me, and gives a promise to "share in a bottle with me when he returns to Town, for he likes "Wine, as Gilchrist asserts. Pope has regained his due ascend-"ancy;—a new edition is preparing by an Editor who I suspect "as inept for that office as Bowles—Mr. Roscoe!

"Oh that your Lordship were among us to sustain the honours "and the interests of our Literature! We have Pucks among us "more devilish than 'merry'—and blood has flown from inkstands! "I would tell you—but *secret history* cannot pass over the Seas. "Either it entirely perishes in the passage, or comes imperfect from "the want of the Morrow's corrections and Additions. Our "Writers, to use an old phrase, have 'a bee in the bonnet.' This "is doubly appropriate, for many are Scottish.

"Will your Lordship pardon a Volume instead of a Letter?

"I am, My Lord,

"Your most obliged and most faithful servant,

"I. D'ISRAELI.

"Should your Lordship favour me with any notes on 'The Lit. "Char.,' I think they may one day be published."

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attracted your attention, I would have made them more copious and perhaps not so careless.

I really cannot know whether I am or am not the Genius you are pleased to call me, but I am very willing to put up with the mistake, if it be one. It is a title dearly enough bought by most men, to render it endurable, even when not quite clearly made out, which it never *can* be till the Posterity, whose decisions are merely dreams to ourselves, has sanctioned or denied it, while it can touch us no further.

Mr. Murray is in possession of an MSS. Memoir of mine (not to be published till I am in my grave) which, strange as it may seem, I never read over since it was written and have no desire to read over again. In it I have told what, as far as I know, is the *truth—not* the *whole* truth—for if I had done so I must have involved much private and some dissipated history; but, nevertheless, nothing but the truth, as far as regard for others permitted it to appear.

I do not know whether you have seen those MSS.; but as you are curious in such things as relate to the human mind, I should feel gratified if you had.

I also sent him (Murray) a few days since, a common-place book, by my friend Lord Clare, containing a few things which may perhaps aid his publication in case of his surviving me.

If there are any questions which you would like to ask me as connected with your Philosophy of the literary Mind (*if* mine be a literary mind), I will answer them fairly or give a reason for *not*—good, bad, or indifferent. At present I am paying the penalty of having helped to spoil the public taste, for, as long as I wrote in the false exaggerated style of youth and the times in which we live, they applauded me to the very echo; and within

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these few years, when I have endeavoured at better things and written what I suspect to have the principle of duration in it, the Church, the Chancellor, and all men—even to my grand patron Francis Jeffrey Esqre of the *E.R.*—have risen up against me and my later publications. Such is Truth! Men dare not look her in the face, except by degrees: they mistake her for a Gorgon, instead of knowing her to be a Minerva.

I do not mean to apply this mythological simile to my own endeavours. I have only to turn over a few pages of your volumes to find innumerable and far more illustrious instances.

It is lucky that I am of a temper not to be easily turned aside though by no means difficult to irritate. But I am making a dissertation instead of writing a letter. I write to you from the Villa Dupuy, near Leghorn, with the islands of Elba and Corsica visible from my balcony, and my old friend the Mediterranean rolling blue at my feet. As long as I retain my feeling and my passion for Nature, I can partly soften or subdue my other passions and resist or endure those of others.

I have the honour to be, truly, your obliged
and faithful Ser^t^,
NOEL BYRON.

1011.—To Edward Ellice.[1]

Montenero, Leghorn, June 12, 1822.

MY DEAR ELLICE,—It is a long time since I have written to you, but I have not forgotten your kindness,

1. Edward Ellice (1781–1863), known, from his connection with Hudson's Bay Company and the fur trade, as "Bear Ellice," was in 1822 M.P. for Coventry. An excellent man of business, associated by trade and ownership of property with Canada and America, a friend of Burdett and Hobhouse, he was also distantly

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and I am now going to tax it—I hope not too highly—but *don't* be alarmed; it is *not* a loan, but *information*, which I am about to solicit. By your extensive connexions, no one can have better opportunities of hearing the real state of *South* America—I mean Bolivar's country. I have many years had transatlantic projects of settlement, and what I could wish from you would be some information of the best course to pursue, and some letters of recommendation in case I should sail for Angostura. I am told that land is very cheap there; but though I have no great disposable funds to vest in such purchases, yet my income, such as it is, would be sufficient in any country (except England) for all the comforts of life, and for most of its luxuries. The war there is now over; and as I do not go there to *speculate*, but to settle, without any views but those of independence and the enjoyment of the common civil rights, I should presume such an arrival would not be unwelcome.

All I request of you is, not to *dis*courage nor *en*courage, but to give me such a statement as you think prudent and proper.[1] I do not address my other friends

connected with Byron's family by marriage. His wife, Lady Hannah Althea Bettesworth, was the widow of Byron's cousin, Captain George Bettesworth, R.N. (*Letters*, vol. i. p. 146, *note* 1). By his management of the elections in 1830, Ellice played a great part in the passing of the first Reform Bill.

Ellice was a well-known figure in society, as well as in politics. Lady Granville (*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 199), writing to Lady Carlisle, February, 1836, and speaking of Mme. de Lieven and Mme. de Dino, says, "Mr. Ellice is the little pet of both these ladies. The "most *répandu* of men. He is thick with all the new ministers, "and we can scarcely catch him for a dinner, so devoured is he." Ellice was one of the trustees for the sinking-fund of the Greek loan in 1824. He appears in Lady Blessington's *roman à clef*, *The Belle of the Season*, as Mr. Enice.

1. "The answer which Mr. Ellice returned was, as might be "expected, strongly dissuasive of this design. The wholly dis-"organized state of the country and its institutions, which it would "take ages, perhaps, to restore even to the degree of industry and

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upon this subject, who would only throw obstacles in my way, and bore me to return to England: which I never will do, unless compelled by some insuperable cause. I have a quantity of furniture, books, etc., etc., etc., which I could easily ship from Leghorn; but I wish to "look "before I leap" over the Atlantic. Is it true that for a few thousand dollars a large tract of land may be obtained? I speak of *South* America, recollect. I have read some publications on the subject, but they seemed violent and vulgar party productions. Please to address your answer to me at this place, and believe me

Ever and truly yours, etc.

1012.—To John Hanson.

Leghorn, June 20th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—As I fully agree with you in your view of the question, I hereby appoint and direct *Charles Hanson Esqr.* to act on my behalf in the management of the Noel Estates; and I further wish to have *my right* ascertained, even if we go into a Court of law for that purpose.

The arbitrators are men of honour, and I understood from them *distinctly* that the Estates were under *my* control; and I will not be dictated to by Dr. Lushington, or by any one else. I expect neither comfort, nor honour, nor *fair* dealing from Lady Byron nor any of her Agents, never having met with it hitherto from *any*

"prosperity which it had enjoyed under the Spaniards, rendered "Columbia, in his opinion, one of the last places in the world to "which a man desirous of peace and quiet, or of security for his "person and property, should resort to as an asylum. As long as "Bolivar lived and maintained his authority, every reliance, Mr. "Ellice added, might be placed on his integrity and firmness; but "with his death a new æra of struggle and confusion would be sure "to arise" (Moore).

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of them. As to Mr. Davidson, he may be an *honest* man, but he is *not* (to *my* knowledge) a *sober* one; and I do not approve of his nomination. I see that we must go to law with him at once—there appears little else left for it.

You may show this letter to Mr. Kinnaird or Dr. Lushington: I will stand by what I say as to *Lushington's* and the Noel people's conduct, and give him satisfaction with the greatest pleasure, though I suspect that *his* weapons are only *libels*, *in* and out of Doctors' Commons.

As to going to the expence of surveying an estate, from which we shall be but too lucky to obtain any *rent at* all, it seems to me, at *present*, a kind of insanity, and even a *shame* to distress the farmers further at such a moment.

I do not know that I need add anything further at present except[1]

P.S.—Have you anything to add on the Rochdale Coal Suits? When will they be decided? one way or the other?

If you are *sure* that the *Noel trustees* are assuming an *undue right*, let us go to law with them at once.

1013.—To John Murray.

Pisa,[2] July 3d 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I sent you the revise of *Werner* last week. As you thought proper to omit the dedication of *Sardanapalus* to Goëthe, you will please to append it to

1. Here a passage, probably only the signature, has been cut out.
2. For the circumstances of Byron's departure from Montenero, see Appendix III.

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Werner, making only the necessary alteration in the title of the work dedicated.

You will please also to deliver to the bearer, Mr. John Hunt,[1] the *Vision of Judgement* by Quevedo Redivivus, with the preface—I mean the corrected copy of the proofs which you had from the Honble Douglas Kinnaird.

Yours ever and truly,

NOEL BYRON.

1014.—To John Murray.

Pisa, July 6th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I return you the revise: I have softened the part to which Gifford objected, and changed the name of Michael to Raphael,[2] who was an angel of gentler sympathies. By the way, recollect to alter Michael to *Raphael* in the *Scene* itself throughout, for I have only had time to do so in the list of the Dramatis Personæ, and *scratch out all the pencil marks*, to avoid puzzling the

1. John Hunt, brother to Leigh Hunt, and, like him, imprisoned for the libel on the Prince Regent (see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 205, *note* 1), was printer, publisher, and part proprietor of *The Examiner* and *The Liberal*.

Byron's gift of the *Vision of Judgment* was probably the result of Shelley's appeal. Leigh Hunt, who arrived about June 29, 1822, at Leghorn, walked out the following day to call on Byron at Montenero (see Appendix III.). He found Byron's plans disturbed, his movements doubtful, and his own arrival untimely. Returning to Leghorn, he took rooms for himself, his wife, and his family at an inn. There, on the evening of July 1, Shelley found him. Shelley's first step was to settle Hunt at Pisa, in the ground floor of the Casa Lanfranchi, where Byron and Countess Guiccioli arrived the same day from Montenero. His second step was to hold Byron to his promise of helping the proposed *Review*. Writing to Mrs. Shelley, July 4, 1822 (*Prose Works*, ed. H. Buxton Forman, vol. iv. p. 289), he tells her that Byron had offered Hunt "the "copyright of the *Vision of Judgment* for his first number. This "offer, if sincere, is *more* than enough to set up the journal, and, if "sincere, will set everything right."

2. *I.e.* in *Heaven and Earth*.

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printers. I have given the "*Vision of Quevedo Redi-vivus*" to John Hunt, which will relieve you from a dilemma. He must publish it at his *own* risk, as it is at his own desire. Give him the *corrected* copy which Mr. K^d. had, as it is mitigated partly, and also the preface.

Yours ever,

N. B.

1015.—To John Murray.

Pisa, July 8th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—Last week I returned you the packet of proofs. You had, perhaps, better not publish in the same volume the *Po* and *Rimini* translation.

I have consigned a letter to Mr. John Hunt for the *Vision of Judgement*, which you will hand over to him. Also the *Pulci*, original and Italian, and any *prose* tracts of mine; for Mr. Leigh Hunt[1] is arrived here, and

1. Leigh Hunt (*Autobiography*, vol. iii. pp. 22–25) describes his life with Byron at Pisa—

"Our manner of life was this. Lord Byron, who used to sit up "at night, writing *Don Juan* (which he did under the influence of "gin and water), rose late in the morning. He breakfasted; read; "lounged about, singing an air, generally out of Rossini; then took "a bath, and was dressed; and coming downstairs, was heard, still "singing, in the court-yard, out of which the garden ascended, by a "few steps, at the back of the house. The servants, at the same "time, brought out two or three chairs. My study, a little room in "a corner, with an orange tree at the window, looked upon this "court-yard. I was generally at my writing when he came down, "and either acknowledged his presence by getting up and saying "something from the window, or he called out 'Leontius!' (a "name into which Shelley had pleasantly converted that of 'Leigh "Hunt') and came up to the window with some jest, or other "challenge to conversation. His dress, as at Monte Nero, was a "nankin jacket, with white waistcoat and trousers, and a cap, either "velvet or linen, with a shade to it. In his hand was a tobacco-"box, from which he helped himself occasionally to what he "thought a preservative from getting too fat. Perhaps also he "supposed it good for the teeth. We then lounged about, or sat "and talked, Madame Guiccioli, with her sleek tresses, descending

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thinks of commencing a periodical work, to which I shall contribute. I do not propose to you to be the publisher, because I know that you are unfriends; but all things in your care, except the volume now in the press, and the MSS. purchased of Mr. Moore, can be given for this purpose, according as they are wanted; and I expect that you will show fair play, though with no very good will on your part.

With regard to what you say about your "want of "memory," I can only remark, that you inserted the note to *Marino Faliero* against my positive revocation, and that you omitted the dedication of *Sardanapalus* to Goethe (place it before the volume now in the press), both of which were things not very agreeable to me, and which I could wish to be avoided in future, as they might be with a very little care, or a simple Memorandum in your pocket book.

It is not impossible that I may have three or four cantos of *D. Juan*[1] ready by autumn, or a little later, as I obtained a permission from my Dictatress to continue it,—*provided always* it was to be more guarded and decorous and sentimental in the continuation than in the commencement. How far these Conditions have been fulfilled may be seen, perhaps, by and bye; but the Embargo was only taken off upon these stipulations. You can answer at your leisure.

Yours ever,

N. B.

"after her toilet to join us. . . . In the evening we sometimes rode "or drove out, generally into the country. . . . The state of my "wife's health would not suffer her to quit her apartment."

1. Cantos VI., VII., VIII., were published by John Hunt in July, 1823, with a Preface which Byron has dated "Pisa, July, 1822." Cantos IX., X., XI., were published, also by John Hunt, in August, 1823.

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1016.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, July 12, 1822.

I have written to you lately, but not in answer to your last letter of about a fortnight ago. I wish to know (and request an answer to *that* point) what became of the stanzas to Wellington [1] (intended to open a canto of *Don Juan* with) which I sent you several months ago. If they have fallen into Murray's hands, he and the Tories will suppress them, as those lines rate that hero at his real value. Pray be explicit on this, as I have no other copy, having sent you the original; and if you have them, let me have *that* again, or a *copy* correct. * * * *

I subscribed at Leghorn two hundred Tuscan crowns to your Irishism committee: it is about a thousand francs, more or less. As Sir C[harles] S[tuart], who receives thirteen thousand a year of the public money, could not afford more than a thousand livres out of his enormous salary, it would have appeared ostentatious in a private individual to pretend to surpass him; and therefore I have sent but the above sum, as you will see by the enclosed receipt.[2]

Leigh Hunt is here, after a voyage of eight months, during which he has, I presume, made the Periplus of

1. See *Don Juan*, Canto IX.

2. On June 10, 1822, a committee was formed at Paris, His Excellency Sir Charles Stuart being in the chair, to raise funds for the distressed Irish peasantry. An appeal, signed by Lord Sligo, was afterwards sent to "Natives of the United Kingdom resident "abroad." To this appeal Byron responded, as he states above. The following is the receipt :—

"Received from Mr. Henry Dunn the sum of two hundred "Tuscan crowns (for account of the Right Honourable Lord Noel "Byron), for the purpose of assisting the Irish Poor.

"THOMAS HALL.

"Leghorn, 9th July, 1822. Tuscan crowns, 200."

The Rev. T. Hall, described as "Chaplain to the British "Factory" at Leghorn, undertook the collection at Leghorn.

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Hanno the Carthaginian,[1] and with much the same speed. He is setting up a Journal, to which I have promised to contribute; and in the first number the *Vision of Judgement*, by Quevedo Redivivus, will probably appear, with other articles.[2]

Can you give us any thing? He seems sanguine about the matter, but (*entre nous*) I am not. I do not, however, like to put him out of spirits by saying so; for he is bilious and unwell. Do, pray, answer *this* letter immediately.

Do send Hunt any thing in prose or verse of yours, to start him handsomely—any lyrical, *iri*cal, or what you please.

1. The *περίπλους* of Hanno the Carthaginian, originally written in the Punic language, and afterwards translated into Greek, was inscribed on a tablet in the Temple of Cronos at Carthage. Hanno was sent on a mission beyond the Pillars of Hercules, to found Libyphœnician towns. The *Periplus* was translated, and published with the Greek text, by the Rev. Thomas Falconer in 1797.

2. The following are the Contents of the first number of *The Liberal: Verse and Prose from the South. To be continued occasionally.* No. I. (London, 1822. Price Five Shillings. Printed by and for John Hunt, 22, Old Bond Street) :—

"Preface.
"The Vision of Judgment, by Quevedo Redivivus.
"A Letter to the Editor of 'My Grandmother's Review.'
"The Florentine Lovers.
"Rhyme and Reason, being a new Proposal to the Public respecting Poetry in Ordinary.
"A German Apologue.
"Letters from Abroad, No. I.—A Description of Pisa.
"May-day Night; a Poetical Translation from Goëthe's Faust.
"Ariosto's Episode of Cloridan, Medoro, and Angelica.
"The Country Maiden.
"Epigram of Alfieri.
"Epigrams on Lord Castlereagh."

"May-day Night" was contributed by Shelley; Byron wrote "The Vision," the "Letter" to the Editor of the *British Review*, and the "Epigrams on Lord Castlereagh."

No. I. of *The Liberal* was published October 15, 1822; No. II., January, 1823; No. III., April, 1823; No. IV., July, 1823. The "Preface to the Vision of Judgment withheld by Mr. Murray" (see p. 126, *note* 2), was published in a second edition of No. I.

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Has not your Potatoe Committee been blundering? Your advertisement says, that Mr. L. Callaghan (a queer name for a banker) hath been disposing of money in Ireland "*sans* authority of the Committee." I suppose it will end in Callaghan's calling out the Committee, the chairman of which carries pistols in his pocket, of course.

When you can spare time from *duetting*, *coquetting*, and claretting with your Hibernians of both sexes, let me have a line from you. I doubt whether Paris is a good place for the composition of your new poesy.

1017.—To John Murray.

Pisa, August 3d 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your scrap with H. D[rury]'s letter enclosed. It is just like him: always kind and ready to oblige his old friends.

Will you have the goodness to *send immediately* to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, and inform him that I have *not* received the *remittances*, *due* to me from the funds a month and more ago, and *promised by him to be sent by every post*, which omission is of great inconvenience to me, and indeed inexcusable as well as unintelligible. As I have written to *him* repeatedly, I suppose that *his* or *my* letters have miscarried.

I presume you have heard that Mr. Shelley and Capt. Williams were lost on the 7th Ult^o^ in their passage from Leghorn to Spezia in their own open boat.[1] You may

1. On the first of May, 1822, Shelley and his wife, with Edward and Jane Williams as their guests, took possession of Casa Magni, the house which they had hired for the summer, near the fishing village of San Terenzo, on the east side of the Gulf of Spezia. A few days later (May 12), Shelley's boat, originally called by Trelawny the *Don Juan*, but renamed by its owner the *Ariel*, arrived from Genoa. News came (July 1) that Hunt was at Pisa, and Shelley resolved to go and see him. That afternoon, taking

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imagine the state of their families: I never saw such a scene, nor wish to see such another.

You were all brutally mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the *best* and least selfish man I ever knew. I never knew one who was not a beast in comparison.

Yours ever,

N. B.

1018.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, August 8, 1822.

You will have heard by this time that Shelley and another gentleman (Captain Williams) were drowned about a month ago (a *month* yesterday), in a squall off the Gulf of Spezia. There is thus another man gone, about whom the world was ill-naturedly, and ignorantly, and brutally mistaken. It will, perhaps, do him justice *now*, when he can be no better for it.

I have not seen the thing you mention,[1] and only

Roberts on board at Lerici, Shelley and Williams sailed in the *Ariel* for Leghorn, which they reached the same evening. From Tuesday to Sunday, July 2–7, Shelley was busy in helping Hunt to settle himself at the Palazzo Lanfranchi, arranging his affairs, showing him the sights of Pisa, and smoothing matters with Byron. Leaving Pisa on Sunday evening, he and Williams, with one hand, a lad named Charles Vivian, on board, sailed from Leghorn in the *Ariel*, at midday, Monday, July 8. Caught in a squall, or, as some suppose, run down by a felucca, accidentally or designedly, the *Ariel* sank. The body of Shelley was washed ashore on the coast near Viareggio on July 18, and was recognized by Trelawny. The body of Williams was found a few hours earlier at no great distance. That of Vivian was discovered near Massa, also on the 18th (Trelawny, *Records, etc.*, p. 309).

1. *Memoirs, Historical and Critical, of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron, with Anecdotes of some of his Contemporaries.* London, 1822, 8º. The author of the book was John Watkins, LL.D., compiler of *The Biographical Dictionary* (1800), and the biographer of Sheridan (1816), and of H.M. Sophia Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain (1819).

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heard of it casually, nor have I any desire. The price is, as I saw in some advertisements, fourteen shillings, which is too much to pay for a libel on oneself. Some one said in a letter, that it was a Dr. Watkins, who deals in the life and libel line. It must have diminished your natural pleasure, as a friend (*vide* Rochefoucault), to see yourself in it.[1]

With regard to the Blackwood fellows,[2] I never published any thing against them; nor, indeed, have seen their magazine (except in Galignani's extracts) for these three years past. I once wrote, a good while ago, some remarks on their review of *Don Juan*, but saying very little about themselves, and these were *not* published.[3] If you think that I ought to follow your example (and I like to be in your company when I can) in contradicting their impudence, you may shape this declaration of mine

1. In Dr. Watkins's *Memoirs* (pp. 205-207) it is mentioned that Byron had attacked Moore's "poetical morality and personal "courage" in *English Bards;* that, in dedicating the *Corsair* to Moore, he "was more profuse of his compliments than he had "even been of his sarcasms 'upon the melodious advocate of "lust;'" that, as a fresh proof of the intimate alliance between "the imitator of Juvenal" and "the modern Catullus," Byron had presented the "poet of lewdness" with his "Memoir of his own "life and times," etc. Towards the end of the volume (pp. 408-410), Watkins charges Byron with forming "a poetical school of "immorality and profaneness" at Pisa; says that "we can most "gladly spare the worthies whom he has chosen as his co-adjutors "in this great concern;" and suggests that England would profit, "if to the Shelleys and the Hunts, who are to be the professors in "this new academy of blasphemy, the noble president shall be "pleased to add a score or two more of the same kind."

2. The Preface to vol. xi. of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* (January—June, 1822), dated June 20, 1822, says (p. vii.), "Mr. "Thomas Moore, we happen to know, *has written* a Satirical Poem "upon us and our Magazine; but it is not yet published," etc. "Lord Byron, too, has written," it continues (p. viii.), "something "about us—but whether a satire or an eulogy seems doubtful." (For the rest of the quotation, see *Letters*, vol. v. p. 539, and *note* 2.)

3. See *Letters*, vol. iv. Appendix IX.

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into a similar paragraph for me. It is possible that you may have seen the little I *did* write (and never published) at Murray's:—it contained much more about Southey than about the Blacks.

If you think that I ought to do any thing about Watkins's book, I should not care much about publishing *my Memoir now*, should it be necessary to counteract the fellow. But, in *that* case, I should like to look over the *press* myself. Let me know what you think, or whether I had better *not*:—at least, not the second part, which touches on the actual confines of still existing matters.

I have written three more cantos of *Don Juan*, and am hovering on the brink of another (the ninth). The reason I want the stanzas again which I sent you is, that as these cantos contain a full detail (like the storm in Canto Second) of the siege and assault of Ismael,[1] with much of sarcasm on those butchers in large business, your mercenary soldiery, it is a good opportunity of gracing the poem with * * *. With these things and these fellows, it is necessary, in the present clash of philosophy and tyranny, to throw away the scabbard. I know it is against fearful odds; but the battle must be fought; and it will be eventually for the good of mankind, whatever it may be for the individual who risks himself.

What do you think of your Irish bishop?[2] Do you remember Swift's line, "Let me have a *barrack*—a fig for

1. *Don Juan*, Canto VIII., describes the storming of Ismail in Bessarabia by the Russians under Suwarrow (December 22, 1790). According to the *Histoire de la nouvelle Russie* (tom. iii. p. 214), 38,860 Turks were put to the sword.

2. The Hon. Percy Jocelyn (1764–1843), made Bishop of Clogher in 1820, was in 1822 "deposed on account of a scandalous crime." The *particeps criminis* was a soldier named Moverly (Rivington's *Annual Register* for 1822, pp. 252*–266*).

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"the *clergy*?" [1] This seems to have been his reverence's motto. * * * * *

Yours, etc.

1019.—To John Hanson.

Pisa, August 10th, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you have the goodness to apprize Mr. Kinnaird that I have not yet received any remittance from the funds, now due several weeks, and which he promised punctually in his letters? I suspect that his letter of credit has either been lost or intercepted, which makes me very uneasy. Please to do this immediately.

My respects to Charles and the family.

Yours ever,

N. B.

P.S.—You have not written for some time.

P.S.—You had better keep back the Rochdale Appeal till this Chancellor goes out. *He* will never be fair in any cause in which *I* am interested.

1020.—To John Murray.

Pisa, August 10th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—Will you have the goodness to advise Mr. Kinnaird, that, from the non-arrival of the remittance due to me since the first of July, I very much suspect some unfair play to his letters or to mine; and that I beg to apprize him accordingly. If he has not sent it

1. The last line of Swift's verses, "The Grand Question Debated," etc. (1729), is—

"Give me but a Barrack, a fig for the Clergy."

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duly, I can only add that it has occasioned and still occasions to me great anxiety and trouble.

Yours,

N. B.

1021.—To Edward John Trelawny.[1]

Pisa, August 10, 1822.

DEAR T.,—I always foresaw and told you that they would take every opportunity of annoying me in every

1. Edward John Trelawny (1792–1881) entered the Royal Navy in 1805, thrashed his lieutenant and deserted his ship at Bombay (1811), and lived the wild life which he has romantically described in his *Adventures of a Younger Son* (1830). In 1813 he returned to England, married, and, so far as recorded facts are concerned, disappears till 1820. In the autumn of that year he reappears in the second part of his autobiography, published in 1858 as *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, and republished in that year, and subsequently, as *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*. He was then at Ouchy, where he met Wordsworth, and heard the rival poet depreciate the merits of Shelley's poetry. Later in 1820 he met at Geneva Shelley's cousin, Medwin (see p. 201, *note* 2), who talked of nothing but "the inspired boy," and with him Edward Williams and his wife. In April, 1821, he received a letter from Williams, who had gone to Pisa in the previous November (*Records of Shelley, etc.*, pp. 8–10), which still further roused his interest in Shelley and Byron. He had arranged a sporting expedition to the Maremma, shipped his dogs, guns, and baggage to Leghorn, and in January, 1822, arrived with his friend Roberts at Genoa. On January 14 he drove over to Pisa, where he met Shelley for the first time. For the next six months he was daily in the company of Shelley and Byron, of whom he has painted pictures which are incomparably fresh and vivid. They are the work of a man who saw with the eye of genius, and described with the direct force of the natural, but unconscious, artist.

"Trelawny," says Mrs. Shelley, in her Diary for January 19, 1822 (*Life and Letters of M. W. Shelley*, vol. i. p. 321), "is extravagant—"*un giovane stravagante*,—partly natural, and partly, perhaps, put "on, but it suits him well, and if his abrupt but not unpolished "manners be assumed, they are nevertheless in unison with his "Moorish face (for he looks Oriental, yet not Asiatic), his dark "hair, his Herculean form; and then there is an air of extreme "good nature which pervades his whole countenance, especially "when he smiles, which assures me that his heart is good." He interested her imagination, and her Diary is full of references to his

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respect. If you get American papers and permission to sail under their flag, I shall be very glad, and

wild and horrible or amusing stories of himself. In a letter to Maria Gisborne, February 9, 1822 (*ibid.*, pp. 324, 325), she again describes her new acquaintance as "a kind of half-Arab Englishman, "whose life has been as changeful as that of Anastasius, and who "recounts the adventures as eloquently and as well as the imagined "Greek. He is clever; for his moral qualities I am yet in the "dark; he is a strange web which I am endeavouring to unravel. "I would fain learn if generosity is united to impetuousness, probity "of spirit to his assumption of singularity and independence. He "is 6 feet high, raven black hair, which curls thickly and shortly, "like a Moor's, dark gray expressive eyes, overhanging brows, "upturned lips, and a smile which expresses good nature and kind-"heartedness. His shoulders are high, like an Oriental's, his voice "is monotonous, yet emphatic, and his language, as he relates the "events of his life, energetic and simple, whether the tale be one of "blood and horror, or of irresistible comedy." That Trelawny also impressed the imagination of Shelley is shown by the fact that he appears as the pirate of the enchanted isle in the fragment of an unfinished drama (see for the lines, *The Poetical Works of Shelley*, ed. H. B. Forman, vol. ii. pp. 105, 106; and for Mrs. Shelley's sketch of the intended drama, see Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. pp. 462, 463). In his letters Shelley alludes to him only twice. Writing to John Gisborne, June 18, 1822 (*Prose Works of Shelley*, ed. H. B. Forman, vol. iv. p. 281), he mentions that Trelawny was captain of the *Bolivar*, adding, "How long the fiery spirit of our "pirate will accommodate itself to the caprice of the poet remains "to be seen." Again, in a letter to Leigh Hunt, June 19, 1822 (*ibid.*, p. 284), he describes Trelawny as "a wild but kind-hearted "seaman." Byron never mentions Trelawny in any of his letters at this time. But in May, 1823, he spoke enthusiastically to Lady Blessington of his conduct after Shelley's death (*Idler in Italy*, ed. 1839, vol. i. p. 348).

On July 8 Shelley made his fatal attempt to sail from Leghorn to Lerici. Leigh Hunt, entering the harbour of Leghorn a few days before, had seen Trelawny "standing with his knight-errant aspect, "dark, handsome, and mustachioed, in Lord Byron's boat, the "*Bolivar*" (*Autobiography*, vol. iii. p. 6); and Trelawny, in the *Bolivar*, was to have accompanied Shelley and Williams into the offing. But the Health Officers of the port refused to allow him to start. In all that followed, Trelawny showed the energy of a man, and the gentle, tactful sympathy of a woman. He bore the news to Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Williams, organized the search for the bodies, arranged their cremation, buried the remains of Shelley at Rome, added the famous quotation from the *Tempest* to Leigh Hunt's inscription, helped Mrs. Shelley in her loneliness at Albaro, and out of his slender means assisted her in her journey home. Writing to Maria Gisborne, September 10, 1822 (*Life and Letters*, vol. ii.

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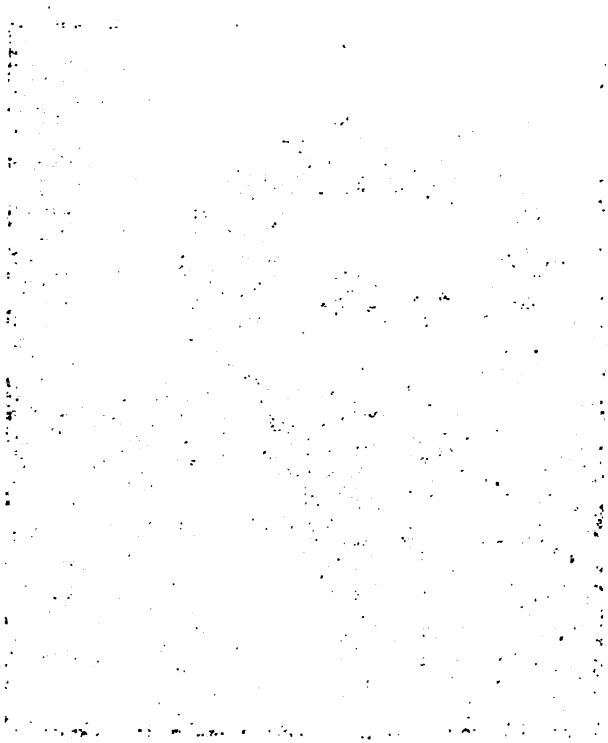

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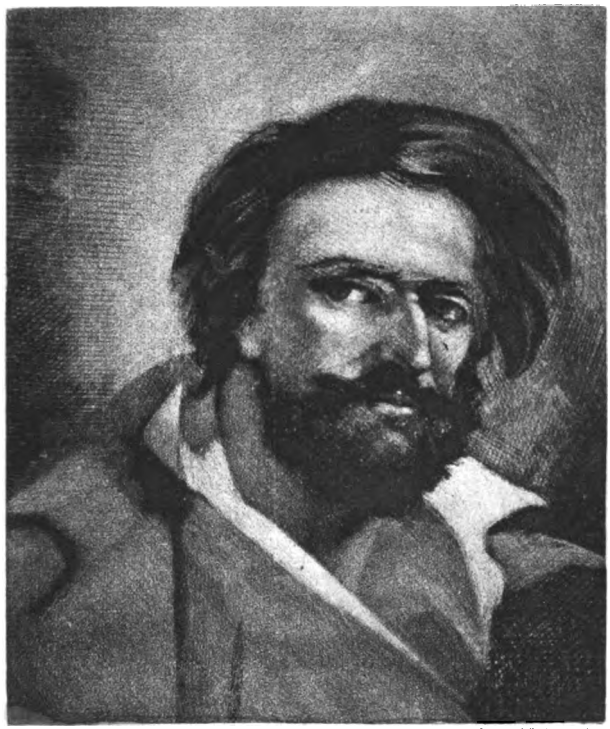

Edward John Trelawny Esq.

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should much prefer it, but I doubt that it will be very difficult.

Yours,

N. B.

pp. 25, 26), Mrs. Shelley says that "the friend to whom we are "eternally indebted is Trelawny. . . . But after all these benefits, "what I most thank him for is this. When on that night of agony, "that Friday night, he returned to announce that hope was dead "for us . . . he did not attempt to console me—that would have "been too cruelly useless—but he launched forth into, as it were, an "overflowing and eloquent praise of my divine Shelley, till I was "almost happy that thus I was unhappy, to be fed by the praise of "him, and to dwell on the eulogy that his loss thus drew from his "friend."

An enthusiastic admirer of Shelley, Trelawny admired Byron more critically. In many respects the two men were antipathetic, and Byron made no secret of suspecting Trelawny's accuracy. Millingen (*Memoirs*, p. 153) says that Byron "observed of him 'he "could not, even to save his life, tell the truth.'" Kennedy (*Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron*, p. 297) gives two instances in which Byron pointedly referred to Trelawny's exaggerations. Trelawny said, "We were two hours in the water late last night." "Yes," said Byron, emphatically, "by Shrewsbury clock." On another occasion, marvellous tales were told of legerdemain at Paris. "You look incredulous, my lord," said the narrator. "No, "not at all," replied Byron, "Where is Trelawny? I dare say "he saw the same thing." In September, 1823, Trelawny left Byron in Cephalonia, and joined Odysseus, the insurgent leader at Athens, whose sister he afterwards married. He never again saw Byron alive. Sent to invite Byron to come to Salona, he reached Mesolonghi only to find him dead. In a letter to Stanhope, written April 28, 1824 (*Greece in* 1823 *and* 1824, pp. 322–324), he says of Byron, "With all his faults I loved him truly: he is connected with "every event of the most interesting years of my wandering life; "his every-day companion—we lived in ships, boats, and in houses "together,—we had no secrets,—no reserve, and, though we often "differed in opinion, never quarrelled. If it gave me pain witnessing "his frailties, he only wanted a little excitement to awaken and put "forth *virtues* that redeemed them all." The letter is written in a generous tone. By its side should be read his letter on Byron, written to Mary Shelley (*Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 117), four months later. "He took part with, and became the paltry tool of "the weak, imbecile, cowardly being calling himself Prince Mavro-"cordato. Five months he dozed away. By the gods! the lies "that are said in his praise urge one to speak the truth. It is well "for his name, and better for Greece, that he is dead. . . . But he "is dead, and I now feel my face burn with shame that so weak and "ignoble a soul could so long have influenced me. It is a degrading

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1022.—To the Rev. Thomas Hall.[1]

Pisa, Aug. 14, 1822.

SIR,—I am much obliged by your information, and will thank you to direct Mr. Dunn to bring with him on Saturday next (if convenient) the necessary stamped papers, and a Notary, when I will do my best to follow your directions.

I have observed in Galignani's paper lists of the Subscribers and Subscriptions for the Irish Poor from *Florence*, but *not* from *Leghorn*. I should be glad to know the cause of this omission, which is not very fair on the part of the Committee to the other English residents in Tuscany.

I have the honour to be your very obedient, humble servant,

NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—Have the goodness also to send me a copy of the *usual form* of a Will made in Tuscany by an English resident.

N. B.

1023.—To Thomas Moore.

Pisa, August 27, 1822.

It is boring to trouble you with "such small gear;"[2] but it must be owned that I should be glad if you would

"reflection, and ever will be." In estimating the historical value of the picture of Byron, which Trelawny has painted in his *Records*, the tone of his letter to Mary Shelley must be remembered.

Byron's cause of annoyance, referred to in the text, was that a naval officer of H.M.S. *Despatch* boarded Byron's boat at Leghorn, and took away her pennant.

1. The chaplain at Leghorn. [The original of this letter is in the possession of Mrs. Hall, 4, Via Nazionale, Florence.—R. Edgcumbe.]

2. Possibly Byron, thinking of *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4, and "Poor Tom's" food, wrote "such small deer."

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enquire whether my Irish subscription ever reached the committee in Paris from Leghorn. My reasons, like Vellum's, "are threefold:"[1]—First, I doubt the accuracy of all almoners, or remitters of benevolent cash; second, I do suspect that the said Committee, having in part served its time to time-serving, may have kept back the acknowledgment of an obnoxious politician's name in their lists; and third, I feel pretty sure that I shall one day be twitted by the government scribes for having been a professor of love for Ireland, and not coming forward with the others in her distresses.

It is not, as you may opine, that I am ambitious of having my name in the papers, as I can have that any day in the week gratis. All I want is to know if the Reverend Thomas Hall did or did not remit my subscription (200 scudi of Tuscany, or about a thousand francs, more or less,) to the Committee at Paris.

The other day at Viareggio, I thought proper to swim off to my schooner (the Bolivar) in the offing, and thence to shore again—about three miles, or better, in all. As it was at mid-day, under a broiling sun, the consequence has been a feverish attack, and my whole skin's coming off, after going through the process of one large continuous blister, raised by the sun and sea together. I have suffered much pain; not being able to lie on my back, or even side; for my shoulders and arms were equally St. Bartholomewed. But it is over,—and I have

1. Vellum, the steward to Sir Thomas Truman in Addison's *Drummer*, always enumerates his reasons; as, for example, in act ii. sc. 1, "The reasons why I should believe he is still living are "manifold. First, because this has often been the case of other "military adventurers. Secondly, because the news of his death "was first published in Dyer's letters. Thirdly, because this letter "can be written by none but himself—I know his hand, and manner "of spelling. Fourthly——"

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got a new skin, and am as glossy as a snake in its new suit.

We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the back-ground and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame.[1] All of Shelley was consumed,

1. Trelawny, and a friend, Captain Shenley, sailed from Leghorn in the *Bolivar*, on August 14, 1824, and, on the same evening, anchored off Viareggio. Trelawny himself (*Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*, pp. 138–145) gives the date as August 13; but Professor Dowden (*Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 531, *note*) corrects the date to August 14. Assuming the correction to be accurate, the body of Williams was exhumed and cremated the next day, in the presence of Byron and Hunt, who drove over from Pisa. While the funeral pyre was burning, Byron, Shenley, and Trelawny swam a mile from the shore in a blazing sun. On their return to land, the furnace was uncovered, and the ashes, placed in an oaken box, were carried back to Pisa in Byron's carriage.

The next morning, August 16, Byron and Hunt again drove over from Pisa, and met Trelawny with officers and soldiers to search for the body of Shelley, on the shore at a point nearer Massa. Though the spot had been marked with wands, the body was not found till the search had lasted an hour. "The lonely and grand scenery "that surrounded us," says Trelawny (*Records*, p. 143; see also *ibid.*, Appendix I.), "so exactly harmonised with Shelley's genius, "that I could imagine his spirit soaring over us. The sea, with the "islands of Gorgona, Capraja, and Elba, was before us; old battle-"mented watch-towers stretched along the coast, backed by the "marble-crested Apennines glistening in the sun, picturesque from "their diversified outlines, and not a human dwelling was in sight." The Italians, penetrated by the solemnity of their search, laboured in silence: not a word marred the grandeur and loneliness of the scene, the shovelling of the sand was alone heard; "Byron stood "silent and thoughtful;" Hunt "remained inside the carriage" (*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt*, ed. 1850, vol. iii. p. 16). At length a dull hollow sound followed the blow of a mattock. The body was found.

The corpse was removed to the furnace; the pyre lighted. Frankincense and salt were thrown into the fire; wine and oil poured over the body. The flames rose into the air, already tremulous with heat, and quivered upwards in radiant colours against the blue of the Mediterranean and the distant mountains, as though "they contained the glassy essence of vitality" (*ibid.*, p. 17).

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except his *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine.

Your old acquaintance Londonderry has quietly died at North Cray![1] and the virtuous De Witt was torn in pieces by the populace! What a lucky * * the Irishman has been in his life and end. In him your Irish Franklin *est mort!*

Leigh Hunt is sweating articles for his new Journal; and both he and I think it somewhat shabby in *you* not to contribute. Will you become one of the *properrioters*? "Do, and we go snacks."[2] I recommend you to think twice before you respond in the negative.

I have nearly (*quite three*) four new cantos of *Don Juan* ready. I obtained permission from the female Censor Morum of *my* morals to continue it, provided it were immaculate; so I have been as decent as need be. There is a deal of war—a siege, and all that, in the style, graphical and technical, of the shipwreck in Canto Second, which "took," as they say in the Row.

Yours, etc.

P.S.—That * * * Galignani has about ten lies in

While the fire was burning, Byron swam out to the *Bolivar*, which lay in the offing. When he landed again, the work was done. Trelawny, plunging his hand into the flames, had saved the heart from the centre of the fire. The ashes were collected into a box and taken on board the *Bolivar*. Byron and Hunt returned in their carriage through the forest to Pisa. "We sang, we laughed, "we shouted. I even felt a gaiety the more shocking, because it "was real and a relief. What the coachman thought of us, God "knows; but he helped to make up a ghastly trio. . . . I wish to "have no such waking dream again. It was worthy of a German "ballad" (*ibid.*, p. 18).

1. Lord Londonderry, better known as Lord Castlereagh, cut his throat at North Cray Place, August 12, 1822. Byron evidently had not heard the circumstances of his death.

2. "All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, 'Do; and we go snacks.'"
Pope, *Prologue to Satires*, lines 65, 66.

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one paragraph. It was not a Bible that was found in Shelley's pocket, but John Keats's poems.[1] However, it would not have been strange, for he was a great admirer of Scripture as a composition. *I* did not send my bust to the academy of New York; but I sat for my picture to young West, an American artist, at the request of some members of that Academy to *him* that he would take my portrait,—for the Academy, I believe.

I had, and still have, thoughts of South America, but am fluctuating between it and Greece. I should have gone, long ago, to one of them, but for my liaison with the Countess G[l].;[2] for love, in these days, is little

1. In one of Shelley's pockets was found Keats's poems, as Byron says; in the other, a Sophocles, now preserved in the Bodleian Library. Trelawny (*Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, ed. 1858, p. 120) says that the two books were found in the pockets. In his *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author* (ed. 1887, p. 128), he says that one of the two books was Æschylus, not Sophocles. The copy of Keats, lent to Shelley by Leigh Hunt when he left Pisa on the evening of Sunday, July 7, was burned on the funeral pyre, August 16, 1822.

2. Countess Guiccioli gives an account of Byron's life at Pisa, which is printed from Moore (*Life*, p. 567)—

"In Pisa abbiamo continuato anche più rigorosamente a vivere "lontano dalla società. Essendovi però in Pisa molti Inglesi egli "non potè iscusarsi dal fare la conoscenza di varii amici di Shelley, "fra i quali uno fu Mr. Medwin. Essi lo seguitavano al passeggio, "pranzavano con lui e certamente si tenevano felici della apparente "intimità che loro accordava un uomo così superiore. Ma nessuno "di loro fu ammesso mai a porta della sua amicizia, che egli non "era facile a accordare. Per Shelley egli aveva dell' affezione, e "molta stima pel suo carattere e pel suo talento, ma non era suo "amico nell' estensione del senso che si deve dare alla parola ami-"cizia. Talvolta parlando egli de' suoi amici, e dell' amicizia, "come pure dell' amore, e di ogni altro nobile sentimento del-"l'anima, potevano i suoi discorsi far nascere dei dubbii sui veri suoi "sentimenti, e sulla bontà del suo cuore. Una impressione momen-"tanea regolava i suoi discorsi; e di più egli amava anche a rap-"presentare un personaggio bizzarro, e qualche volta anche peggio, "—specialmente con quelli che egli pensava volessero studiare e "fare delle scoperte sul suo carattere. Ma nell' inganno non "poteva cadere che una piccola mente, e un osservatore superficiale. "Bisognava esaminare le sue azioni per sentire tutta la contraddi-"zione che era fra di esse e i suoi discorsi; bisognava vederlo in

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compatible with glory. *She* would be delighted to go too; but I do not choose to expose her to a long voyage,

"certi momenti in cui per una emozione improvvisa e più forte della "sua volontà la sua anima si abbandonava interamente a sé stessa; "—bisognava vederlo allora per scoprire i tesori di sensibilità e di "bontà che erano in quella nobile anima.

"Fra le tante volte che io l'ho veduto in simili circostanze ne "ricorderò una che risguarda i suoi sentimenti di amicizia. Pochi "giorni prima di lasciare Pisa eravamo verso sera insieme seduti "nel giardino del Palazzo Lanfranchi. Una dolce malinconia era "sparsa sul suo viso. Egli riandava col pensiero gli avvenimenti "della sua vita e faceva il confronto colla attuale sua situazione e "quella che avrebbe potuta essere se la sua affezione per me non lo "avesse fatto restare in Italia; e diceva cose che avrebbero resa per "me la terra un paradiso, se già sino d'allora il presentimento di "perdere tanta felicità non mi avesse tormentata. In questo mentre "un domestico annunciò Mr. Hobhouse. La leggiera tinta di "malinconia sparsa sul viso di Byron fece luogo subitamente alla "più viva gioia; ma essa fu così forte che gli tolse quasi le forze. "Un pallore commovente ricoperse il suo volto, e nell' abbracciare "il suo amico i suoi occhi erano pieni di lacrime di contento. E "l'emozione fu così forte che egli fu obbligato di sedersi, sentendosi "mancare le forze.

"La venuta pure di Lord Clare fu per lui un' epoca di grande "felicità. Egli amava sommamente Lord Clare—egli era così felice "in quel breve tempo che passò presso di lui a Livorno, e il giorno "in cui si separarono fu un giorno di grande tristezza per Lord "Byron. 'Io ho il presentimento che non lo vedrò più,' diceva "egli; e i suoi occhi si riempivano di lacrime; e in questo stato "l'ho veduto per varie settimane dopo la partenza di Lord Clare, "ogni qual volta il discorso cadeva sopra di codesto suo amico."

Of this passage Moore gives the following translation :—

"We continued in Pisa even more rigorously to absent ourselves "from society. However, as there were a good many English in "Pisa, he could not avoid becoming acquainted with various friends "of Shelley, among which number was Mr. Medwin. They fol- "lowed him in his rides, dined with him, and felt themselves "happy, of course, in the apparent intimacy in which they lived "with so renowned a man; but not one of them was admitted to "any part of his friendship, which, indeed, he did not easily accord. "He had a great affection for Shelley, and a great esteem for his "character and talents; but he was not his friend in the most "extensive sense of that word. Sometimes, when speaking of his "friends and of friendship, as also of love, and of every other noble "emotion of the soul, his expressions might inspire doubts concern- "ing his sentiments and the goodness of his heart. The feeling of "the moment regulated his speech, and, besides, he liked to play the "part of singularity,—and sometimes worse,—more especially with "those whom he suspected of endeavouring to make discoveries

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and a residence in an unsettled country, where I shall probably take a part of some sort.

1024.—To John Murray.

Pisa, Sep^{t} 11th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I write a line to advise you that by the two last posts—I sent off to Mr. D. K. the four new Cantoes of *D. J.* I hear by the way that Rogue Southey says that he does not know what I meant by hinting that I had been kind to one of his connections. All I know is that in 1815 Mr. *Sotheby* wrote to me

"as to his real character: but it was only mean minds and "superficial observers that could be deceived in him. It was "necessary to consider his actions to perceive the contradiction they "bore to his words: it was necessary to be witness of certain "moments, during which unforeseen and involuntary emotion forced "him to give himself entirely up to his feelings; and whoever "beheld him then, became aware of the stores of sensibility and "goodness of which his noble heart was full.

"Among the many occasions I had of seeing him thus over-"powered, I shall mention one relative to his feelings of friendship. "A few days before leaving Pisa, we were one evening seated in "the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. A soft melancholy was "spread over his countenance; he recalled to mind the events of "his life; compared them with his present situation, and with that "which it might have been if his affection for me had not caused "him to remain in Italy, saying things which would have made "earth a paradise for me, but that even then a presentiment that I "should lose all this happiness tormented me. At this moment a "servant announced Mr. Hobhouse. The slight shade of melan-"choly diffused over Lord Byron's face gave instant place to the "liveliest joy; but it was so great, that it almost deprived him of "strength. A fearful paleness came over his cheeks, and his eyes "were filled with tears as he embraced his friend. His emotion "was so great that he was forced to sit down.

"Lord Clare's visit also occasioned him extreme delight. He "had a great affection for Lord Clare, and was very happy during "the short visit that he paid him at Leghorn. The day on which "they separated was a melancholy one for Lord Byron. 'I have "a presentiment that I shall never see him more,' he said, and his "eyes filled with tears. The same melancholy came over him "during the first weeks that succeeded to Lord Clare's departure, "whenever his conversation happened to fall upon this friend."

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saying that Coleridge was in great distress, and that the literary fund had given him 20—or more pounds [and] wishing me to help him, and that I immediately sent him one hundred pounds, being at a time when I could not command 150 in the world, having (as you know) duns and executions in my house daily and weekly.[1] I also recommended him to you as a publisher. I have no wish to trumpet this; but if Rogue Southey denies it, I shall prove it to his face.

I also hear that he says his wife was not a milliner at Bath. Ask Luttrell. I have heard Mr. Nugent, his friend, say twenty times that he knew both her and Coleridge's Sara at Bath, before they were married and that they were Milliners or Dressmaker's apprentices.[2] There is no harm if they were, that I know—nor did I mean it as any.

Yours, etc., etc.,

N. B.

Address to *Genoa*—ferma in posta.

1025.—To W. E. West.[3]

Pisa, Sep^{tr}. 19th. 1822.

Dear Sir,—I am anxious to have an engraving from your picture for the Academy of N. Y. by Morghen.

1. See *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 264, and p. 271, *note* 1.

2. Edith Fricker was the second daughter, Sarah (afterwards called Sara) the third daughter, of Stephen Fricker of Westbury, a manufacturer of sugar-pans. The father died a ruined man, and the daughters lived with their widowed mother at Bristol, where she kept a school. At Bristol Coleridge married Sarah Fricker, October 4, 1795, and Southey married Edith Fricker, November 14, 1795. The two girls were not "milliners of Bath" (*Don Juan*, Canto III. stanza xciii.), though they were in the habit of earning money by doing work at the houses of friends.

3. A part of this letter is printed in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1827 (Preface, p. x.), with the following note: "Mr. West applied

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Would you have the goodness to propose this to the Engraver Morghen,[1] at his *own* price, and at *my* expence.

"to Raphael Morghen; but although he asked four thousand "dollars for making the engraving, he would not undertake to "complete it in less than three years. The idea was accordingly "abandoned." At p. 33 is given a line engraving of West's portrait of Byron, followed by "Stanzas by L. E. L." West's account of the sitting is quoted by Moore (*Life*, p. 562).

"On the day appointed, I arrived at two o'clock, and began the "picture. I found him a bad sitter. He talked all the time, and "asked a multitude of questions about America—how I liked Italy, "what I thought of the Italians, etc. When he was silent, he was "a better sitter than before; for he assumed a countenance that did "not belong to him, as though he were thinking of a frontispiece "for Childe Harold. In about an hour our first sitting terminated, "and I returned to Leghorn, scarcely able to persuade myself that "this was the haughty misanthrope whose character had always "appeared so enveloped in gloom and mystery; for I do not "remember ever to have met with manners more gentle and "attractive.

"The next day I returned and had another sitting of an hour, "during which he seemed anxious to know what I should make of "my undertaking. Whilst I was painting, the window from which I "received my light became suddenly darkened, and I heard a voice "exclaim, *E troppo bello!* I turned, and discovered a beautiful "female stooping down to look in, the ground on the outside being "on a level with the bottom of the window. Her long golden hair "hung down about her face and shoulders; her complexion was "exquisite, and her smile completed one of the most romantic-"looking heads, set off as it was by the bright sun behind it, which "I had ever beheld. Lord Byron invited her to come in, and "introduced her to me as the Countess Guiccioli. He seemed very "fond of her, and I was glad of her presence, for the playful "manner which he assumed towards her made him a much better "sitter.

"The next day, I was pleased to find that the progress which I "had made in his likeness had given satisfaction, for, when we "were alone, he said that he had a particular favour to request of "me—would I grant it? I said I should be happy to oblige him; "and he enjoined me to the flattering task of painting the Countess "Guiccioli's portrait for him. On the following morning I began "it, and, after, they sat alternately. He gave me the whole history "of his connection with her, and said that he hoped it would last "for ever; at any rate, it should not be his fault if it did not. His "other attachments had been broken off by no fault of his.

"I was by this time sufficiently intimate with him to answer his "question as to what I thought of him before I had seen him. He "laughed much at the idea which I had formed of him, and said, "'Well, you find me like other people, do you not?' He often

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—I wish also to know what I am in your debt for Madame G.'s picture, as I am about to set off for Genoa. You will oblige me by an answer addressed to me at Pisa as usual. Believe me, ever and truly

Your obliged and obed^{t} Ser^{t},

NOEL BYRON.

1026.—To Charles Hanson.

Pisa, Sept. 21st 1822.

DEAR CHARLES,—I have but a moment to answer your letter. The Arbitrators say that it is Shadwell's opinion that the house is vested in the trustees. Consult Mr. Bell or other sound lawyers, and, if their opinion is contrary to Shadwell's, throw the thing into Chancery. We shall there at least know the truth.

"afterwards repeated, 'And so you thought me a finer fellow, did "you?' I remember once telling him, that notwithstanding his "vivacity, I thought myself correct in at least one estimate which "I had made of him, for I still conceived that he was not a happy "man. He enquired earnestly what reason I had for thinking so; "and I asked him if he had never observed in little children, after "a paroxysm of grief, that they had at intervals a convulsive or "tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath. Wherever I had "observed this, in persons of whatever age, I had always found "that it came from sorrow. He said the thought was new to him, "and that he would make use of it.

"Lord Byron, and all the party, left Villa Rossa (the name of "their house) in a few days, to pack up their things in their house "at Pisa. He told me that he should remain a few days there, and "desired me, if I could do any thing more to the pictures, to come "and stay with him. He seemed at a loss where to go, and was, "I thought, on the point of embarking for America. I was with "him at Pisa for a few days; but he was so annoyed by the police, "and the weather was so hot, that I thought it doubtful whether I "could improve the pictures, and, taking my departure one morn-"ing before he was up, I wrote him an excuse from Leghorn. "Upon the whole, I left him with an impression that he possessed "an excellent heart, which had been misconstrued on all hands "from little else than a reckless levity of manners, which he took a "whimsical pride in opposing to those of other people."

1. For Morghen, see *Letters*, vol. v. p. 244, *note* 2.

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I will not consent to Davison's appointment, and I have written to protest against it, and beg you will repeat what I here say to all whom it may concern. It is merely an attempt on the part of Sir Ralph at a job in favour of a drunken Steward who served him at *Halnaby*, and now he wishes to saddle me with the maintenance of an incapable servant of his own. The shortest way is at once to wait on Sir Francis, our Arbitrator, and state that I must have the question of the right decided before the Chancellor. So take the necessary steps, first advising Mr. Kinnaird of this intention.

Yours truly,

NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—Address your answer to me at Genoa, where I go next week, I believe. Mr. Kinnaird will suggest a mode of sending the Deeds safely.

1027.—To John Murray.

Pisa, Septr 23^d 1822.

DEAR SIR,—I have been in daily, but as usual, idle expectation of hearing from you before I went to Genoa. In the mean time I have seen your brother,[1] who, I must

1. Murray's half-brother, Archibald Murray, R.N., of H.M.S. *Rochfort*, then lying at Leghorn, saw Byron twice at Pisa (August 30 and about September 15). Writing to his wife, September 16, 1822 (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. pp. 429, 430), he says, "My "Lord Byron is not tall, but of moderate stature. He is rather "stout than thin. He is considered handsome. I have heard him "called very handsome, and he certainly has very comely features; "but his countenance is not on the Roman or Grecian model of "elegance. It is round and full, and might be less agreeable in a "different person. The emotions of his poetical spirit animate and "beautify his face. His eye has the expression of a man of genius. "He wears his hair rather longer than is the present custom for "gentlemen, though in him it is not unpleasing. It is just long "enough to curl gracefully. The defect in one of his feet is so well

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say, by no means loses in the comparison: I like him very much.

The bust does not turn out a very good one, though it may be like for aught I know, as it exactly resembles a superannuated Jesuit. I shall, therefore, not send it as I intended; but I will send you *hers*, which is much better; and you can get a copy from Thorwaldsen's. I assure you Bartolini's is dreadful, though my mind misgives me that it is hideously like. If it is, I can not be long for this world, for it overlooks seventy.

If you can not be civil to Mr. John Hunt, it means that you have ceased to be so to me, or mean to do so. I have thought as much for some time past; but you will find in the long run (though I hear that you go about talking of yourself, like Dogberry, "as a fellow that hath "had losses" [1]), that you will not change for the better.

I am worth any "forty on fair ground" [2] of the wretched stilted pretenders and parsons of your advertisements.

By the way, send me a copy of the M.S.S. lines on *Samiel*,[3] which were sent some years ago. I hear from

"concealed by his dress that it is not observable when he sits or "stands. The portrait prefixed to his works resembles him very "well; and a statue of him which I saw at Florence is also a very "good likeness. It is a bust intended for John Murray."

1. *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iv. sc. 2.

2. *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 1—

"On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them."

3. See *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 202, *note* 4, and vol. v. p. 80. Hobhouse had paid Byron a visit at Pisa in September, 1822. Rogers had also visited him there, both going to and returning from Rome. Williams, in his Diary (*Prose Works of Shelley*, vol. iv. Appendix, p. 316), notes on April 20, 1822, "Called on Lord B.: met Rogers "the poet there, an old decrepid man, whose face bespeaks great "imbecility of mind, but whose works prove the contrary." Rogers met Moore on his way through Paris, May 14, 1822 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 352), "R. told me a good deal about Lord Byron, whom "he saw both going and coming back. Expressed to R. the same "contempt for Shakspeare which he has often expressed to me: "treats his companion Shelley very cavalierly."

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Mr. Hobhouse that he hath said something which is like him: it is time to teach him; and, if I take him in hand, I'll show him what he has been these sixty years.

Send me a copy of the lines.

Yours,

N. B.

Address to me at Genoa.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

CASA SALUZZO, ALBARO, OCTOBER, 1822—JULY 14, 1823.

THE LIBERAL AND LEIGH HUNT—*DON JUAN*, CANTOS XII.–XV.—*THE AGE OF BRONZE*—*THE ISLAND*—LADY BLESSINGTON—THE GREEK COMMITTEE—PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXPEDITION TO GREECE—DEPARTURE.

1028.—To Mrs. Shelley.[1]

6th October, 1822.

THE sofa—which I regret is *not* of your furniture—it was purchased by me at Pisa since you left it.

It is convenient for my room, though of little value (about 12 pauls), and I offered to send another (now sent) in its stead. I preferred retaining the purchased furniture, but always intended that you should have as good or better in its place. I have a particular dislike to anything of Shelley's being within the same walls with Mrs. Hunt's children. They are dirtier and more mischievous than Yahoos. What they can't destroy with their filth they will with their fingers. I presume you received ninety and odd crowns from the wreck of the *Don Juan*, and also the price of the boat purchased by

1. Reprinted from *The Life and Letters of M. W. Shelley*, edited by Mrs. Julian Marshall, vol. ii. p. 46.

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Captain R., if not, you will have *both*.[1] Hunt has these in hand.

With regard to any difficulties about money, I can only repeat that I will be your banker till this state of things is cleared up, and you can see what is to be done; so there is little to hinder you on that score. I was confined for four days to my bed at Lerici. Poor Hunt,[2] with his six little blackguards, are coming slowly up; as usual he turned back once—was there ever such a *kraal* out of the Hottentot country.

N. B.

1029.—To John Murray.

Genoa, Oct^br^ 9th 1822.

DEAR MURRAY,—I have received your letter, and as you explain it, I have no objection, on *your* account, to omit those passages in the new *Mystery* (which were marked in the half sheet sent the other day to Pisa), or the passage in *Cain;* but why not be open and say so at *first*? you should be more strait-forward on every account.

Mr. K^d^ has four cantos of *D. J.*[3] sent by the post (or

1. Byron persisted in calling the *Ariel* by her first name, *Don Juan*. To prevent her name being changed by Shelley, he had *Don Juan* painted on the sails before she was delivered at Lerici. The painted pieces were cut out of the sails. Shelley was bringing from Leghorn a bag of Tuscan crowns (Trelawny, *Records*, p. 136), which were recovered when the boat was got up. The wreck was sold by auction at Via Reggio (*ibid.*, pp. 177, 178), apparently to Captain Roberts, who re-rigged her.

2. Mrs. Shelley took the Casa Saluzzo at Albaro, near Genoa, for Byron, and the Casa Negroto, close by, for herself and the Hunts. Trelawny took up his abode in Genoa, till he had (December, 1822) laid up the *Bolivar* and paid off the crew (*Records*, p. 187). He then left Genoa for "a cruise inland."

3. Cantos VI., VII., VIII. were published in July, 1823; Cantos IX., X., XI. in the following August; Cantos XII., XIII., XIV. in December in the same year. They were all published by John Hunt.

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should have): I have a fifth (the 10th) finished, but not transcribed yet; and the *eleventh* begun.

With regard to *Werner* and *H[eaven] and E[arth]*, why are they not published? I should have thought the latitude I gave about terms might have set you at ease on their account.

I have carried *D. J.* through a siege to St. Petersburgh, etc., and thence to *England:* how do you like that? I have no wish to break off our connection, but if you are to be blown about with every wind, what can I do? You are wrong, for there will be a *re-action*—you will see that by and bye; and whether there is or not, *I* can not alter my opinions, though I am ready to make any allowance, in a *trade* point of view, which unpalateable speculations may render necessary to *your* advantage.

I have been very unwell—four days confined to my bed in "the worst inn's worst room,"[1] at Lerici, with a violent rheumatic and bilious attack, constipation, and the devil knows what: no physician, except a young fellow, who, however, was kind and cautious, and that's enough. * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

At last I seized Thompson's book of prescriptions[2] (a donation of yours), and physicked myself with the first dose I found in it; and after undergoing the ravages of all kinds of decoctions, sallied from bed on the fifth

1. Pope, *Moral Essays*, Ep. iii. line 299. Byron's illness was caused by his trying conclusions with Trelawny in swimming to the *Bolivar*, two miles from the shore, dining in the water, and swimming back (Trelawny, *Records*, pp. 47, 48).

2. According to Trelawny (*Records*, p. 180), the book was Thomas's *Domestic Medicine*, and Byron said that he was always "bedevilled for a week after moving." The book probably was *The Family Physician, or Domestic Medicine found*, by Alexander Thomson, M.D., of which an edition was published in 1801.

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day to cross the Gulph to Sestri. The Sea revived me instantly; and I ate the Sailor's cold fish, and drank a Gallon of Country Wine, and got to Genoa the same night after landing at Sestri, and have ever since been keeping well, but thinner, and with an occasional cough towards evening.

With regard to Mr. J. Hunt, how could I *tell* that he insulted you? Of course, if he did, show him the door or the window; he had no warrant from me but the letter you received, and I think that was civil enough.

I am afraid the Journal *is* a *bad* business, and won't do;[1] but in it I am sacrificing *myself* for others—*I* can

1. *The Liberal*, No. I., published October 15, 1822, was fiercely attacked. In three consecutive numbers (October 19, October 26, November 2, the *Literary Gazette*, for example, endeavoured to ruin the new periodical. It could not express, in "language strong "enough" for the occasion, its "abhorrence of such heartless and "beastly ribaldry" as that of *The Vision of Judgment* (October 19, 1822, p. 656). It found (November 2, p. 694), "on casting up the "account, that Lord Byron has contributed impiety, vulgarity, "inhumanity, and heartlessness; Mr. Shelley, a burlesque upon "Göthe; and Mr. Leigh Hunt, conceit, trumpery, ignorance, and "wretched verses. The union of wickedness, folly, and imbecility, "is perfect; and as they congratulated the Devil, so do we con- "gratulate the Authors of the *Liberal*."

The daily press was even more violent. The *Courier* for October 26, 1822, begins thus: "This *scoundrel-like* publication has at length "made its appearance." Of Byron it writes as follows: "With a "brain from heaven and a heart from hell—with a pen that can write "as angels speak, and yet that riots in thoughts which fiends might "envy—with the power to charm, instruct, and elevate—but with "the ruling passion to provoke our loathing and deserve our scorn "—this compound of rottenness and beauty—this unsexed Circe, "who gems the poisoned cup he offers us, and extorts our admira- "tion of its rare and curious workmanship, while the soul sickens at "the draught within—seems to have lived only that the world "might learn from his example, how worthless and how pernicious "a thing is genius when divorced from religion, from morals, and "from humanity." Of Hunt it speaks as "a vain and puerile "egoist . . . a manufacturer of lack-a-daisical prose and namby- "pamby poetics," comparing him to Pope's Sporus. "A third has "been named as a coadjutor in the production of this foul blot "upon our national literature. We allude to the infidel Shelley, "of whom we should speak in no compromising terms, were he

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have no advantage in it. I believe the *brothers H.* to be honest men; I am sure that they are poor ones.[1] They

"still capable of future mischief. But he is dead—and the world "has no more to do with him," etc., etc.

Even anonymous pamphleteers entered the field. The author of *A Critique on "The Liberal"* (London, 1822, 8vo, 16 pages) says, "It "is to be understood that there were three contributors to this work; "Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt, Esq., and Percy B. Shelly (*sic*), Esq., "lately deceased. The talents of the triumvirate have been long "known: the two first, especially, have ranked high in the annals "of literature" (p. 3). After discussing the Preface, the writer fastens on the *Vision of Judgment*, which he reviews in pages 6–15. "Waving (*sic*) the blasphemy, it contains nothing but abuse. The "author has melted a pearl in the cup of intemperance, and then "thrown it on a dunghill" (p. 14). Shelley's version of the witch-scene from *Faust* is said to "contain energy, though the keeping is "coarse." Finally the epigrams on Castlereagh are quoted: "The "Liberals sum up their liberality in the following feeling epigrams "on the unhappy death of a late eminent statesman" (p. 16).

1. Byron's treatment of Leigh Hunt and his brother has been commented on to his discredit. In act he was generous. To Leigh Hunt, in February, 1822, he advanced £250, and within the next six months paid to him, or on his behalf, a further sum of £300. Within a week from landing at Leghorn, Leigh Hunt applied to him for money for his brother John. Having no cash at his immediate disposal, he gave Leigh Hunt *The Vision of Judgment*, warning John Hunt against actionable passages, and leaving him free to publish it in *The Examiner*, separately, or in the proposed magazine. He wished to abandon the idea of a magazine altogether; but, finding that John Hunt was determined to publish it, he surrendered his share of the profits until the brothers were in comfortable circumstances, and gave them the MSS. of the *Pulci* translation and *Heaven and Earth*. He gave Hunt for publication, retaining the copyrights, *The Age of Bronze* (published April, 1823); *The Island* (published June, 1823); *Don Juan*, Cantos VI., VII., VIII.; Cantos IX., X., XI.; Cantos XII., XIII., XIV. In these publications he asked for no share in the profits. When John Hunt was prosecuted for publishing the *Vision of Judgment*, Byron offered to come to England himself, and, being dissuaded by his friends, paid the expenses of Hunt's defence. The following extracts from Leigh Hunt's letters to John Hunt show that John Hunt had a free hand with the *Vision of Judgment*:—

(1)

"Pisa, 6 July, 1822.

"The enclosed is from Ld Byron for the *Examiner*. He does "not put his name to it, but has no objection to being mentioned "in private as the author;—in other words, he does not at all mind "being *known* as the author, but thinks perhaps the verses too

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have not a rap: they pressed me to engage in this work, and in an evil hour I consented: still I shall not repent, if I can do them the least service. I have done all I can for Leigh Hunt since he came here; but it is almost useless: his wife is ill,[1] his six children not very tractable,

"trivial to put his name to them publicly. You may do what you "please with them—omit words, or passages, or whole stanzas "together, and of course you will do so, as the libellousness is "abundant, and can afford pruning. Some things, which I have "marked, must be left out in common prudence. Besides, the "very omissions can be turned to account, as you will see."

(2)

"Pisa, August 14, 1822.

"The late miserable event has so put every thing out of my head, "that I do not recollect whether I wrote to you two or three letters, "or upon which of them you are acting. I conclude, however, that "you had begun to publish the *Vision of Judgment* by itself, in- "stead of waiting to insert it in the 1st number of the new Journal, "which you will recollect was an after wish of L.d Byron's. He "afterwards seemed to wish that it would be published as was first "intended; and, rather than suffer anything for want of its appear- "ance, I sincerely hope you have done so; though, if you have "not, it is a moot point whether it would return more money by "appearing in the Journal or by itself. I think, if L.d B. chose to "recall his word a second time, he would prefer its separate publi- "cation; but, as he has *not* recalled it, it will be our duty perhaps "to print it otherwise. And yet, if you think it will make any "serious difference to yourself (for you do not forget that you are "still to receive the money from it which you otherwise would have "done, let it appear as it may), I am quite certain that he would "on that account, if on no other, still prefer its separate appear- "ance, and I will take the responsibility of it upon myself with "pleasure. The question to consider is, whether it would be more "advisable to print it by itself *for the quick return*, or whether "it would be better worth while to wait and insert it in the maga- "zine, in order to help the latter into a large circulation. Now, for "the sake of the ready money, and perhaps in order to distinguish "it from the account of profits to be given in to L.d Byron from the "magazine, it would perhaps be better to print it alone; and yet, "on the other hand—— But pray judge for yourself and for all "of us. The immediate intent of the Sale of that Vision is to *do* "*you good*, and what you decide will, I am quite certain, appear to "him, as well as to me, 'wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.'"

1. "Things," wrote Shelley to Mrs. Shelley, July 4, 1822 (*Prose Works of Shelley*, ed. H. B. Forman, vol. iv. p. 288), "are "in the worst possible situation with respect to poor Hunt. I

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and in the affairs of this world he himself is a child. The death of Shelley left them totally aground; and I could not see them in such a state without using the common feelings of humanity, and what means were in my power, to set them afloat again.

So D. K^d. is out of the way? he was so the last time I sent him a parcel, and he gives no previous notice: when is he expected again?

Yours,

N. B.

P.S.—Will you say at once—do you publish *Werner* and the *Mystery* or not? You never once allude to them.

That damned advertisement of Mr. J. Hunt[1] is out

"found Marianne in a desperate state of health, and on our arrival "at Pisa sent for Vaccà. He decides that her case is hopeless, and "that although it will be lingering, must inevitably end fatally." "We had not been in the house above an hour or two," says Hunt (*Autobiography*, vol. iii. pp. 12, 13), "when my friend brought the "celebrated surgeon, Vaccà, to see Mrs. Hunt. He had a pleasing "intelligent face, and was the most gentlemanlike Italian I ever "saw. Vaccà pronounced his patient to be in a decline; and little "hope was given us by others that she would survive beyond the "year." Mrs. Hunt died in 1857.

1. *The Examiner* for September 29, 1822 (p 615), contains the following passage, to which Byron probably refers: "The long-"expected Periodical Work from Pisa is in the press, and will "shortly appear. The *Vision of Judgment*, a satire upon the "Laureate, which contains also a true and fearless Character of a "grossly adulated Monarch, forms a prominent part of the First "Number," etc., etc.

Another advertisement is found in a volume of *Byroniana* in the British Museum, consisting of newspaper cuttings. No clue is given to the paper in which it appeared, but it is evidently inspired from the same source: "The long-promised periodical work from "Pisa is nearly ready for publication. Lord Byron's chief (but not "his only) share in it, is the *Vision of Judgment*, which is a *quiz* "upon the laureate's extraordinary poem under that title, though "some other characters, of rather more importance than Mr. S., "are also very freely handled in it. In particular a deceased royal "personage, regarding whom every species of *Cant* has been ex-"hausted by almost every party, is treated not much better, which "will be a bone for the loyal and pious critics to pick."

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of the limits: I did not lend him my name to be hawked about in this way.

1030.—To John Murray.[1]

Genoa, Octr 22^d 1822.

SIR,—You have delivered to Mr. Hunt the *Vision of Judgement* without the *preface*,[2] with which I had taken

1. The above letter was forwarded to John Murray by Douglas Kinnaird, with the following note:—

"Pall Mall East, Oct. 18, 1822.

"DEAR SIR,—In transmitting to you the enclosed letter address'd "to you by Lord Byron, and which was sent to me in its present "state without envelope, I think it my duty to let you know that "his Lordship desired me not to deliver it if I thought it harsh. "With that commentary from Lord Byron, which assures you that "*he meant not* to have written anything unkind, I think it better "to put the letter in your hands, as it is on business and to the "point, directing, however, your attention to *my want of judgement*, "not to Lord Byron's feelings, as the cause of your annoyance if "you be annoyed by it. For my own part I take the liberty to add "that I should and do see in it nothing but one more proof of the "propriety with which the epithet *irritable* has been applied to "the Genus Vatum. I hope you give me credit for preferring the "kinder office of a peacemaker to that of a Channel for communi- "cating angry letters. If so, you will believe me to have none but "the best intentions in sending the enclosed letter, as it is right you "should know Lord B.'s wishes on the subject of the new Cantos, "and his own words speak plainest. After what I read to you "yesterday from a private letter of Lord B. to me, you will of "course not take *literally* all that he says about *not altering*. I "offer myself most readily to further any of your wishes in such a "matter in any manner in my power.

"I have the honour to be, Dear Sir,

"Your very obed^t Servt,

"DOUGLAS KINNAIRD."

2. In *The Examiner* for Sunday, November 3, 1822 (p. 697) appeared the following paragraph:—

"*The Liberal.*

"In the First Number of this work, just published, there ought "to have been a Preface to the *Vision of Judgment*, which would "have explained the full spirit of one or two passages that may be "misconstrued, and shewn more completely how Mr. Southey has "subjected himself and his cause to this sort of attack,—if indeed "any such evidence be wanting. The author was somewhat anxious

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particular pains, and particularly desired you to forward to him: is this fair, is it honest? is it proper to be thus remiss with papers committed to your charge, and in which you knew that I was interested? You have also delivered to him some prose tracts incomplete, which you sent to me *complete* at the beginning of the year. I have no wish to repeat what I have so often been obliged to say, and I leave you to your own reflection on the manner in which you have conducted yourself towards me in this matter.

I am your obed^{t} ser^{t},
NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—If you have (as seems apparently to be the case) purposely kept back the preface to the *Vision*, I can only say that I know no words strong enough to express my sense of such conduct.

1031.—To John Hanson.

Genoa, Octr 23^{d} 1822.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Godwin [1] has waited on you by my desire, on the subject of the affairs of the late Mr. Shelley, Son of Sir T. Shelley, to whose will I am appointed one of the executors.[2] I wish you to apply in

"on the former point, lest he should be thought to bear harder than "he wished on the late Sovereign. The latter, perhaps, may be "explained at once by quoting and applying to Mr. Southey the "famous line about 'fools rushing in where angels fear to tread.' "But the fact is, that for some reasons best known to himself, Mr. "Murray the bookseller, who was to have been the original pub- "lisher of the Vision, contrived to evade sending the preface to the "present publisher."

1. William Godwin (1756–1836), father of Mary Shelley (born August 30, 1797), by his wife, Mary Wollstonecraft.

2. The allowance paid to Shelley by his father, Sir Timothy Shelley, was discontinued at his death. Mary Shelley and her son were unprovided for. Byron, first through Hanson, then by a

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behalf of the widow to Mr. Whitton, Sir T.'s Solicitor, to ascertain if any provision is intended to be made for Mrs. Shelley and the surviving infant son of Mr. S. It is presumed that at any rate the *last* quarter, due on Septr 21st, will be paid into the hands of the usual receiver.

I should also be glad of your own opinion of the will, and what you think best to be done in the extraordinary circumstances in which the relict is placed.

A Mr. Peacock [1] is joint executor: he is of the India house.

Mr. Godwin probably can obtain for you a sight of the will or a copy thereof.

I remain, very truly yours ever,

NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—Address to *Genoa.*

If there is anything to be said on my own private concerns, you can add it to your answer.

letter to Sir Timothy himself, endeavoured to arrange some provision. "When I wrote to you last," says Mary Shelley to Jane Clairmont, December 20, 1822 (*Life, etc., of M. W. Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 55), "I think that I told you that Lord Byron had written to "Hanson, bidding him call upon Whitton. Hanson wrote to "Whitton, desiring an interview, which Whitton declined, request- "ing Hanson to make his application by letter, which Hanson has "done, and I know no more. This does not look like an absolute "refusal, but Sir Timothy is so capricious that we cannot trust to "appearances." Sir Timothy, however, not only declined to answer Hanson's application, but replied to Byron's letter with a direct refusal (*ibid.*, pp. 65, 66). He did indeed offer to give the boy "the means of a suitable protection and care in this country, if he "shall be placed with a person I shall approve." But Mrs. Shelley, in a letter to Byron (*ibid.*, p. 67), refused to give up the custody of her son. Sir Timothy, she says, "does not offer him an asylum in "his own house, but a beggarly provision under the care of a "stranger." Eventually provision was made by Sir T. Shelley.

1. For Thomas Love Peacock, see *Letters*, vol. v. p. 317, *note* 1.

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1032.—To John Murray.

Genoa, Oct. 24th 1822.

DEAR SIR,—After I had thought the subject at an end, I have been obliged by yesterday's post to address a letter to you (through the care of Mr. J. Hunt), which will be unpleasant to you and is far from agreeable to me. But contrary to my repeated and earnest request, you have not forwarded to him the *preface* to "Quevedo "Redivivus" on which I laid great stress, and now it has appeared without!

Many of the other things sent are also incomplete. You forget that a publisher is as responsible for the MSS. of a writer as a lawyer for his Client's title deeds. If you hold them back on purpose, it is a breach of trust and confidence; if you lose them by negligence, it is *culpable* negligence and not to be excused on the plea of carelessness. Who permits you thus to play with the feelings and reputation of a man who placed confidence in you? I must add that, if the preface and other things are not forthcoming, I shall be under the necessity of making your treatment of me in this respect public.

You have also withheld the publication of *Werner*, etc. *Why?*—You can make no plea about *terms*—since none are settled—on that subject. If you are offended with, or affronted by, Mr. J. Hunt, that is not a reason to juggle with *me*, and I will show you that I am not disposed to permit you to take advantage of my absence in a manner which, whatever may be your motive, can do little credit to you—and less to your instigators—for I firmly believe that there is some one behind the curtain playing you off upon this occasion. I know enough of the baseness of Mr. Southey and his employers to believe them capable of anything, and as for yourself, though I

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am very unwilling to believe you acting, *wilfully* and *wittingly*, as their tool, you leave me no other supposition but that, either by menaces or persuasions, they are rendering you an instrument of their purposes—personal and political. "On *fair* ground I could beat forty of "them," but not if my Armourer proves treacherous and spoils my weapons.

I am truly sorry to be obliged to address you in such a manner; but you have forced me to do so.

Your obed^{t} s^{t},

N. B.

P.S.—I have, since the above was written, received yours of the 11th, and as I am a "pitiful-hearted negro"[1] and can't keep resentment, it hath melted my flint. It is *you* who force yourself into contact with Mr. J. H.; if you deliver to him the MSS. mentioned, in their complete state, you will have no more trouble on that score.

You must not separate *Werner* from the Oratorio *H. and E.* I have agreed to your omitting the *one passage* you objected to in the ultimate or penultimate chorus. You had better not send me the *Quarterly* on *Cain*, as it can only be in the preaching style, and may make me answer or say something disagreeable. I have completed and had copied the 10th and 11th Cantos of *D. J.* making in all *6* new ones—4 already sent to Mr. Kinnaird which I hope have arrived safely. Pray enquire and tell me if *he* is returned or no.

I shall not assail Rogers if he lets me alone; but it is a sad old fellow. I have lost the original copy, which made me send for this one, of which I shall not make

1. Compare the "pitiful-hearted Titan" of *Henry IV.*, Part I. act ii. sc. 4.

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any use. Put me down twenty-five pounds for Godwin.[1] You shall have the busts — also the picture of the Countess G. I hear that both are very like her, and much admired; but West's picture of me for the New York Academy is preferred to Bartolini's bust of me done at the same time at the *request* of *both* artists, for I had resolved to sit no more for such vanities.

1033.—To Sir James Wedderburn Webster.

Albaro, Octr 26th 1822.

DEAR W.,—Any time from two till three, and if you like to ride, I can have you mounted on one of my horses. I called at three precisely, and asked *thrice* distinctly for the Cavalier Webster, in much *better Italian* than is spoken at *Genoa;* but the *name* seemed incomprehensible, tho' not ye title. The answer was—Do you mean the "nobile Inglese" who came here two days ago? I replied—I mean the Gentleman who called on me yesterday. "He is gone out and returns at 5—to "Dinner" was the reply. I left no card, as it was not impossible that they w'd have left it with a Stranger. It is provoking enough that you should have been detained by their Stupidity, for such it was as Count Pietro Gamba, who was with me, not only heard my inquiries, but repeated the *name* himself—as well as an Italian can repeat a name with four consonants in it.

Believe me, yours ever and very truly,

N. B.

1. Godwin and his wife, from 1805 to 1822, carried on a publishing business, first in Hanway Street, then in Skinner Street, Holborn. In 1822 Godwin became bankrupt. A subscription was raised to pay his arrears of rent, and to start him again as a publisher. It was probably to this fund that Byron subscribed £25.

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1034.—To John Murray.

Genoa, 8bre 31st 1822.

I have received, and answered through Mr. Kinnaird, your enigma of a note to him, which riddle, as expounded by Œdipus, means nothing more than an evasion to get out of what you thought perhaps a bad business—either for fear of the Parsondom, or your Admiralty patrons, or your Quarter*lyers*, or some other exquisite reason; but why not be sincere and manly for once, and say so? Recollect, when I wished to put an end to the connection this year, it was at your own especial request to Messrs Moore and Hobhouse, that I agreed to renew it: since that period, what your conduct has been you *know*, and so do *I:* the truth is, that you never know your own mind, and, what between this opinion and that, and sundry high and mighty notions of your own extreme importance in the planetary system, you act like the philosopher in *Rasselas*,[1] who took the direction of the Winds under his auspices—take care that one of them don't blow you down some morning.

However, I believe—at least, hope—that after all you may be a good fellow at bottom; and it is on this presumption that I now write to you on the subject of a poor Woman of the name of *Yossy*,[2] who is, or was, an author of yours, as she says, and published a book on

1. "I have possessed for five years the regulation of weather . . . "the sun has listened to my dictates . . . the clouds, at my call, "have poured their waters . . . The winds alone, of all the "elemental powers, have hitherto refused my authority, and multi- "tudes have perished by equinoctial tempests, which I found myself "unable to prohibit or restrain."—*Rasselas*, chap. xl.

2. Madame A. de Yosy wrote *Switzerland, as now divided into Nineteen Cantons, . . . with Picturesque Representations of the Dress and Manners of the Swiss* (London, 1815, two vols. 8vo). She was also the reputed authoress of *Tales from Switzerland* (London, 1822, 8°), which was published anonymously.

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Switzerland in 1816, patronized by the "Court and Col. "Macmahon:" but it seems that neither the Court nor the Colonel could get over the portentous price of "three pounds, thirteen, and sixpence," which alarmed the too susceptible Public; and, in short, "the book "died away," and, what is worse, the poor soul's husband died too, and she writes with the man a corpse before her; but instead of addressing the Bishop or Mr. Wilberforce, she hath recourse to that proscribed, Atheistical, syllogistical, phlogistical person, *mysen*, as they say in Notts. It is strange enough, but the rascaille English, who calumniate me in every direction and on every score, whenever they are in great distress, recur to me for assistance: if I have had one example of this, I have had letters from a thousand, and, as far as is in my power, have tried to repay good for evil, and purchase a shilling's worth of Salvation, as long as my pocket can hold out.

Now, I am willing to do what I can for this unfortunate person; but her situation and her wishes (not unreasonable, however,) require more than can be advanced by one individual like myself; for I have many claims of the same kind just at present, and also some remnants of *debt* to pay in England—God, he knows, the *latter* how reluctantly! Can the "Literary fund" do nothing for her? by your interest, which is great among the pious, I dare say that something might be collected: can you get any of her books published? suppose you took her as *author* in my place, now vacant among your ragamuffins. She is a moral and pious person, and will shine upon your shelves. But seriously, do what you can for her.

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1035.—To John Hunt.[1]

Genoa, 8bre 31st, 1822.

SIR,—I have this morning received a letter from the Honble Douglas Kinnaird, enclosing a note from Mr. M., which will probably put an end to any further connection with the latter. Mr. Kinnaird is my particular friend and trustee in all matters of business; and I have, therefore, in my answer to him, referred him to *you* on the subject of some probable future publications. If you will send him this letter, I have no doubt you will be able to discuss during an interview several points which would be tedious upon paper. Mr. Kinnaird has in his possession six Cantos (new) of *Don Juan*, and he will obtain from Mr. M. all papers of mine now in his hands; amongst these are *Werner*, a drama, and another dramatic poem, called *Heaven and Earth*, either or both of which would answer for *The Liberal*. But I particularly request that they may be obtained *complete* and *unmutilated*, and not in the state in which Mr. M. has either ignorantly or unfairly sent you *The Vision, etc.*, and some other papers of mine. The six Cantos of *D. J.* must, of course, form a separate publication; and the question is how to make such an arrangement as may best oppose the piracies.[2] You will, perhaps, confer with Mr. K^d^ on this subject; his address is Pall Mall, at Messrs. Ransom and Co., bankers—he being a principal partner in that house.

I am, sir, very truly yours,

NOEL BYRON.

1. Reprinted from the *Literary Guardian* for 1831, vol. i. p. 156.
2. The Cantos were published by John Hunt in three forms: demy 8° at 9^s^ 6^d^; foolscap 8° at 7^s^; and, to prevent piracy, in 18mo at 1^s^

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P.S.—You must be very particular in securing the papers from Mr. M.; and pray—press this upon Mr. K.'s attention.

1036.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

Albaro, Genoa, Nov. 7th 1822.

My Dearest A.,—I have yours of the 25th. My illness is quite gone, it was only at Lerici. On the fourth night I had got a little sleep, and was so wearied, that, though there were three slight shocks of an Earthquake that frightened the whole town into the streets, neither they nor the tumult awakened me.

We have had a deluge here, which has carried away half the country between this and Genoa (about two miles or less distant) but being on a hill we were only nearly knocked down by the lightning and battered by columns of rain, and our lower floor afloat, with the comfortable view of the whole landscape under water, and people screaming out of their garret windows; *two bridges* swept down, and our next door neighbours, a Cobbler, a Wigmaker, and a Gingerbread baker, delivering up their whole stock to the elements, which marched away with a quantity of shoes, several Perukes, and Gingerbread in all its branches. The whole came on so suddenly that there was no time to prepare. Think only, at the *top* of a hill of the road being an impassable cascade, and a child being drowned a few yards from its own door (as we heard say) in a place where Water is in general a rare commodity.

Well, after all this comes a preaching Friar and says that the day of Judgement will take place positively on the 4th with all kinds of tempest and what not, in consequence of which the whole City (except some impious

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Scoffers) sent him presents to avert the wrath of Heaven by his prayers, and even the *public authorities* had warned the Captains of Ships, who, to mend the matter, almost all bought *new Cables* and anchors by way of weathering the Gale.

But the fourth turned out a very fine day. All those who had paid their money are excessively angry, and insist either upon having the day of judgement or their cash again. But the Friar's device seems to be "no "money to be returned," and he says that he merely made a mistake in the time, for the day of Judgement will certainly come for all that, either here or in some other part of Italy.

This has a little pacified the expectants. You will think this a fiction. Enquire further then. The populace actually used to kiss the fellow's feet in the streets. His Sermon, however, had small effect upon some, for they gave a ball on the 3^{d}, and a tradesman brought me an *over*charge on the same day, upon which I threatened him with the friar; but he said that was a reason for being paid on the 3^{d} as he had a sum to make up for his last account.

There seem [1]

1037.—To Lady ——

Albaro, November 10, 1822.

* * * * * * *

The Chevalier persisted in declaring himself an ill-used gentleman, and describing you as a kind of cold Calypso, who lead astray people of an amatory disposition without giving them any sort of compensation, contenting

1. The conclusion of this letter is missing. What purports to be the concluding portion is given in Sharpe's *London Magazine*, New Series, vol. xxxv. p. 71.

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yourself, it seems, with only making *one* fool instead of two, which is the more approved method of proceeding on such occasions. For my part, I think you are quite right; and be assured from me that a woman (as society is constituted in England) who gives any advantage to a man may expect a lover, but will sooner or later find a tyrant; and this is not the man's fault either, perhaps, but is the necessary and natural result of the circumstances of society, which, in fact, tyrannise over the man equally with the woman; that is to say, if either of them have any feeling or honour.

You can write to me at your leisure and inclination. I have always laid it down as a maxim, and found it justified by experience, that a man and a woman make far better friendships than can exist between two of the same sex; but *these* with this condition, that they never have made, or are to make, love with each other. Lovers may, and, indeed, generally *are* enemies, but they never can be friends; because there must always be a spice of jealousy and a something of self in all their speculations.

Indeed, I rather look upon love altogether as a sort of hostile transaction, very necessary to make or to break matches, and keep the world going, but by no means a sinecure to the parties concerned.

Now, as my love perils are, I believe, pretty well over, and yours, by all accounts, are never to begin, we shall be the best friends imaginable, as far as both are concerned; and with this advantage, that we may both fall to loving right and left through all our acquaintance, without either sullenness or sorrow from that amiable passion. which are its inseparable attendants.

Believe me, etc.,

N. B.

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1038.—To John Murray.

Genoa, 9bre 18th 1822.

I have, since I received your letter of the 5th, received yours of the 29th, which you had directed to Pisa. It puts the affair in a different aspect; and at this distance I cannot take upon me to decide, though, *prima facie*, your showing my letter without permission was, to say the least of it, indiscreet enough; though I should wish repelled the attribution of a mercenary motive.

With regard to the rest of your letter, I dare say that it is true, and that you mean well. I never courted popularity, and cared little or nothing for the decrease or extinction thereof. As to any other motives, they will of course attribute motives of all kinds; but I shall not abandon a man like H. because he is unfortunate: why, I could have *no pecuniary* motives, and least of all in connection with H., and at any rate at *present;* for I have more money than is requisite—at least in this Country, and I should conceive that the terms, or rather *no* terms, on which *Werner*, etc., were left with you, must laugh to scorn such a supposition.

I care but little for the opinions of the English, as I have long had Europe and America for a Public; and, were it otherwise, I could bear it.

My letters to you were written under the impression that you had acted unfairly by Hunt, and *when* that is cleared up, of course I have no complaint against you.

I shall withdraw from you as a publisher, on every account, even on your own, and I wish you good luck elsewhere; but if you can make out that you treated H. fairly, you may reckon me, in other respects, as

Yours very truly,

N. B.

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P.S.—I send you my letter written previously to the receipt of yours from Pisa (direct to *Genoa*, if you write again): if you do not deserve it, it is harsh, and would have been written more mildly, had I got yours of the 29th before that of the 5th.

1039.—To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird (?).

Genoa, November, 1822.

MY DEAR [DOUGLAS],—I have finished the twelfth canto of *Don Juan*, which I will forward when copied. With the sixth, seventh, and eighth in one volume, and the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth in another, the whole may form two volumes, of about the same size as the two former. There are some good things in them, as perhaps may be allowed. Perhaps one volume had better be published with one publisher, and the other with another; it would be a new experiment: or one in one month, and another in the next; or both at once. What thinkest thou?

Murray, long after the "piracies," offered me a thousand pounds (guineas) a canto for as many as I might choose to write. He has since departed from this proposal, for it was too much, and I would not take advantage of it.

You must, however, use your own judgement with regard to the MSS. and let me know what you propose; presuming always (what may at last be but a presumption) that the seven new cantos are, on the whole, equal to the five former.

Suppose Hunt, or somebody else, were to publish one canto a week, upon the same size and paper, to correspond with the various former editions?—but this is merely as a vision, and may be very foolish, for aught I know.

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I have read the defence of *Cain*, which is very good; who can be the author? As to myself I shall not be deterred by any outcry; your present public hate me, but they shall not interrupt the march of my mind, nor prevent me from telling those who are attempting to trample on all thought, that their thrones shall yet be rocked to their foundations. It is Madame de Staël who says, that "all talent has a propensity to attack the "strong." *I* have never flattered—whether it be or be not a proof of talent.

I have just seen the illustrious * * * [Wedderburn Webster] who came to visit me here. I had not seen him these ten years. He had a black wig, and has been made a knight for writing against the queen. He wants a diplomatic situation, and seems likely to want it.

He found me thinner even than in 1813; for since my late illness at Lerici, in my way here, I have subsided into my more meagre outline, and am obliged to be very abstinent by medical advice, on account of liver and what not.

But to the point—or at least my point in mentioning this new chevalier. Ten years ago I lent him a thousand pounds on condition that he would not go to the Jews; he took the moneys, and went to the Jews. Now, as Mr. —— [Hanson] is a purchaser of bonds, will he purchase this of me? or will any body else, at a discount?

I have been invited by the Americans on board of their squadron here, and received with the greatest kindness, and rather *too much* ceremony. They have asked me to sit for my picture to an American artist now in Florence. As I was preparing to depart, an American lady took a rose which I wore, from me, and said that she wished to send something which I had about me to

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America. They showed me, too, American editions of my poems, and all kinds of attention and good-will.

I also hear that, as an author, I am in high request in Germany. All this is some compensation for the desertion of the English.

Would you write a German line to Goethe for me, explaining the omission of the dedication to *Sardanapalus*,[1] by the fault of the publisher, and asking his permission to prefix it to the forthcoming volume of *Werner* and the *Mystery*.

Are you quite well yet? I hope so. I am selling two more horses, and dismissing two superfluous servants. My horses now amount to *four*, instead of *nine*: and I have arranged my establishment on the same footing. So you perceive that I am in earnest in my frugalities.

Yours ever affectionately,

N. B.

1. That Kinnaird wrote as requested is proved by the following letter to Goethe (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, xx. 25):—

"Pall Mall East, Febr. 24, 1826.

"DEAR SIR,—I had the honor some few years since to be the "channell of communicating to you, at the request of my deceased "Friend Lord Byron, a tribute which his Lordship was anxious to "pay to your Genius and high literary Fame, in the Dedication to "you of his Tragedy of *Sardanapalus*.

"The melancholy task is now imposed upon me by Mr. Hobhouse, "the distinguish'd Friend and Executor of the illustrious Poet, to "invite you to add your name to those of a Committee of Gentlemen, "who propose to carry into effect the national wish for erecting a "suitable monument to the memory of our departed countryman. "That list will contain the names of none who are not distinguish'd "by literary honors, or by the good fortune of having been personally "acquainted with the late Lord Byron. I avail myself of the "friendly offices of my old Friend and Instructor, Professor Benecke, "to insure the arrival of this letter into your hands, and I shall be "much flatter'd to receive thro' the same channell, the expression of "your sentiments upon the proposal submitted to you.

"I have the honor to be, dear sir,

"Your m. obed[t] Servant,

"DOUGLAS KINNAIRD."

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1040.—To Edward John Trelawny.

[Genoa], 9ber 21st, 1822.

My dear T.,—Thank you, I was just going to send you down some books, and the compass of the *Don Juan*, which I believe belongs to Captain Roberts; if there is anything of yours on board the *Bolivar*, let me know, that I may send it or keep it for you. I don't know how your account stands; you will let me know if there is any balance due to you, that I may pay it. I am willing to make any agreement with a proper person in the arsenal to look after her, and also to have the rigging deposited in a safe place. I have given the boy and one of the men their clothes, and if Mr. Beere had been civil, and Frost honest, I should not have been obliged to go so near the wind with them. But I hate bothering you with these things. I agree with you in your parting sentence, and hope we shall have better luck another time. There is one satisfaction, however, which is, that the displeasures have been rather occasioned by untoward circumstances, and not by the disposition of any party concerned. But such are human things even in little; we would hardly have had more plague with a first-rate. No news of any kind from England, which don't look well.[1]

Yours ever and truly,

N. B.

1041.—To John Murray.

Genoa, 9bre 23d 1822.

I have to thank you for a parcel of books, which are very welcome, especially Sir Walter's gift of *Halidon*

1. Byron refers, according to Trelawny (*Records*, p. 192), "to a "threatened prosecution of his 'Vision of Judgment,' which had "been published in Hunt's *Liberal*" (see p. 122, *note* 1, and p. 156, *note* 1).

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Hill.[1] You have sent me a copy of *Werner*, but *without* the preface: if you have published it *without*, you will have plunged me into a very disagreeable dilemma, because I shall be accused of plagiarism from Miss Lee's German's tale, whereas I have fully and freely acknowledged that the drama is entirely taken from the story.

I return you the *Quarterly Review*, uncut and unopened, not from disrespect or disregard or pique; but it is a kind of reading which I have some time disused, as I think the periodical style of writing hurtful to the habits of the mind, by presenting the superficies of too many things at once. I do not know that it contains any thing disagreeable to me—it may or it may not; nor do I return it on account that there *may* be an article which you hinted at in one of your late letters; but because I have left off reading these kind of works, and should equally have returned you any other Number.

I am obliged to take in one or two abroad, because solicited to do so; but do not read them. The *Edinburgh* came before me by mere chance in Galignani's pic-nic sort of Gazette, where he had inserted a part of it.

You will have received various letters from me lately, in a style which I used with reluctance; but you left me no other choice, by your obstinate refusal to communicate with a man you did not like, upon the mere simple matter of transfer of a few papers of little consequence (except to their author), and which could be of no moment to yourself.

I hope that Mr. K^d^ is better: it is strange that you

1. *Halidon Hill, a Dramatic Sketch from Scottish History*, was published in 1822.

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never alluded to his accident, if it be true, as stated in the papers.

I am yours, etc.,
N. B.

I have sent the parcel by the Diligence, to save you post, which would be heavy.

You have put the concluding speech of Werner in the mouth of Josephine, instead of that of Siegendorf, though I particularly recollect correcting it: is this repeated and doubly repeated negligence in printing my writings (recollect the *Juans* too), a sign of your pretended regard for my fame? They are so full of gross misprints, that a publisher might be ashamed of himself who allowed them to go forth in such a state. It is no *fault* of mine, for I most carefully corrected them: I shall be obliged to state this to the *reader* if you go on so.

1042.—To Captain Daniel Roberts, R.N.

Genoa, 9bre 29th, 1822.

DEAR SIR,—As, to the best of my knowledge, you never mentioned the condition to me, I could not be supposed to act upon it. I cannot draw upon you for the amount as I have no claim upon you whatever.

Frost behaved *dishonestly* to Mr. Trelawney, and Beere evidently to myself; I therefore did not consider either of those persons entitled to any regard on my part. The boy and Gaetano had their dress given to them by me without question. I regret that you should have felt surprized upon the subject or annoyed; as it has always been my wish to give you as little trouble as possible. With regard to what you have heard upon the subject, you will be aware that you had only heard one

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side of the question, and it could hardly be the *value* of the articles which could induce me to be strict with those two persons. For Frost's behaviour I can refer you to Mr. Trelawney; for that of Beere, I should conceive that my own explanation is sufficient. If Beere has been mischief-making, it is only of a piece with the rest of his behaviour to me, which indeed deserved a much severer chastisement than it is my propensity to inflict upon any one. I merely reclaimed that to which I conceived he had no title. The most painful part to me is that, after the trouble you have had in building the schooner, etc., anything should have occurred to annoy yourself or your friends; but, under the circumstances, I could not act otherwise than I have done.

I have the honour to be your obliged and very sincere

Obed^{t} hum^{le} Servt,

N. B.

1043.—To Edward John Trelawny.

Genoa, 9^{ber} 29th 1822.

DEAR T.,—I enclose you a letter from, and another to, Captain R[oberts], which may be more to your taste, but at any rate it contains all that I have to say on the subject; you will, I presume, write, and enclose it or not according to your own opinion.[1] I repeat that I have no wish for a quarrel, but if it comes unlooked for, it must be received accordingly. I recognise no right in

1. Trelawny says, in his *Records, etc.* (p. 191), "It was one of "his long-winded, offensive epistles, so I did not send it." But Byron's letter to Captain Roberts, of November 29, seems to be the one here referred to, and Trelawny is probably mistaken in his recollection of its contents.

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any man to interfere between me and men in my pay, of whose conduct I have the best right to judge.

Yours, ever and afterwards,

N. B.

1044.—To Charles Hanson.

Genoa, 9br 30? 1822.

My dear Charles,—The papers for the right of water have only just arrived, and I will sign and send them by the first opportunity. The Scotch release I could not understand, or have mislaid—the instructions were so obscure: if you send me another copy, tell me exactly what to do. Your parchments require so much precision, that, in a foreign country, it is difficult to go through with them correctly.

With regard to the advance of the 500 pounds, I must refer you to Mr. Kinnaird on that topic.

I have no objection whenever your *accounts* are presented. For years after years have I been urging for these accounts, though I should think that there can be no great balance *now*. Besides the two thousand seven hundred pounds paid in 1813, since the sale of Newstead in 1818, many thousands have been paid to you, and all on an unpresented account.

I presume too (though *that* of course cannot enter into any statement between us, nor ought) that you did not make a very bad thing of my bond to Claughton, which you purchased at a discount.

With all this before us, I do not quite see the reason of much impatience; but as I said, I am willing, and indeed desirous, to settle accounts between us, if you will but present them to Mr. D. Kinnaird to be looked over, as is usual, I am told, in all such transactions.

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It is true there is the Appeal before the House of L^ds^, but I am told that Appeals are not very expensive, nor ought they to be so, before the present Chancellor; for I greatly doubt his hearing fairly any cause of mine.

Will you make my remembrances to your father and believe me [1]

1045.—To John Murray.[2]

[Genoa, 10bre 9, 1822.]

Very willing to lighten any losses ("go to"; thou art "a fellow that hath had losses," like Dogberry, is it not so?) which you may experience from my becoming obnoxious to the Blue people.

I hope that you have a milder winter than we have here. We have had inundations worthy of the Trent or Po, and the Conductor (Franklin's) of my house was struck (or supposed to be stricken) by a thunderbolt. I was so near the window that I was dazzled and my eyes hurt for several minutes, and every body in the house felt an electric shock at the moment. Madame Guiccioli was frightened, as you may suppose.

I have thought since, that your bigots would have "saddled me with a judgement" (as Thwackum did Square when he bit his tongue in talking Metaphysics), if any thing had happened of consequence. These fellows always forget Christ in their Christianity, and what he said when "the tower of Siloam fell."

To-day is the 9th, and the 10th is my surviving daughter's birthday. I have ordered, as a regale, a mutton chop and a bottle of ale. She is seven years old, I believe. Did I ever tell you that the day I came of age I dined on eggs and bacon and a bottle of ale for

1. The rest of the letter has been cut out.
2. This letter is a fragment only.

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once in a way? They are my favourite dish and drinkable; but as neither of them agree with me, I never use them but on great jubilees—once in four or five years or so.

I see some booby[1] represents the Hunts and Mrs. Shelley as living in my house: it is a falsehood. They reside at some distance, and I do not see them twice in a month. I have not met Mr. H[unt] a dozen times since I came to Genoa, or near it.

Yours ever,

N. B.

1. "Living now in a separate house from Lord Byron," says Leigh Hunt (*Autobiography*, vol. iii. pp. 58, 59), "I saw less of him "than before; and, under all the circumstances, it was as well; for "though we had always been on what are called 'good terms,' the "cordiality did not increase. His friends in England, who, after "what had lately taken place there in his instance, were opposed, "naturally enough, to his opening new fields of publicity, did what "they could to prevent his taking a hearty interest in the *Liberal*; "and I must confess that I did not mend the matter by my own "inability to fall in cordially with his ways, and by a certain "jealousy of my position, which prevented me, neither very wisely "nor justly, from manifesting the admiration due to his genius, and "reading the manuscripts he showed me with a becoming amount "of thanks and good words. I think he had a right to feel this "want of accord in a companion, whatever might be its value." From Mrs. Shelley Byron was still more estranged. Her Diary for October 19, 1822 (*Life, etc., of M. W. Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 43), records the effect upon her mind which his voice produced by carrying her back to former days at Diodati, and reminding her vividly of Shelley. "I see no one," she says in a letter to Jane Clairmont, December 20, 1822 (*ibid.*, p. 56). "The Guiccioli and Lord Byron once a month, "Trelawny seldom, and he is on the eve of his departure for "Leghorn." "Lord B. continues kind," she tells Trelawny, January 30, 1823 (*ibid.*, p. 64); "he has made frequent offers of "money." She waited on at Albaro till Mrs. Hunt's confinement was over, and on June 9, for the first time, asked Byron for money to enable her to return to England. But now (*ibid.*, p. 80) "he "gave such an air of unwillingness and sense of the obligation he "conferred" that she refused his aid, and asked and obtained the requisite sum from Trelawny.

Medwin was probably the author of the rumour to which Byron refers. Moore (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iv., p. 20) notes in his diary for November 15, 1822, a visit from Capt. Medwin. "Tells me Hunt's "whole family is living in the same house with B., and he believes "Mrs. Shelley also and her children."

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1046.—To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird (?)

December 19, 1822.

MY DEAR [DOUGLAS],—As you are convalescent—that is to say, not quite well, but not ill enough to find yourself *not* "ennuyé"—I have less hesitation in writing frequently; because, after having yawned sufficiently over *present* friends, you can fairly go to sleep over the *absent*. When you are once abroad again, haranguing, galloping, and prospering, I shall have less chance of attention; but nevertheless I pray you "to ride gently "over the stones."[1] One would think you had been breaking in my Pegasus, by the falls you have undergone. Prithee, be careful: after a man is turned of thirty, why should he ride a mad horse except in case of war or woman?

I have been pondering over the vicissitudes of *Don Juan*. As for booksellers' intrigues, and booksellers' demons, they are not worth a thought:—I tell you that the two most successful things ever written by me, viz., the *English Bards* and *Childe Harold*, were refused by one half "the trade," and reluctantly received by the other. There are two or three ways to proceed.

Firstly, To look about and see if any proposition is made by those *tanners* of authors, the calf-skin, morocco, and Muscovite publishers.

Secondly, If none be made, we have always the option of stamping (an Italic phrase) upon the "touch "and go" account score; which is only objectionable inasmuch as it never yet succeeded—but it *may;* as steam has, and as balloons will.

1. Kinnaird had been thrown from his horse. Possibly Byron compares the London banker to John Gilpin—

"Full slowly pacing o'er the stones."

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Thirdly, If so concluded, we must have securities that said publisher's account shall have its arithmetic summed up, and checked by the skilful in such affairs.

Fourthly, Are the *Don Juans* subject to any laws? that is, *your* laws, which are somewhat of the queerest; and is any compact respecting them *binding* to the contracting parties?

Fifthly, If Mr. John Hunt publish them eventually, his son (if of age) ought to be comprised in the stipulation to render a fair account of *meum et tuum* quarterly, to persons appointed by the author.

Sixthly, Some other ought to be bound—*not* for the assets, but merely in case of non-fulfilment to guarantee, that the account (be it good, bad, or indifferent) is a fair and true one; for it is a difficult piece of antiquarianism to decypher the hieroglyphic of a publisher's balance *pro*, *con*, or otherwise, or anywise.

I venture to throw out these hints for your honour's convalescence; but how far they may merit attention in your sickness, or your health, is left to your consideration. "And your petitioner shall ever," etc., etc., etc.

I am not very well—I suspect worse than you are—at least I hope so. Ever since the summer, when I was fool enough to swim some four miles under a broiling sun, at Via Reggio, I have been more or less ailing.

First, my skin peeled off—then it came again—then I had a fever and violent inflammation, which confined me to my bed, in a bad inn, on a worse road. I thought I was well quit for the winter at least, but lo! within this last month, I have had eruptions, and the deuce knows what besides; so that I have been compelled to call in an English physician, who has decocted and concocted me, *secundum artem*, until I am turned inside out.

I am as temperate as an anchorite; but I suspect

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that temperance is a more effective medicine at twenty than at thirty—and almost *five.*

> Oh Parish Register! oh Peerage! why
> Record those years that I would fain deny?

I shall not trouble you farther, and I merely do it now as a sleeping draught for your collar-bone.

Yours ever, and truly,

N. B.

P.S.—I tell you that *English Bards* and the first and second cantos of *Childe Harold* were refused by half the craft, and even crafts, in London, although *no* demand was made. Decide for yourself from such premises —*they know nothing.*

1047.—To John Murray.

Genoa, 10^{br} 21st 1822.

It was my hope that our concluding transaction should be an amicable one—and I wish that it may be so still. But I perceive by some extracts in a paper that you appear to have omitted, contrary to my repeatedly urged requests, both the *conclusion* to the preface (written last summer and carefully sent to you) referring to the *E. R.* and also the inscription to Goethe. If Mr. K^{d} had it, you knew where to find it. You also knew my desire, particularly as you had already omitted it from before *Sardanapalus*, for which I reproved you, and yet you seem to have repeated the same omission. Is this courteous?—is it even *politic?* I repeat to you that *no publisher* has a right to be negligent upon such subjects. Here was *no parson* to bully you, nor Society to threaten you—that I know of

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—and why omit the concluding part of the preface which was of great importance to *me* as giving a contradiction to a false statement of the *labour* employed on the composition of the preceding dramas?

I wrote to you lately also on another subject—that of the calumnies you have allowed to circulate in the papers on the subject of the funeral of Allegra. You *knew* and *know* how desirous I was that the funeral might be private, and you also knew, or might have known, that I had not the most distant idea that Lady B. was a frequentor of Harrow Church, and, to say the truth, though I have no reason to believe her a woman of much feeling, I should have thought it the last place she should have frequented, as every part of Harrow must have reminded her of one whom it had been better she should forget. However, had I known it, the infant would not have been buried there, nor would *I* myself (though it is the spot where I once and long wished to have had my ashes laid) now rest in my grave, if I thought this woman was to trample on it. It is enough that she has partly dug it.

I wrote to you some time ago on the subject of a poor woman (one of your writers) a Madame de Yossy, requesting you to apply to the literary fund for her, as she is in great distress. I have sent you her letter and address. I have sent her three hundred francs, and I should expect that amongst your acquaintance of the literary fund, something might be done for her. I know nothing of her personally except from her letter.

I remain, your obe^{t} and very humble s^{t}

N. B.

P.S.—If you see Mr. Moore I would request you to tell him that I wrote *twice* to Passy—about the time of

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his departure, if the letters seem worth it; he can have them forwarded from Paris.

Replace at your best speed the inscription to Goethe—and the addition to the preface. I also wish, for my own satisfaction, for the *correct* and *complete* copy of the letter to the B. M. I sent it back *this year* early in the winter; it was sent by *you* to me, and returned.

Do not force me to do disagreeable things. But in case of your non-attention, I must not only write to Goethe—but publish a statement of what has past between us on such subjects.

Why not tell me what were or are the objections to the inscription over poor little Allegra? Was there anything wrong in it?

Cunningham is * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

the same [person] who wrote to me that he did *not* intend some poem or other called *De Rancy*[1] for a description

1. The Rev. John William Cunningham (1780–1861), Vicar of Harrow (1811–61), wrote *De Rancé, a poem* (London, 1815, 8º). His best-known work, *The Velvet Cushion*, was published in 1814.

The poem of *De Rancé* is founded on fact. The Abbé de Rancé (1627–1700) succeeded to the Abbey of La Trappe on the death of his elder brother. Though he took orders, he continued to live a dissolute life in the world. But the death of Mme. de Montbazon, whom he loved, changed his character. In 1663 he retired to the Abbey of La Trappe, and there established the severe rules which have made the Trappists the strictest of monastic orders. Cunningham, in his Preface, sets himself to prove that a religious man will describe a scene more poetically than a man who has no religion. His "De Rancé" leads a dissolute life, till the death of "Laura" first sends him mad, and then, on recovering his reason, drives him into a Trappist monastery.

De Rancé was published in 1815, and there is nothing in the poem to suggest that it was aimed at Byron, though some passages might possibly have been applied to him at a later period—

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of my character. I never cared whether he did or not; but some review had frightened him by hinting that he might as well have let me alone. I merely answered his letter (as I recollect at least) by a civil verbal message through Henry Drury. The best answer to all these liars and slaves will be my letter to you on the subject of the interment, which contains also the epitaph. You can add what is also true—from yourself—that I never was aware of Lady B's residing at Harrow or frequenting its church.

"Her thousand maidens all arose
To hear De Rancé sing of *love*.
They came, they heard, they turn'd away—
O 'twas a song impure and rude;
. . . .
His harp he swept with bolder hand
To hymn the praise of *liberty*.
Around, a thousand warriors stand
To catch the blessed harmony.
They came, they heard, they turn'd away—
. . . .
They loathed the lawless, graceless lay
Which curs'd the altar and the throne."

Again—

"His was the lawless love, the hate
Which time nor space can mitigate:
The giant rage the hills which rent,
And hurled them at th' Omnipotent.
Such was the bard, and, O, his look
Bore witness to the hell within."

Or again—

"The old in guilt, though young in years."

Or lastly—

"He who saw and knew him not
Had said, 'How blest De Rancé's lot!'
But he, who watched with searching eye
The smile that on his pale lips played,
Saw daggered grief in ambush lie."

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1048.—To John Murray.

Genoa, 10bre 25°, 1822.

I had sent you back the *Quarterly*, without perusal, having resolved to read no more reviews, good, bad, or indifferent; but "who can control his fate?"[1] Galignani, to whom my English studies are confined, has forwarded a copy of at least one half of it, in his indefatigable Catch-penny weekly compilation; and as, "like "Honour, it came unlooked for," I have looked through it. I must say that, upon the *whole*, that is, the whole of the *half* which I have read (for the other half is to be the Segment of Gal.'s next week's Circular), it is extremely handsome, and any thing but unkind or unfair.[2] As I take the good in good part, I must not, nor will not, quarrel with the bad: what the Writer says of *Don Juan* is harsh, but it is inevitable. He must follow, or at least not directly oppose, the opinion of a prevailing, and yet not very firmly seated, party: a review may and will direct or "turn awry" the Currents of opinion, but it must not directly oppose them. *Don Juan* will be known by and bye, for what it is intended,—a *Satire* on *abuses* of the present states of Society, and not an eulogy of vice: it may be now and then voluptuous: I can't help

1. *Othello*, act v. sc. 2.

2. The review of Byron's Dramas was written by Bishop Heber—"Even the Mystery of Cain, wicked as it may be, is the work of "a nobler and more daring wickedness than that which delights in "insulting the miseries, and stimulating the evil passions, and casting a cold-blooded ridicule over all the lofty and generous feelings "of our nature; and it is better that Lord Byron should be a "manichee, or a deist,—nay, we would almost say, if the thing "were possible, it is better that he should be a moral and argumentative atheist, than the professed and systematic poet of "seduction, adultery, and incest: the contemner of patriotism, the "insulter of piety, the raker into every sink of vice and wretchedness to disgust and degrade and harden the hearts of his fellow-creatures."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xxvii. p. 477.

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that. Ariosto is worse; Smollett (see Lord Strutwell in vol. 2d of *R*[*oderick*] *R*[*andom*]) ten times worse; and Fielding no better. No Girl will ever be seduced by reading *D. J.*:—no, no; she will go to Little's poems and Rousseau's romans for that, or even to the immaculate De Stael: they will encourage her, and not the Don, who laughs at that, and—and—most other things. But never mind—Ça ira!

And now to a less agreeable topic, of which *pars magna es*—you Murray of Albemarle St. and the other Murray of Bridge Street[1]—"Arcades Ambo" ("*Murrays* "*both*") "et *cant*-are pares": ye, I say, between you, are the Causes of the prosecution of John Hunt, Esqr. on account of the *Vision*. You, by sending him an incorrect copy, and the other, by his function. Egad, but H.'s Counsel will lay it on you with a trowel for your tergiversifying as to the MSS., etc., whereby poor H. (and, for anything I know, myself—I am willing enough) is likely to be impounded.

Now, do you see what you and your friends do by your injudicious rudeness?—actually cement a sort of connection which you strove to prevent, and which, had the H.'s *prospered*, would not in all probability have continued. As it is, I will not quit them in their adversity, though it should cost me character, fame, money, and the usual et cetera.

My original motives I already explained (in the letter which you thought proper to show): they are the *true*

1. For Charles Murray, of Bridge Street and the Constitutional Association, see *Letters*, vol. v. p. 344, *note* 1. John Hunt was prosecuted by the Constitutional Association, and convicted, for publishing *The Vision of Judgment*. Mr. Justice Bayley pronounced sentence in the Court of King's Bench, June 19, 1824. Hunt was ordered to pay a fine of £100 and to find sureties, and, in default, to be imprisoned in the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea. The fine was paid, and the sureties provided.

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Leigh Hunt

From the picture by W. H. Deighton
at the National Portrait Gallery.

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ones, and I abide by them, as I tell you, and I told L^d H^t when he questioned me on the subject of that letter. He was violently hurt, and never will forgive me at bottom; but I can't help that. I never meant to make a parade of it; but if he chose to question me, I could only answer the plain truth: and I confess I did not see anything in the letter to hurt him, unless I said he was "a *bore*," which I don't remember. Had their Journal gone on well, and I could have aided to make it better for them, I should then have left them, after my safe pilotage off a lee shore, to make a prosperous voyage by themselves. As it is, I can't, and would not, if I could, leave them amidst the breakers.

As to any community of feeling, thought, or opinion, between L. H. and me, there is little or none: we meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think him a good principled and able man, and must do as I would be done by. I do not know what world he has lived in, but I have lived in three or four; and none of them like his Keats and Kangaroo *terra incognita*. Alas! poor Shelley! how he would have laughed had he lived, and how we used to laugh now and then, at various things, which are grave in the Suburbs!

You are all mistaken about Shelley. You do not know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was in Society; and as perfect a Gentleman as ever crossed a drawing-room, when he liked, and where he liked.

I have some thoughts of taking a run down to Naples (*solus*, or, at most, *cum solâ*) this Spring, and writing, when I have studied the Country, a fifth and sixth Canto of *Ch^e Harolde:* but this is merely an idea for the present, and I have other excursions and voyages in my mind. The busts are finished: are you worthy of them?

Yours, etc.,

N. B.

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P.S.—Mrs. Shelley is residing with the Hunts at some distance from me: I see them very seldom, and generally on account of their business. Mrs. S., I believe, will go to England in the Spring.[1]

Count Gamba's family, the father and Son and daughter, are residing with me by Mr. Hill's[2] (the minister's) recommendation, as a safer asylum from the political persecutions than they could have in another residence; but they occupy one part of a large house, and I the other, and our establishments are quite separate.

Since I have read the *Q[uarterly]*, I shall erase two or three passages in the latter 6 or 7 Cantos, in which I had lightly stroked over two or three of your authors; but I will not return evil for good. I liked what I read of the article much.

Mr. J. Hunt is most likely the publisher of the new Cantos; with what prospects of success I know not, nor does it very much matter, as far as I am concerned; but I hope that it may be of use to him, for he is a stiff, sturdy, conscientious man, and I like him: he is such a one as Prynne or Pym might be. I bear you no ill will for declining the *D. Js.*, but I cannot commend your conduct to the H.'s.

Have you aided Madame de Yossy, as I requested? I sent her 300 francs. Recommend her, will you, to the Literary F., or to some benevolence within your Circles.

1. Mrs. Shelley left Genoa for London, July 25, 1823.

2. William Noel-Hill (1773–1842), British Envoy to the Court of Sardinia (1807–24), succeeded his brother as third Lord Berwick in 1832. "He is," says Lady Blessington (*Idler in Italy*, vol. i. p. 175), "very partial to Lord Byron; but complains that he cannot "induce him to dine with him above once in four or five months." Byron's reasons for giving his *pâté de Perigord* to Hill, are recorded in Lady Blessington's *Conversations*, pp. 14, 15. Hill found Byron "most delightful . . . but most vindictive when he takes dislikes" (Garnett's *Life of R. G. Wakefield*, p. 21, *note*).

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1049.—To John Hunt.[1]

Genoa, Jy. 8th, 1823.

Sir,—I have written more than once to Mr. Kinnaird, to sanction his employment of the best counsel in your defence, and I forwarded a note to the same gentleman (to the same purport) to your brother. This he was to enclose to you in his own letter, and you were to have the goodness to deliver it in person. I understand but little of the jargon, but you have every thing to apprehend from the abuse of these factions. I offered to your brother to stand the trial instead, and to go over to England for that purpose, but he tells me that this would be of no use to you, nor would probably be permitted by the gang. With regard to the arrangements for the publication of the *D. J.*, Mr. Kinnaird is my trustee in all matters of business. I am not very sanguine on the subject, and would not have *you* be so, for you must be aware how violent public opinion is at this moment against myself, and others—besides the combination against you which you may expect from "the trade," as it is called. I sent a 12th canto to Mr. K., on the 14th of December, 1822. The whole series would form two vols. of the same size as former ones, and I expect to have the proofs soon, that they may be correct, or at least corrected. With regard to *The Liberal*, perhaps towards the middle of the year you might collect any pieces of mine from the past numbers, and republish them in a volume correspondent to my other works. How far such a plan may be useful I know not at present, but I trust that no time will be lost. Mr. K. is providing you with the best counsel, and seeing the

1. Reprinted from the *Literary Guardian* for 1831–2, vol. i. p. 172.

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question at least *fairly* tried—it is an important one in a general point of view, or there is an end of history. *Southey's* "Vision" ought to be cited in your defence, and also it ought to be *stated how* the obnoxious passages (at least some of them) came to *remain* in the published text. But all this is for your counsel's consideration.—Let them lose no time. I have the honour to be very truly,

Yours, ever, etc., etc.,

N. B.

P.S.—The principal object for you in *The Liberal* is to employ good writers and to pay them handsomely. I have no personal objections to any gentleman you may wish to engage, nor, if I had, would I allow such to weigh with me a moment when it can be of service to you.

1050.—To Leigh Hunt.

Jany 10th 1823.

DEAR H.,—It appears to me that your brother might direct his counsel to cite from *Wat Tyler*, and ask *why that* is not prosecuted?

Also a little from *his Vision;* and it would be as well to send off your *Collectanea* quickly, that they may have time to prepare them for the Court and Courtiers. I have sent to Mrs. S[helley], for the benefit of being copied, a poem of about seven hundred and fifty lines length—*The Age of Bronze*,[1]—or *Carmen Seculare et Annus haud Mirabilis*, with this Epigraph—"Impar *Congressus* "Achilli."

1. *The Age of Bronze, Carmen Seculare et Annus haud Mirabilis*, 1822, was published in London (but not in *The Liberal*) by John Hunt, in June, 1823.

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It is calculated for the reading part of the million, being all on politics, etc., etc., etc., and a review of the day in general,—in my early *English Bards* style, but a little more stilted, and somewhat too full of "epithets of "war" [1] and classical and historical allusions. If notes are necessary, they can be added. If it will do for *The Liberal*, it and the *Pulci* will form (in size that is) a *good* half number. But of this you can judge. It is in the heroic couplet measure, which is "an old friend with a "new face."

I congratulate you on the weather.

Yours ever,

N. B.

1051.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Genoa, Jy 13, 1823.

MY DEAR HOPPNER,—"Your fault"—*no!* nor any body's fault that I know, except that of my own laziness, which pardon.

I saw Ingram and a brother Consul of yours a day or two ago, and Mr. Ingram has promised me a *mince pie*,—a dainty I have not seen these seven years.

I am waxed a good deal thinner within the last year; for I made myself ill swimming, and have since been obliged to be temperate even to abstinence.

Your letter has saved me several louis, for I shall modestly regulate my subscription by the precedent of those wary diplomatists whose conduct I applaud. That is to say I will give about the same with any individual of that cautious corps.

With regard to the watches and telescopes, I do not

1. *Othello*, act i. sc. 1.

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remember the exact price; but you can have them valued by two or three rogues, so as to get at a medium, and dispose of them for me as you best can; we must do as well as we can, and at any rate be content. The telescopes by the famous Berge[1] or his successor cost from five to six guineas each, and the watches I cannot even guess at, but they will be more easily estimated. They are only for the Levant market, as you will see by the figures.

I hope Canning will do what you desire. I am not at all sorry that *he* is in power, for he is worth all the rest in point of talent, and, of course, will hardly be fool enough to go very far wrong.

I write to catch the post—with my best remembrances to Mrs. H.,

Believe me, ever and truly yours,

N. B.

1052.—To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird.

Genoa, January 18th 1823.

My dear Douglas,—By ye post of yesterday, or rather of the 16th, I forwarded a Packet to you containing a Letter, the revise of *D. J.*, and certain poeshies, for any ensuing number of *The Liberal*—to be transmitted by you to Mr. J. H. in time. This is merely a line of advice to your Honour. I have already written more than once to express my willingness to accept the, or almost any, mortgage, anything to get out of the tremulous funds of these oscillating times. There will be a war, somewhere—no doubt—and wherever it may be the funds will be affected more or less; so pray get us out of them with all

1. Matthew Berge, optician, etc., of 199, Piccadilly, London.

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proper expedition. It has been the burthen of my song to you these three years and better, and about as useful as better counsels.

With regard to Chancery appeals, arbitrations, surveyings, bills, fees, receipts, disbursements, copy-*rights*, manorial ditto, funds, land, etc., etc., etc., I shall always be disposed to follow your more practised and practicable experience. I *will* economize, and *do*, as I have partly proved to you by my surplus revenue of 1822, which almost equals the ditto of the United States of America (*vide* President's report to Congress) in proportion: and do *you* second my parsimony by judicious disbursements of what is requisite, and a moderate liquidation. Also make an investment of any spare monies as may render some usance to the owner; because, however little "every little makes a mickle," as we of the North say, with more reason than rhyme. I hope that you have all receipts, etc., etc., etc., and acknowledgments of monies paid in liquidation of debts, to prevent extortion and hinder the fellows from coming twice, of which they would be capable, particularly as my absence would lend a pretext to the pretension.

You will perhaps wonder at this recent and furious fit of accumulation and retrenchment, but it is not so unnatural. I am not naturally ostentatious, although once careless and expensive *because* careless: and my most extravagant passions have pretty well subsided, as it is time they should on the very verge of thirty-five. I always looked to about thirty as the barrier of any real or fierce delight in the passions, and determined to work them out in the younger ore and better veins of the mine, and I flatter myself (perhaps) that I have pretty well done so, and now the *dross* is coming and I *loves lucre*. For we must love something. At least if I have not quite

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worked out the others, it is not for want of labouring hard to do so. But perhaps I deceive myself. At any rate, then, I have a passion the more, and thus a feeling. However it is not for myself; but I should like, God willing, to leave something to my relations more than a mere name; and, besides that, to be able to do good to others to a greater extent. If nothing else will do, I must try bread and water, which, by the way, are very nourishing and sufficient, if good of their kind.

Yours ever,

N. B.

1053.—To Leigh Hunt.

Jy 25, 1823.

Dear H.,—I sent you all the books I could lay hands on, and will search farther. As I did not look over the transcription till yesterday I did not perceive your pencill'd remarks on the thing which I am about at present. You are kind in one point, and right in the other. But I have two things to avoid—the first that of running foul of my own *Corsair* and style, so as to produce repetition and monotony—and the other not to run counter to the reigning stupidity altogether, otherwise they will say that I am eulogizing *Mutiny*. This must produce tameness in some degree. But recollect that I am merely trying to write a poem a little above the usual run of periodical poesy, and I hope that it will at least be that. You think higher of readers than I do, but I will bet you a flask of Falernum that the most stilted parts of the political *Age of Bronze*, and the most pamby portions of the Toobonai [1] Islanders, will

1. One of the islands on which Christian and the mutineers of the *Bounty* took refuge was Toobonai. See *The Island; or, Christian*

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be the most agreeable to the enlightened public, though I shall sprinkle some *un*common-place here and there nevertheless.—"Nous verrons." . . . I am going on with the poeshie—and in the mean time, I send to Mrs. S[helley] a few scenes more of the drama before begun, for her transcriptive leisure.

Yours ever and affect^ly.

N. B.

1054.—To Sir James Wedderburn Webster.

Fy 2^d 1823.

My dear W.,—The picture[1] which you sent, will accompany this note.

It is indeed a sad remembrance, and I can with difficulty trace any resemblance at least to my memory of the Original. The letters will be also enclosed, which are still more melancholy; but I see nothing in them to prevent a reconciliation, if both parties would but condescend a little to their own eventual happiness, and to that of their children.

By Thursday's post I wrote to Paris, and my letter was sealed before I had received your packet. I trust that I have said nothing that can offend, or militate against the interests of either party. I think the *painter's* is the greatest calumny against her hitherto—which is unpardonable—for the infant in the same miniature is

and his Comrade (published by John Hunt, June, 1823), Canto II. lines 1, 2—

"How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,
When summer's sun went down the coral bay!"

1. "Sir J. W. and Lady Frances were morally separated at this "period. Lord B. was trying to effect a reconciliation, and here "speaks of a Picture which he saw at Genoa of her" (note by J. W. W.).

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much better done, though I am no great judge of such matters.

I send you some books; but the one you mention is not in my present possession, nor have I had, nor am likely to have, any copy for some time to come. The works of that Author are not often in my library, nor have I read many of them—indeed hardly any—since their publication. *Werner* came to me in a parcel from London, without my direction, and except the French translation (required by M. G[alignani]) and a scurvy ten-francs English Edition published at Paris, and sent as an index of Piracy by the indignant Galignani (to persuade me to let *him* have a copyright), I have not a line. But—I err; there are two or three stray volumes; but they are of an old date, and scattered, I believe, amongst my other books, and I know not their place.

You have no great loss, however, I believe; for the poem is not of great repute, nor is likely to be so.

So much for scribbling; but it is your own blame, since you entered upon the subject.

I hope that my negociation will be more successful; it at least deserves to be so.

Yours always and affect^y^,

N. B.

1055.—To Sir James Wedderburn Webster.

Albaro, Feb. 16, 1823.

DEAR W.,—I cannot keep the book and take your money too for the binding, and if I do not keep it, I have still less right to it. I therefore return it, and request that you will not remand it on pain of Proscription—

My "chilblains" are, I assure you, no joke, and I

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can scarcely move for them. To be sure, the weather is not very inviting for their assistance.

I beg your pardon for altering your nomenclature, but old recollections are apt to float uppermost.

Believe me, yours ever and very truly,

N. B.

1056.—To Thomas Moore.

Genoa, February 20, 1823.

MY DEAR TOM,—I must again refer you to those two letters addressed to you at Passy before I read your speech in Galignani, etc., and which you do not seem to have received.[1]

Of Hunt I see little—once a month or so, and then on his own business, generally. You may easily suppose that I know too little of Hampstead and his satellites to have much communion or community with him. My whole present relation to him arose from Shelley's unexpected wreck. You would not have had me leave him in the street with his family, would you? and as to the other plan you mention, you forget how it would *humiliate* him—that his writings should be supposed to be dead weight![2] Think a moment—he is perhaps the

1. "I was never lucky enough to recover these two letters, "though frequent inquiries were made about them at the French "post-office" (Moore).

2. Byron was probably referring, as Moore supposes (*Life*, p. 574), to a passage in a recent letter from the latter: "I am most "anxious to know that you mean to emerge out of the *Liberal*. It "grieves me to urge any thing so much against Hunt's interest; but "I should not hesitate to use the same language to himself, were I "near him. I would, if I were you, serve him in every possible "way but this—I would give him (if he would accept it) the profits "of the same works, published separately—but I would *not* mix "myself up in this way with others. I would *not* become a partner "in this sort of miscellaneous '*pot au feu*,' where the bad flavour of "one ingredient is sure to taint all the rest. I would be, if I were "*you*, alone, single-handed, and, as such, invincible."

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vainest man on earth, at least his own friends say so pretty loudly; and if he were in other circumstances, I might be tempted to take him down a peg; but not now,—it would be cruel. It is a cursed business; but neither the motive nor the means rest upon my conscience, and it happens that he and his brother *have* been so far benefited by the publication in a pecuniary point of view. His brother is a steady, bold fellow, such as *Prynne*, for example, and full of moral, and, I hear, physical courage.

And *you* are *really* recanting, or softening to the clergy![1] It will do little good for you—it is *you*, not the poem, they are at. They will say they frightened you—forbid it, Ireland! Believe me

Yours ever,

N. B.

1057.—To Richard Belgrave Hoppner.

Genoa, Fy 27th 1823.

My dear Hoppner,—We must take what we can get; but you will tell Father Pasqual that he might have known that the value is triple what he proposed, and that I did not think him a dishonest man, when I printed at my own expence an Armenian Grammar in 1816—to

1. Moore was toning down expressions in his *Loves of the Angels*, which he feared might give offence (see Appendix VI., "Byron in "Cephalonia"). In his Diary for December 27, 1822 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iv. p. 29), he notes that Lady Donegal had written, "I think "you will feel I am right in not allowing Barbara to read it" (*i.e. The Angels*). The sentence seemed to "ring the death-knell" of his poem. "My book, then, was considered (why or wherefore it "was in vain to inquire) improper, and what I thought the best, as "well as the most moral thing I had ever written, was to be doomed "to rank with the rubbish of Carlisle (*sic*) and Co. for ever." He at once attempted, in the fifth edition (*ibid.*, p. 40), to "make the "'Angels' completely *Eastern*," or, as he was advised (*ibid.*, p. 44) to turn them "into Turks."

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oblige his Confraternity. You will take the best price you can get (would an *auction* do?) and remit the amount on my account to Messrs. *Webb* & *Co.*, my *bankers* at Genoa, if possible, without expence save postage. I would take Siri's bills—at a month—or two—as they pleased. The whole Sum at present offered is 64 Sequins by the rogue of an Armenian.

I rejoice to see you in Spirits and should be glad to meet you any where on the face of the earth—even in England;—but I am far from well, have had various attacks since last summer, when I was fool enough to swim four hours—in a broiling Sun—after which all my Skin peeled off; then a fever came on, and I have never been quite right from that time—August. I am as thin as a Skeleton—thinner than you saw me at my first arrival in Venice, and thinner than *yourself;* there's a Climax! However, that may be temporary; but all my *humours* are topsy turvy—and playing the devil—now here, now there, and putting me to my patience, which is not exuberant.—

Excuse haste. My best Comp^ts^ to Mrs. H. Write when you like—and can—and believe me

Ever and truly yours obliged and affect^ly^

N. B.

1058.—To John Hunt.

Genoa, March 5th 1823.

Sir,—I have received the proof of the *A[ge] of B[ronze]* and returned it to Mr. Kinnaird. It is full (the earlier part) of the worst kind of printer's blunders viz.—transposition of the names in every direction so as to form a complete jumble. I have corrected this as well as I can; but I fear uselessly, unless the

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Manuscript is carefully referred to. The poem will be published alone—and by whom I know not, as I leave these things to Mr. K.[d]. Your brother is tolerably well, —but surprized at your silence. I have the honour to be

Your very obed[t] humble S[t],

N. B.

P.S.—The proof is called "Proof in *Slips*" and certainly the "*Slips*" are the most conspicuous part of it. I pray you represent as much to your *Faust* on this occasion.

1059.—To Sir James Wedderburn Webster.

March 9th.

DEAR W.,—Part of your news is rather interesting, as I was present at the marriage of the Earl, by request of the father-in-law, and thought that all had been very regular.[1] I suppose there is some statute against his marrying any but a woman past bearing, which his last wife was, and his brother intended his next should be; but he chose for himself very perversely. Pray step over and tell me more of these fine things, which are vastly amusing.

Ever yours,

B.

1. In the Court of Chancery, before the Lord Chancellor, the Attorney-General opened (November 7, 1822) the case of the petitioner, Henry Wallop Fellowes, nephew of Lord Portsmouth. The prayer of the petition was that a commission of inquiry should be issued, "to ascertain whether his Lordship was of sound mind "and capable of managing his own person and property." On this petition the Lord Chancellor gave judgment December 12, 1822: see *Report of the Portsmouth Case, under a Commission of Lunacy, issued by His Majesty* (London 1823, 8°). The Commission was issued, and the jury, February, 1823, returned a verdict that Lord Portsmouth had been a lunatic since 1809. (For Byron's presence at the marriage, and affidavit, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 393, and *note* 3.)

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1060.—To John Hunt.[1]

Genoa, Mch. 10th, 1823.

SIR,—I do not know what Mr. Kinnaird intended by desiring the stoppage of *The Liberal*, which is no more in his power than in mine. The utmost that Mr. K. (who must have misunderstood me,) should have done, was to state, what I mentioned to your brother, that, my assistance neither appearing essential to the publication nor advantageous to you or your brother, and at the same time exciting great disapprobation amongst my friends and connections in England, I craved permission to withdraw. What is stranger is, that Mr. Kd. *could* not have received my letter to this effect till long after the date of your letter to your brother this day received. The *Pulci* is at your service for the third number, if you think it worth the insertion. With regard to other publications, I know not what to think or to say; for the work, even by your own account, is unsuccessful, and I am not at all sure that this failure does not spring much more from *me* than any other connection of the work. I am at this moment the most unpopular man in England, and if a whistle would call me to the pinnacle of English fame, I would not utter it. All this, however, is no reason why I should involve others in similar odium, and I have some reason to believe that "*The Liberal*" would have more success without my intervention. However this may be, I am willing to do any thing I can for your brother or any member of his family, and have the honour to be

Your very obed^{t} humble st.

N. B.

1. Reprinted from the *Literary Guardian* for 1831–2, vol. i. p. 188.

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P.S.—I have to add that no secession will take place on my part from "*The Liberal*" without serious consideration with your brother. The poems which I have desired to be published separately, required this for obvious reasons of the subject, etc., and also that their publication should be immediate.

1061.—To John Hunt.[1]

Genoa, Mh. 17th 1823.

SIR,—Your brother will have forwarded by the post a corrected proof of *The Blues*[2] for some ensuing number of the journal; but I should think that ye Pulci translation had better be preferred for the immediate number, as *The Blues* will only tend further to indispose a portion of your readers.

I still retain my opinion that my connection with the work will tend to any thing but its success. Such I thought from the first, when I suggested that it would have been better to have made a kind of literary appendix to the *Examiner;* the other expedient was hazardous, and has failed hitherto accordingly; and it appears that the two pieces of my contribution have precipitated that failure more than any other. It was a pity to print such a quantity, especially as you might have been aware of my general unpopularity, and the universal run of the period against my productions, since the publication of Mr. Murray's last volume. My talent (if I have any) does not lie in the kinds of composition which is (*sic*) most acceptable to periodical readers. By this time you are probably convinced of this fact. The

1. Reprinted from the *Literary Guardian* for 1831–2, vol. i. p. 233, revised with the original letter as printed in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue for July 18, 1900, pp. 84, 85.
2. *The Blues* was published in *The Liberal*, No. III. pp. 1–21.

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Journal, if continued (as I see no reason why it should not be), will find much more efficacious assistance in the present and other contributors than in myself. Perhaps also, you should, for the present, reduce the number printed to two thousand, and raise it gradually if necessary. It is not so much against *you* as against me that the hatred is directed; and, I confess, I would rather withstand it *alone*, and grapple with it as I may. Mr. Murray, partly from pique, for he is a Mortal—mortal as his publications, though a bookseller—has done more harm than you are fully aware of, or I either; and you will perceive this probably on my first separate publication, no less than in those connected with *The Liberal*. He has the Clergy, and the Government, and the public with him; I do not much embarrass myself about them when *alone;* but I do not wish to drag others down also. I take this to be the fact, for I do not recollect that so much odium was directed against your family and friends, till your brother, unfortunately for himself, came in literary contact with myself. I will not, however, quit *The Liberal* without mature consideration, though I feel persuaded that it would be for your advantage that I should do so. Time and Truth may probably do away this hostility, or, at least, its effect; but, in the interim, you are the sufferer. Every publication of mine has latterly failed; I am not discouraged by this, because writing and composition are habits of my mind, with which Success and Publication are objects of remoter reference—*not causes* but *effects*, like those of any other pursuit. I have had enough both of praise and abuse to deprive them of their novelty, but I continue to compose for the same reason that I ride, or read, or bathe, or travel—it is a habit.

I want sadly *Peveril of the Peak*, which has not yet arrived here, and I will thank you much for a copy; I

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shall direct Mr. Kinnaird to reimburse you for the price. It will be useless to forward *The Liberal*, the insertion of which will only prevent the arrival of any other books in the same parcel. That work is strictly prohibited, and the packet which came by sea was extracted with the greatest difficulty. Never send by sea, it is a loss of four months; by land, a fortnight is sufficient.

Yours ever,

N. B.

1062.—To Mrs. [? Shelley].

[Undated.]

* * * * * *

I presume that you, at least, know enough of me to be sure that I could have no intention to insult Hunt's poverty. On the contrary, I honour him for it; for I know what it is, having been as much embarrassed as ever he was, without perceiving aught in it to diminish an honourable man's self-respect. If you mean to say that, had he been a wealthy man, I would have joined in this Journal, I answer in the negative. * * * I engaged in the Journal from good-will towards him, added to respect for his character, literary and personal; and no less for his political courage, as well as regret for his present circumstances: I did this in the hope that he might, with the same aid from literary friends of literary contributions (which is requisite for all journals of a mixed nature), render himself independent.

* * * * * *

I have always treated him, in our personal intercourse, with such scrupulous delicacy, that I have forborne intruding advice which I thought might be disagreeable, lest he should impute it to what is called "taking "advantage of a man's situation."

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As to friendship, it is a propensity in which my genius is very limited. I do not know the *male* human being, except Lord Clare, the friend of my infancy, for whom I feel any thing that deserves the name. All my others are men-of-the-world friendships. I did not even feel it for Shelley, however much I admired and esteemed him; so that you see not even vanity could bribe me into it, for, of all men, Shelley thought highest of my talents,—and, perhaps, of my disposition.

I will do my duty by my intimates, upon the principle of doing as you would be done by. I have done so, I trust, in most instances. I may be pleased with their conversation—rejoice in their success—be glad to do them service, or to receive their counsel and assistance in return. But as for friends and friendship, I have (as I already said) named the only remaining male for whom I feel any thing of the kind, excepting, perhaps, Thomas Moore. I have had, and may have still, a thousand friends, as they are called, in *life*, who are like one's partners in the waltz of this world—not much remembered when the ball is over, though very pleasant for the time. Habit, business, and companionship in pleasure or in pain, are links of a similar kind, and the same faith in politics is another. * * *

1063.—To Lady ——

Genoa, March 28, 1823.

Mr. Hill is here: I dined with him on Saturday before last; and on leaving his house at S[an] P[ietro] d' Arena,[1] my carriage broke down. I walked home, about three miles,—no very great feat of pedestrianism; but either the coming out of hot rooms into a bleak wind

1. A suburb of Genoa.

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chilled me, or the walking up-hill to Albaro heated me, or something or other set me wrong, and next day I had an inflammatory attack in the face, to which I have been subject this winter for the first time, and I suffered a good deal of pain, but no peril. My health is now much as usual. Mr. Hill is, I believe, occupied with his diplomacy. I shall give him your message when I see him again.

My name, I see in the papers, has been dragged into the unhappy Portsmouth business, of which all that I know is very succinct. Mr. Hanson is my solicitor. I found him so when I was ten years old—at my uncle's death—and he was continued in the management of my legal business. He asked me, by a civil epistle, as an old acquaintance of his family, to be present at the marriage of Miss Hanson. I went very reluctantly, one misty morning (for I had been up at two balls all night), to witness the ceremony, which I could not very well refuse without affronting a man who had never offended me. I saw nothing particular in the marriage. Of course I could not know the preliminaries, except from what he said, not having been present at the wooing, nor after it; for I walked home, and they went into the country as soon as they had promised and vowed. Out of this simple fact I hear the *Débats de Paris* has quoted Miss H. as "autrefois très liée avec le célèbre," etc., etc. I am obliged to him for the celebrity, but beg leave to decline the liaison, which is quite untrue; my liaison was with the father, in the unsentimental shape of long lawyers' bills, through the medium of which I have had to pay him ten or twelve thousand pounds within these few years. She was not pretty, and I suspect that the indefatigable Mr. Alder[1] was (like all her people) more

1. Mr. Alder was, at the inquiry, accused of being the father of Lady Portsmouth's daughter.

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attracted by her title than her charms. I regret very much that I was present at the prologue to the happy state of horse-whipping and black jobs, etc., etc.; but I could not foresee that a man was to turn out mad, who had gone about the world for fifty years, as competent to vote, and walk at large; nor did he seem to me more insane than any other person going to be married.

I have no objection to be acquainted with the Marquis Palavicini, if he wishes it. Lately I have gone little into society, English or foreign, for I had seen all that was worth seeing in the former before I left England, and at the time of life when I was more disposed to like it; and of the latter I had a sufficiency in the first few years of my residence in Switzerland, chiefly at Madame de Stael's, where I went sometimes, till I grew tired of conversazioni and carnivals, with their appendages; and the bore is, that if you go once, you are expected to be there daily, or rather nightly. I went the round of the most noted soirées at Venice or elsewhere (where I remained not any time) to the Benzona, and the Albrizzi, and the Michelli, etc., etc., and to the Cardinals and the various potentates of the Legation in Romagna, (that is, Ravenna,) and only receded for the sake of quiet, when I came into Tuscany. Besides, if I go into society, I generally get, in the long run, into some scrape of some kind or other, which don't occur in my solitude. However, I am pretty well settled now, by time and temper, which is so far lucky, as it prevents restlessness; but, as I said before, as an acquaintance of yours, I will be ready and willing to know your friends. He may be a sort of connection for aught I know; for a Palavicini, of *Bologna*,[1] I believe, married a distant relative of mine

1. Isabella, daughter of George, fourth son of William, fourth Lord Byron, married Count Palavicini-Capelli, and died in 1834.

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half a century ago. I happen to know the fact, as he and his spouse had an annuity of five hundred pounds on my uncle's property, which ceased at his demise; though I recollect hearing they attempted, naturally enough, to make it survive him. If I can do any thing for you here or elsewhere, pray order, and be obeyed.

1064.—To Thomas Moore.

Genoa, April 2, 1823.

I have just seen some friends of yours, who paid me a visit yesterday, which, in honour of them and of you, I returned to-day;—as I reserve my bear-skin and teeth, and paws and claws, for our enemies.

I have also seen Henry Fox,[1] Lord Holland's son, whom I had not looked upon since I left him a pretty, mild boy, without a neck-cloth, in a jacket, and in delicate health, seven long years agone, at the period of mine eclipse—the third, I believe, as I have generally one every two or three years. I think that he has the softest and most amiable expression of countenance I ever saw, and manners correspondent. If to those he can add hereditary talents, he will keep the name of Fox in all its freshness for half a century more, I hope. I speak from a transient glimpse—but I love still to yield to such impressions; for I have ever found that those I liked longest and best, I took to at first sight; and I always liked that boy—perhaps, in part, from some resemblance in the less fortunate part of our destinies—I mean, to avoid mistakes, his lameness. But there is

1. Henry Edward Fox, afterwards (1840) Lord Holland, was the second legitimate son of the third Lord Holland by his marriage (1797) with Elizabeth Vassall, the divorced wife of Sir Godfrey Webster. He edited his father's *Foreign Reminiscences* (1850), and *Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time* (1852).

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this difference, that *he* appears a halting angel, who has tripped against a star; whilst I am *Le Diable Boiteux*,—a soubriquet, which I marvel that, amongst their various *nominis umbræ*, the Orthodox have not hit upon.

Your other allies, whom I have found very agreeable personages, are Milor Blessington and *épouse*,[1] travelling

1. For the Earl of Blessington, see *Letters*, vol. v. p. 3, *note* 1.

Marguerite Power (1789–1849), fourth child of Edmund Power, a small landowner in co. Waterford, was in 1804 forced by her father to marry Captain St. Leger Farmer, of the 47th Regiment of Foot. At the end of three months Captain and Mrs. Farmer separated, and she returned to her father's house at Clonmel. In 1807 Lawrence, fascinated by her beauty, painted her portrait at Dublin. For the next six years she seems to have lived under the protection of Captain Jenkins at Stidmanton, in Hampshire. There she met Lord Mountjoy (created, 1816, first Earl of Blessington). For her, Lord Blessington took a house in Manchester Square, where she lived with her brother, who was appointed agent for the Mountjoy estates. In October, 1817, her husband, Captain Farmer, died from a fall out of a window in the King's Bench prison, and four months later (February 16, 1818) she married the Earl of Blessington.

Lady Blessington's beauty, her kindliness, wit, and infectious gaiety, together with her husband's splendid hospitality, made their home at 11, St. James's Square, one of the most attractive houses in London, the rival of Holland House and Charleville House. Few women visited the house; but the most celebrated men of the day—politicians, lawyers, writers, divines, artists, and actors—gathered under Lady Blessington's roof. Among them were Canning, Lansdowne, and Burdett; Erskine, Brougham, and Jekyll; Rogers, Moore, Galt, and Jerdan; Lawrence, Wilkie, and Kemble. Douglas Kinnaird brought her the latest news of Byron. Earl Grey was her devoted friend. Dr. Parr sacrificed his pipe to enjoy the society of the lady whom he called "the most gorgeous" Lady Blessington.

In August, 1822, the Blessingtons left London for a continental tour. Stopping at Paris for some weeks, they renewed their acquaintance with Count Alfred d'Orsay, who had been introduced to them in London in 1821 by his brother-in-law, the Duc de Guiche, afterwards Duc de Grammont. Thenceforward he devoted his life to Lady Blessington. He joined them at Valence, and travelled with them to Genoa, which they reached March 31, 1823. In her Diary for that day, Lady Blessington (Madden's *Memoir and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*, vol. i. p. 80; and Molloy's *The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington*, vol. i. p. 92) writes, "And "am I indeed in the same town with Byron? To-morrow I may, "perhaps, behold him. I never before felt the same impatient longing

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with a very handsome companion, in the shape of a "French Count" (to use Farquhar's phrase in the *Beaux Stratagem* [1]), who has all the air of a *Cupidon déchaîné*, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman *before* the Revolution—an old friend with a new face, upon whose like I never thought that we should look again. Miladi seems highly literary, to which, and your honour's acquaintance with the family, I attribute the pleasure of having seen them. She is also very pretty even in a morning,—a species of beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so frequently as the

"to see any one known to me only by his works. I hope he may not "be as fat as Moore described him; for a fat poet is an anomaly in "my opinion." The following day she was introduced to Byron at the Casa Saluzzo. For the next two months (April 1—June 1) Byron and Lady Blessington met frequently; they rode together, exchanged verses, gave and received advice, interchanged keepsakes, and parted with tears. The impression made on her by Byron is recorded in her *Journal of the Conversations with Lord Byron*, which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, July, 1832—December, 1833, and was republished in volume form in 1834.

The end of Lady Blessington's life was tragic. Lord Blessington died in 1829, leaving his widow with a jointure of £2000 a year, unpunctually paid. In Seamore Place, and subsequently at Gore House, she and Count d'Orsay continued to entertain with lavish splendour. Her dinners were exquisite—*cuisine de Paris exquise* (*Letters of Joseph Jekyll*, p. 272). Women, as before, were rare visitors, and the male guests were more miscellaneous and cosmopolitan. But among her later friends were Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Landor, and Disraeli. To meet her expenses she took to writing. In 1822 she had published anonymously *The Magic Lantern* and *Sketches and Fragments*. In 1833 her first novel appeared—*Grace Cassidy, or the Repealers*. Thenceforward she published numerous works of fiction, and two excellent travel sketches—*The Idler in Italy* (1839) and *The Idler in France* (1841). From 1834 onwards she edited *The Book of Beauty*, and in 1846 she joined the staff of the newly-founded *Daily News*. But her literary activity failed to avert financial ruin. In 1849 the crash came. In April she retired to Paris, and less than two months (June 4, 1849) later died. Two inscriptions for her tomb at Chambourcy were written, one by Barry Cornwall, the other by Landor. The latter begins thus: "Infra "sepultum est id omne quod sepeliri potest mulieris quondam "pulcherrimæ," etc.

1. Count Bellair, "a French officer, prisoner at Litchfield."

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chandelier. Certainly, English women wear better than their continental neighbours of the same sex. Mountjoy seems very good-natured, but is much tamed, since I recollect him in all the glory of gems and snuff-boxes, and uniforms, and theatricals, and speeches in our house —"I mean, of peers,"[1]—(I must refer you to Pope—whom you don't read and won't appreciate—for that quotation, which you must allow to be poetical,) and sitting to Stroelling, the painter, (do you remember our visit, with Leckie, to the German?) to be depicted as one of the heroes of Agincourt, "with his long sword, saddle, "bridle, Whack fal de,"[2] etc., etc.

I have been unwell—caught a cold and inflammation, which menaced a conflagration, after dining with our ambassador, Monsieur Hill,—not owing to the dinner, but my carriage broke down in the way home, and I had to walk some miles, up hill partly, after hot rooms, in a very bleak, windy evening, and over-hotted, or over-colded myself. I have not been so robustious as formerly, ever since the last summer, when I fell ill after a long swim in the Mediterranean, and have never been quite right up to this present writing. I am thin,—perhaps thinner than you saw me, when I was nearly transparent, in 1812,—and am obliged to be moderate of my mouth; which, nevertheless, won't prevent me (the gods willing) from dining with your friends the day after to-morrow.[3]

1. See Pope's lines, "On receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady "Frances Shirley a standish and two pens" (*Works*, ed. Courthope, vol. iv. pp. 460-462).

"But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
L . . . and all about your ears."

2. Byron quotes from *The Bold Dragoon*, on which Scott probably founded his *Bold Dragoon, or The Plains of Badajos*.

3. Lady Blessington found that Byron satisfied her ideal of a poet's figure. "He is extremely thin; indeed so much so that his

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They give me a very good account of you, and of your nearly Emprisoned *Angels*.[1] But why did you change your title?—you will regret this some day. The bigots are not to be conciliated; and, if they were—are they worth it? I suspect that I am a more orthodox Christian than you are; and, whenever I see a real Christian, either in practice or in theory, (for I never yet found the man who could produce either, when put to the proof,) I am his disciple. But, till then, I cannot truckle to tithe-mongers,—nor can I imagine what has made *you* circumcise your Seraphs.

I have been far more persecuted than you, as you may judge by my present decadence,—for I take it that I am as low in popularity and bookselling as any writer can be. At least, so my friends assure me—blessings on their benevolence! This they attribute to Hunt; but they are wrong—it must be, partly at least, owing to myself; be it so. As to Hunt, I prefer *not* having turned him to starve in the streets to any personal honour which might have accrued from some genuine philanthropy. I really act upon principle in this matter, for we have nothing much in common; and I cannot describe to you the despairing sensation of trying to do something for a man who seems incapable or unwilling to do any thing further for himself,—at least, to the purpose. It is like pulling a man out of a river who directly throws himself in again. For the last three or four years Shelley assisted,

"figure has almost a boyish air; his face is peculiarly pale, but not "the paleness of ill health, as its character is that of fairness, the "fairness of a dark-haired person—and his hair (which is getting "rapidly gray) is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally. . . . "He was very gay at dinner, ate of most of the dishes, . . . and "drank a few glasses of champagne, saying, that as he considered "it a jour de fête, he would eat, drink, and be merry."—*Conversations*, p. 2.

1. Moore's *Loves of the Angels* was published in December, 1822.

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and had once actually extricated him.[1] I have since his demise,—and even before,—done what I could: but it is not in my power to make this permanent. I want Hunt to return to England, for which I would furnish him with the means in comfort; and his situation *there*, on the whole, is bettered, by the payment of a portion of his debts, etc.; and he would be on the spot to continue his Journal, or Journals, with his brother, who seems a sensible, plain, sturdy, and enduring person. * *

1065.—To the Earl of Blessington.

April 2nd, 1823.

MY DEAR LORD,—I send you to-day's (the latest) Galignani. My banker tells me, however, that his letters from Spain state, that two regiments have revolted,

1. Moore (*Life*, p. 573) prints the following letter from Shelley to Byron on the subject of Hunt:—

"February 15, 1822.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I enclose you a letter from Hunt, "which annoys me on more than one account. You will observe "the postscript, and you know me well enough to feel how painful a "task is set me in commenting upon it. Hunt had urged me more "than once to ask you to lend him this money. My answer con- "sisted in sending him all I could spare, which I have now literally "done. Your kindness in fitting up a part of your own house "for his accommodation I sensibly felt, and willingly accepted "from you on his part; but, believe me, without the slightest "intention of imposing, or, if I could help it, allowing to be "imposed, any heavier task on your purse. As it has come to this "in spite of my exertions, I will not conceal from you the low ebb "of my own money affairs in the present moment,—that is, my "absolute incapacity of assisting Hunt farther.

"I do not think poor Hunt's promise to pay in a given time is "worth very much; but mine is less subject to uncertainty, and I "should be happy to be responsible for any engagement he may "have proposed to you. I am so much annoyed by this subject "that I hardly know what to write, and much less what to say; and "I have need of all your indulgence in judging both my feelings "and expressions.

"I shall see you by and by. Believe me,

"Yours most faithfully and sincerely,

"P. B. SHELLEY."

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which is a great vex, as they say in Ireland. I shall be very glad to see your friend's journal.[1] He seems to

1. Count Alfred d'Orsay (1801–1852) was the only son of one of Napoleon's generals, *aussi brave que beau*, Count Albert d'Orsay, by a daughter of the King of Wurtemburg and his morganatic wife, who afterwards married "Mr. Crawford, well known for many years "as a rich collector of pictures and articles of *vertu* at Paris" (*Journal of T. Raikes*, vol. i. p. 41). The general's only daughter, Ida, married the Duc de Guiche, afterwards Duc de Grammont, who had been brought up in England, and introduced his brother-in-law to Lady Blessington and English society in 1821–22. Count Alfred d'Orsay's journal, to which Byron alludes, was the fruit of this visit; but it was destroyed by the author, lest it should be supposed to express his matured opinions of England. Lord Blessington persuaded d'Orsay to throw up his commission in the Guards of the French king, and provided for him by marrying him to his only legitimate daughter and heiress, Lady Harriet Gardiner (December 1, 1827). Owing to his conduct to his wife, the marriage ended in a separation.

The handsomest man of his day, "an Antinous of beauty" (*Letters of Joseph Jekyll*, p. 270), excelling in all sports, and a Parisian exquisite, Count d'Orsay was not only the Pelham of the fashionable world in London, but in his accomplishments an Admirable Crichton. His knowledge of art was considerable, and, as a painter and sculptor, he was in the front rank of amateurs, though Greville (*Memoirs*, vol. vi. p. 274) suggests that he was largely indebted to the assistance of professional artists. Haydon's description of him is overwhelming. Haydon was at work on an equestrian picture of the Duke of Wellington, when d'Orsay called. "He took my brush in his dandy gloves, which made my heart "ache, and lowered the hind quarters by bringing over a bit of the "sky. Such a dress! white great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled "and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves "scented with eau de Cologne, or eau de jasmin, primrose in tint, "skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism he took up a nasty, "oily, dirty hogtool, and immortalised Copenhagen (the charger) by "touching the sky" (*Life of B. R. Haydon*, vol. iii. p. 115). The visit of this "Paphian apparition" to Carlyle was paid in April, 1839. "This Phœbus Apollo of dandyism," writes Carlyle (Froude's *Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life in London*, 1834–81, vol. i. pp. 158, 159), "came whirling" to Cheyne Row "in a chariot that "struck all Chelsea into mute amazement with splendour. . . . . "Nevertheless, we did amazingly well, the count and I. He is a "tall fellow of six feet three, built like a tower, with floods of dark-"auburn hair, with a beauty, with an adornment unsurpassable on "this planet; withal a rather substantial fellow at bottom, by no "means without insight, without fun, and a sort of rough sarcasm "rather striking out of such a porcelain figure."

Few foreigners ever took root so firmly in English soil. He

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have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law's ancestor's Memoirs. I did *not* think him old enough to have served in Spain, and must have expressed myself badly. On the contrary, he has all the air of a *Cupidon déchaîné*, and promises to have it for some time to come. I beg to present my respects to Lady B——, and ever am

Your obliged and faithful servant,

NOEL BYRON.

1066.—To Edward Blaquiere.[1]

Albaro, April 5, 1823.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be delighted to see you and your Greek friend, and the sooner the better. I have been

neglected his wife, was unscrupulous in money matters, a gambler, a spendthrift, and reputed to be immoral. Yet he had qualities which won him many friends. Good-tempered, agreeable, kind-hearted, and generous, he had a genius for society, and a faculty of enjoyment which seemed to grow keener with age. Like the Count Alcibiades de Mirábel in *Henrietta Temple*, he could talk at all times, and at all times well. He had many imitators, but none succeeded like himself in personifying the spirit of *vive la bagatelle!* Partly from ostentation, partly from real humanity, he took a prominent part in charitable works, and was the founder of the *Société de Bienfaisance*, for the relief of his distressed countrymen. For the last few years of his life he never left Gore House, except on Sundays, for fear of arrest, and his flight to Paris, in April, 1849, was made in secret and by night. A Legitimist by descent, a Napoleonist and anti-Orleanist by sympathy, he became, under Louis Napoleon, as President of the French Republic, a *frondeur*, because he believed himself neglected by his former friend. He died of spinal disease, and is buried at Chambourcy by the side of Lady Blessington.

1. In January, 1823, Andreas Luriottis arrived in England to plead the cause of the Greeks. A Greek Committee was formed, which was joined by Lord Erskine, Sir J. Mackintosh, Joseph Hume, Jeremy Bentham, Hobhouse, and others. At their first meeting (February 28), Edward Blaquiere, author or translator of several books on Spain, the Spanish Revolution, and the Mediterranean, volunteered to return with Luriottis to Greece, and collect information. Leaving London March 4, he landed in the Morea May 3, seeing Byron on his way. Trelawny (*Records*, pp. 183, 184) states that he brought about Blaquiere's visit to Byron. "At this

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expecting you for some time,—you will find me at home. I cannot express to you how much I feel interested in the cause, and nothing but the hopes I entertained of witnessing the liberation of Italy itself prevented me long ago from returning to do what little I could, as an individual, in that land which it is an honour even to have visited.

Ever yours truly,

NOEL BYRON.

1067.—To the Earl of Blessington.

April 5, 1823.

MY DEAR LORD,—How is your gout? or rather, how are you? I return the Count D'Orsay's Journal, which is a very extraordinary production, and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England. I know, or knew personally, most of the personages and

"time a committee was formed in London to aid the Greeks in "their war of independence, and shortly after I wrote to one of the "most active movers in it, Lieut. Blaquiere, to ask information as "to their objects and intentions, and mentioned Byron as being "very much interested on the subject of Greece; the lieutenant "wrote, as from the Committee, direct to Byron, in the grandiloquent "style which all authorities, especially self-constituted ones, delight "in. In the early part of 1823 Blaquiere, on his way to the Ionian "Islands, stopped at Genoa and saw Byron, whom he informed of "his intention to visit Greece in order to see how matters were pro-"gressing. He said that his lordship had been unanimously elected "a member of the Greek Committee, and that his name was a tower "of strength; he brought Byron's credentials, and a mass of papers. "The propositions of the Committee came at the right moment; "the Pilgrim was dissatisfied with himself and his position. Greece "and its memories warmed him, a new career opened before him." The whole passage is interesting, though not written in a kindly spirit. On Blaquiere's return to London, he read his *Report on the Present State of the Greek Confederation* before the Committee, September 13. The *Report* was printed for the benefit of subscribers, and also published in *The Pamphleteer* (vol. xxii.). On his second visit to Greece (*Narrative of a Second Visit to Greece, including Facts connected with the Last Days of Lord Byron*, London, 1825), Blaquiere did not arrive till after Byron's death. Luriottis was afterwards, with Orlando, a commissioner for the Greek loan.

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societies which he describes; and after reading his remarks, have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. I would however plead in behalf of some few exceptions, which I will mention by and by. The most singular thing is, *how* he should have penetrated *not* the *fact*, but the *mystery* of the English *ennui*[1] at two-and-twenty. I was about the same age when I made the same discovery, in almost precisely the same circles,—(for there is scarcely a person mentioned whom I did not see nightly or daily, and was acquainted more or less intimately with most of them,)—but I never could have described it so well. *Il faut être Français*, to effect this.

But he ought also to have been in the country during the hunting season, with "a select party of distinguished "guests," as the papers term it. He ought to have seen the gentlemen after dinner (on the hunting days), and the soirée ensuing thereupon,—and the women looking as if they had hunted, or rather been hunted; and I could have wished that he had been at a dinner in town, which I recollect at Lord Cowper's[2]—small, but select, and composed of the most amusing people. The dessert was hardly on the table, when, out of twelve, I counted *five asleep;* of that five, there were *Tierney*,[3] Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Darnley[4]—I forget the other two, but they were either wits or orators—perhaps poets.

My residence in the East and in Italy has made me

1. "For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language:—we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate."
Don Juan, Canto XIII. stanza 101.

2. Peter Leopold Louis Francis Nassau Clavering-Cowper, fifth Earl Cowper (1778–1837), married, in 1805, Emily Mary, daughter of the first Viscount Melbourne, and died July, 1837.

3. For the Right Hon. George Tierney, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 372, *note* 1.

4. John Bligh, fourth Earl of Darnley (1767–1831).

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somewhat indulgent of the siesta;—but then they set regularly about it in warm countries, and perform it in solitude (or at most in a tête-à-tête with a proper companion), and retire quietly to their rooms to get out of the sun's way for an hour or two.

Altogether, your friend's Journal is a very formidable production. Alas! our dearly beloved countrymen have only discovered that they are tired, and not that they are tiresome; and I suspect that the communication of the latter unpleasant verity will not be better received than truths usually are. I have read the whole with great attention and instruction. I am too good a patriot to say *pleasure*—at least I won't say so, whatever I may think. I showed it (I hope no breach of confidence) to a young Italian lady of rank, *très instruite* also; and who passes, or passed, for being one of the three most celebrated belles in the district of Italy, where her family and connections resided in less troublesome times as to politics, (which is not Genoa, by the way,) and she was delighted with it, and says that she has derived a better notion of English society from it than from all Madame de Stael's metaphysical disputations on the same subject, in her work on the Revolution. I beg that you will thank the young philosopher, and make my compliments to Lady B. and her sister.

Believe me your very obliged and faithful

N. B.

P. S.—There is a rumour in letters of some disturbance or complot in the French Pyrenean army [1]—generals

1. A plot was discovered at Perpignan, March, 1823, in which General Piat and other officers of the duc d'Angoulême's forces were implicated. The general and two officers were arrested, but no further step was taken by the Government. An attempt was also made (April 6) by Carron and a hundred veterans, in the uniforms

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suspected or dismissed, and ministers of war travelling to see what's the matter. "Marry (as David says), this "hath an angry favour." [1]

Tell Count D'Orsay that some of the names are not quite intelligible, especially of the clubs; he speaks of *Watts*—perhaps he is right, but in my time *Watier's*[2] was the Dandy Club, of which (though no dandy) I was a member, at the time too of its greatest glory, when Brummel and Mildmay, Alvanley and Pierrepoint, gave the Dandy Balls; and we (the club, that is,) got up the famous masquerade at Burlington House and Garden, for Wellington. He does not speak of the *Alfred*,[3] which was the most *recherché* and most tiresome of any, as I know, by being a member of that too.

1068.—To the Earl of Blessington.

April 6, 1823.

It *would* be worse than idle, knowing, as I do, the utter worthlessness of words on such occasions, in me to attempt to express what I ought to feel, and do feel for the loss you have sustained; [4] and I must thus dismiss the subject, for I dare not trust myself further with it *for your* sake, or for my own. I shall *endeavour* to see you as soon as it may not appear intrusive. Pray excuse the levity of my yesterday's scrawl—I little thought under what circumstances it would find you.

of the Imperial Guard, and waving the tricolor with the Eagle of Austerlitz, to induce the French troops to desert, as they prepared to cross the Bidassoa.

1. *The Rivals*, act v. sc. 1.

2. For Watier's Club, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 128, part of *note;* and for the masquerade, vol. v. p. 423.

3. For the Alfred Club, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 80, and vol. v. p. 424.

4. Lord Blessington's only son, Luke Wellington Gardiner, Viscount Mountjoy, died March 26, 1823, in his tenth year.

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I have received a very handsome and flattering note from Count D'Orsay. He must excuse my apparent rudeness and real ignorance in replying to it in English, through the medium of your kind interpretation. I would not on any account deprive him of a production, of which I really think more than I have even *said*, though you are good enough not to be dissatisfied even with that; but whenever it is completed, it would give me the greatest pleasure to have a *copy*—but *how* to keep it secret? literary secrets are like others. By changing the names, or at least omitting several, and altering the circumstances indicative of the writer's real station or situation, the author would render it a most amusing publication. His countrymen have not been treated, either in a literary or personal point of view, with such deference in English recent works as to lay him under any very great national obligation of forbearance; and really the remarks are so true and *piquants*, that I cannot bring myself to wish their suppression; though, as Dangle[1] says, "He is *my* friend," many of these personages "were *my friends*," but much such friends as Dangle and his allies.

I return you Dr. Parr's letter[2]—I have met him at Payne Knight's and elsewhere, and he did me the honour once to be a patron of mine, although a great friend of the other branch of the House of Atreus, and the Greek teacher (I believe) of my *moral* Clytemnestra—I say *moral*, because it is true, and is so useful to the virtuous, that it enables them to do any thing without the aid of an Ægistheus.

1. *The Critic*, act i. sc. 1.
2. For Dr. Parr, see *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 261, *note* 1. He was brought into contact with Payne Knight over "Faddle" in 1799 (Johnstone's *Works of Samuel Parr*, vol. i. pp. 618–622).

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I beg my compliments to Lady B., Miss P.,[1] and your *Alfred*. I think, since his Majesty of the same name, there has not been such a learned surveyor of our Saxon society.

Ever yours most truly,

N. B.

April 9, 1823.

P.S.—I salute Miledi, Mademoiselle Mama, and the illustrious Chevalier Count D'Orsay; who, I hope, will continue his history of "his own times." There are some strange coincidences between a part of his remarks and a certain work of mine, now in MS. in England, (I do not mean the hermetically sealed Memoirs, but a continuation of certain cantos of a certain poem,) especially in *what* a *man* may do in London with impunity while he is "*à la mode*";[2] which I think it well to state, that he may not suspect me of taking advantage of his confidence. The observations are very general.

1069.—To John Hunt.[3]

April 9th 1823.

SIR,—I add a few lines to what I wrote last week to request that you will have the goodness to mention to Mr. K.[d] that it is essential for me to have the remaining Cantos in proof immediately, that I may correct the

1. Miss Mary Anne Power, Lady Blessington's youngest sister, married (1832) the Baron de St. Marsault.

2. See *Don Juan*, Canto XII. stanza 23—

"... O my gentle Juan!
Thou art in London—in that pleasant place,
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing
Which can await warm youth in its wild race," etc.

3. Printed in facsimile for subscribers to the *Literary Guardian* for June 16, 1832, vol. ii. p. 160.

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press; as also those of "the Island," a poem in four Cantos now received in London. The number of *un*-published C^os^ of *D*[*on*] *J*[*uan*] (including the 15th lately sent) is *ten* in all, forming three series (?), or even three *vols* with only *nine*—allowing *three* for *each*.

Yours, in great haste,

N. B.

P.S.—I open my letter (so do not calumniate the post) to say that I have just seen a young man, late Clerk to Galignani of Paris, who tells me that of all my works *D. Juan* is the most popular, and sells doubly in proportion,—especially amongst the women who send for it the more that it is abused.

Now what is the motive of Mr. K's delay or demur, I cannot tell. He must be taken in by some plot or circulating lie of the bookselling Leviathan, to disgust me, or to appall him. I do not know who may be or who *should* be the publisher; but I should see little difficulty in finding one. As to the reviewers, leave me to fight with them. I have "bobbit it weel" with them *once*, and "Gin it be na weel bobbit—weel bobbit—weel bobbit—"Gin it be na weel bobbit—we'll bobbit."[1]

1070.—To the Earl of Blessington.

April 14, 1823.

I am truly sorry that I cannot accompany you in your ride this morning, owing to a violent pain in my face, arising from a wart to which I by medical advice applied a caustic. Whether I put too much, I do not know; but the consequence is, that not only I have been put to some pain, but the peccant part and its immediate

1. "If it wasna weel bobbit," etc.—*Heart of Midlothian*, chap. xxxix.

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environ are as black as if the printer's devil had marked me for an author. As I do not wish to frighten your horses, or their riders, I shall postpone waiting upon you until six o'clock, when I hope to have subsided into a more christian-like resemblance to my fellow-creatures. My infliction has partially extended even to my fingers; for on trying to get the black from off my upper lip at least, I have only transferred a portion thereof to my right hand, and neither lemon-juice nor eau de Cologne, nor any other eau, have been able as yet to redeem it also from a more inky appearance than is either proper or pleasant. But "out, damn'd spot"—you may have perceived something of the kind yesterday; for on my return, I saw that during my visit it had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished; and I could not help laughing at the figure I must have cut before you. At any rate, I shall be with you at six, with the advantage of twilight.

Ever most truly, etc.

Eleven o'clock.

P.S.—I wrote the above at three this morning. I regret to say that the whole of the skin of about an *inch* square above my upper lip has come off, so that I cannot even shave or masticate, and I am equally unfit to appear at your table, and to partake of its hospitality. Will you therefore pardon me, and not mistake this rueful excuse for a "*make-believe*," as you will soon recognise whenever I have the pleasure of meeting you again, and I will call the moment I am, in the nursery phrase, "fit to be seen." Tell Lady B., with my compliments, that I am rummaging my papers for a MS. worthy of her acceptation. I have just seen the younger Count Gamba; and as I cannot prevail on his infinite modesty to take the field

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without me, I must take this piece of diffidence on myself also, and beg your indulgence for both.

1071.—To the Earl of Blessington.

April 14th, 1823.

MY DEAR LORD,—I was not in the way when your note came. I have only time to thank you, and to send the Galignani's. My face is better in fact, but worse in appearance, with a very *scurvy* aspect; but I expect it to be well in a day or two. I will subscribe to the Improving Society.

Yours in haste, but ever,

NOEL BYRON.

1072.—To the Count D'Orsay.

April 22, 1823.

My dear Count D'Orsay (if you will permit me to address you so familiarly), you should be content with writing in your own language, like Grammont,[1] and succeeding in London as nobody has succeeded since the days of Charles the Second and the records of Antonio Hamilton, without deviating into our barbarous language, —which you understand and write, however, much better than it deserves.

My "approbation," as you are pleased to term it, was very sincere, but perhaps not very impartial; for, though I love my country, I do not love my countrymen—at least, such as they now are. And, besides the seduction of talent and wit in your work, I fear that to me there

1. Anthony Hamilton (1646–1720) wrote the *Mémoires de la Vie du Comte de Grammont, contenant particulièrement L'Histoire Amoureuse de la Cour d'Angleterre sous le Règne de Charles II.*, the first edition of which was published at Cologne in 1713.

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was the attraction of vengeance. I have *seen* and *felt* much of what you have described so well. I have known the persons, and the re-unions so described,—(many of them, that is to say,) and the portraits are so like that I cannot but admire the painter no less than his performance.

But I am sorry for you; for if you are so well acquainted with life at your age, what will become of you when the illusion is still more dissipated? But never mind—*en avant!*—live while you can; and that you may have the full enjoyment of the many advantages of youth, talent, and figure, which you possess, is the wish of an—Englishman,—I suppose, but it is no treason; for my mother was Scotch, and my name and my family are both Norman; and as for myself, I am of no country. As for my "Works," which you are pleased to mention, let them go to the Devil, from whence (if you believe many persons) they came.

I have the honour to be your obliged, etc., etc.

1073.—To the Earl of Blessington.

April 22nd, 1823.

MILOR,—I received your billet at dinner, which was a good one—with a sprinkling of female foreigners, who, I dare say, were very agreeable. As I have formed a sullen resolution about presentations, which I never break (above once a month), I begged —— to dispense me from being introduced, and intrigued for myself a place as far remote as possible from his fair guests, and very near a bottle of the best wine to confirm my misogyny. After coffee, I had accomplished my retreat as far as the hall, on full tilt towards your *thé*, which I was very eager to partake of, when I was arrested by

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—— requesting that I would make my bow to the French Ambassadress, who it seems is a Dillon, Irish, but born or bred in America; has been pretty, and is a *blue*, and of course entitled to the homage of all persons who have been printed. I returned, and it was then too late to detain Miss P—— over the tea-urn. I beg you to accept my regrets, and present my regards to Milady, and Miss P——, and Comte Alfred, and believe me

Ever yours,
NOEL BYRON.

1074.—To the Earl of Blessington.

April 23rd, 1823.

MY DEAR LORD,—I thank you for quizzing me and my "learned Thebans." I assure you, my notions on that score are limited to getting away with a whole skin, or sleeping quietly with a broken one, in some of my old Glens where I used to dream in my former excursions. I should prefer a grey Greek stone over me to Westminster Abbey; but I doubt if I shall have the luck to die so happily. A lease of my "body's length"[1] is all the land which I should covet in that quarter.

What the Honourable Dug [Kinnaird] and his Committee may decide, I do not know, and still less what I may decide (for I am not famous for decision) for myself; but if I could do any good in any way, I should be happy to contribute thereto, and without *éclat*. I have seen enough of that in my time, to rate it at its value. I wish *you* were upon that Committee, for I think you would set them going one way or the other; at present they seem a little dormant. I dare not venture to *dine* with you to-morrow, nor indeed any day this week; for

1. *Henry VI.*, Part III. act v. sc 2.

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three days of dinners during the last seven days, have made me so head-achy and sulky, that it will take me a whole Lent to subside again into anything like independence of sensation from the pressure of materialism. * * * * But I shall take my chance of finding you the first fair morning for a visit.

Ever yours,

NOEL BYRON.

1075.—To Charles F. Barry.[1]

April 25th 1823.

DEAR SIR,—I have not employed any one to "take "up a vessel for me at Leghorn:" I have merely requested some information on the subject of a Genoese ship, which has been mentioned as adapted for the voyage, in case it should take place.

The case of Snuff-boxes, which your Partners of Leghorn have expedited, is of some value—considerably more than the insurance: they are of English manufacture, all save one, which is Parisian. I am not aware whether there will or will not be difficulties in the extraction from the Dogana; but, as private property—not merchandise—and part of my furniture, I should hope that permission may be obtained. I shall apply to the Consul or to our Minister, if necessary.

Mr. Webb has done well in transferring my balance of monies to Genoa. I wish to know if it is to remain on the same footing in the bank here, or how? I mean with regard to ye interest hitherto allowed upon the original sum.

My Pisa lawsuit was a very trifling one—originally

1. A partner in the firm of Messrs. Webb & Co., bankers, of Genoa and Leghorn.

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about the discussion of some five pounds sterling, swoln by the scoundrel Pisan Attorneys to about *ten*—more or less. As it is not agreeable to be cheated by these rascals, or to be exposed to their Chicanery and vexatious proceedings, to which I will never submit, I hope you will not disapprove my having transferred the funds, on which they might have tried to fix their claws, to this place. Had either their pretensions, or the decision of their tribunals (with whose iniquities in all cases regarding a foreigner you may be acquainted by report or by experience of their injustice), been in any degree fair, I need hardly add that I would never have disputed the point: it is not the *amount*, but the mode of their proceedings, which I reclaim against. Whether they can transfer their cause, or pretended cause, here, I know not; but *they* say that they can: we shall see if it be so—at any rate I will "try conclusions with "them."[1]

I have the honour to be

Your very obed^{t} humble serv^{t}

N. B.

1076.—To the Countess of Blessington.

May 3, 1823.

DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—My request would be for a copy of the miniature of Lady B. which I have seen in possession of the late Lady Noel, as I have no picture, or indeed memorial of any kind of Lady B., as all her letters were in her own possession before I left England, and we have had no correspondence since—at least on her part.

My message, with regard to the infant, is simply to

1. *Merchant of Venice*, act ii. sc. 2.

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this effect—that in the event of any accident occurring to the mother, and my remaining the survivor, it would be my wish to have her plans carried into effect, both with regard to the education of the child, and the person or persons under whose care Lady B. might be desirous that she should be placed. It is not my intention to interfere with her in any way on the subject during her life; and I presume that it would be some consolation to her to know, (if she is in ill health, as I am given to understand,) that in *no* case would any thing be done, as far as I am concerned, but in strict conformity with Lady B.'s own wishes and intentions—left in what manner she thought proper.

Believe me, dear Lady B., your obliged, etc.

1077.—To Madame Sergent-Marceau.[1]

Genoa, 5 Maggio, 1823.

STIMATISSIMA SIGNORA,—La di lei lettera mi onora —e niuno presente ella potea farmi che mi fosse più

1. Byron's fine lines on Marceau (1769–1796), a general at twenty-two, who was killed at Altenkirchen (*Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanzas lvi., lvii.), were inspired by the landlord of the inn at Coblentz, in 1816. Marceau, while serving in La Vendée, was denounced as a Loyalist by the Deputy Bourbotte, and with difficulty repelled the charge. Shortly afterwards he saved Bourbotte from being taken prisoner, at the risk of his own life. Bourbotte's gratitude was the stepping-stone of Marceau's "brief, brave, and "glorious" career.

Madame Sergent, to whom Byron's letter is written, was the half-sister of the young general, and to her care he owed his education. Her husband, formerly a member of the Mountain, one of those who voted for the death of Louis XVI., and Robespierre's secretary, was in 1823 living with his wife at Milan. There he had collected in a little volume all the historical notices of Marceau's life and character. The preparation of the book suggested to Madame Sergent the following letter, to which Byron's is an answer:—

"Milan, 30 Janvier, 1823.

"MY LORD,—Il y a peu de jours qu'un ami m'a apporté un "volume de vos poëmes pour me faire lire un passage du plus vif

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grato della Operetta in cui sono così bene descritte le azioni del di lei fratello, la cui memoria io venero.

Ho letto questa Operetta col più vivo piacere, ed ho sentito sempre più nel leggerla quanto l'omaggio da me reso alla memoria di codesto giovine Eroe è ancora ben inferiore di quello che egli meriterebbe; ma almeno è sincero. In quanto poi all' osservazione del Signor Sergent-Marceau sopra la nota 13, mi faccio un dovere di rispondergli essere io stato informato di quanto scrissi dal locandiere dell' Albergo situato sul Reno dirimpetto alla fortezza, ed ella mi obbligherà se compiacerà notificar ciò, per parte mia, al suddetto Signore: e nel rinnovarle le mie più sincere proteste di riconoscenza, colla maggiore stima, ho l'onore di dirmi, Di lei gentile Signora

Devot^mo^ osseq^mo^ Servitore,

NOEL BYRON,

pair d' Angleterre.

"intérêt pour moi, et dont mon époux m'a donné la traduction. "Sœur ainée du general Marceau, que j'ai même élevé, et sa "meilleure amie, je ne pouvais être indifferente à la lecture des "deux strophes que vous avez consacrés à sa mémoire dans votre "troisième chant de *Childe Harold*. C'est un honneur de plus "accordé à ce jeune guerrier que d'avoir été chanté par vous. "Toute l'Europe lit vos ouvrages et admire votre génie; elle "jugera que Marceau ne fut pas un homme ordinaire si le lord "Byron a repandu des fleurs sur sa tombe et lui a consacré quelques "vers. La réputation du poëte ajoute encore du prix à celle du "guerrier. Je vous remercie du plus profond de mon cœur, car ma "tendresse pour mon élève lui survit et croit devoir de la recon- "naissance à ceux qui l'honorent. Agréez, my lord, le petit "ouvrage que je vous offre, par lequel vous serez instruit de la "vérité de ses glorieux momens derniers, et vous trouverez dans "cet écrit le ton d'un ami pur et franc de la liberté. J'ai eu le "plaisir de recevoir des rois de France et de Prusse et de l'archiduc "Charles un nouveau témoignage de l'opinion qu'ils avoient du "mérite et des vertus de mon frère; cependant deux strophes de "votre poëme sont pour moi une couronne que j'estime plus, car "elles iront à la posterité avec votre nom."

M. Sergent, who survived his wife many years, died in 1847 (*Courrier de Marseilles*, July 28, 1847).

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1078.—To John Cam Hobhouse.[1]

Genoa, May 5, 1823.

My dear Hobhouse,—This will be presented to you by my friend, Capt T. Medwin,[2] who, at my request, will

1. Reprinted from the facsimile given in Medwin's *Conversations*.

2. Thomas Medwin (1788–1869) was doubly connected with Shelley. Shelley's grandmother, Mary Mitchell, and Medwin's grandfather were first cousins. Shelley's mother, Elizabeth Pilfold, and Medwin's mother were also first cousins. Four years older than his cousin, Medwin was a big boy at Sion House Academy, Brentford, when Shelley first went there to school, and the two boys often spent their holidays together. Later on they collaborated in literature, working together (1809–10) at the prose romance *Nightmare*, and the poem of *The Wandering Jew*. In 1811 Medwin had chambers in Garden Court, in the Temple. There, in March, at four in the morning, Shelley announced his expulsion from Oxford (Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, vol. i. p. 127). Two years later they parted; not to meet again till 1820. In the interval Medwin had entered the army, become a lieutenant in the 24th Dragoons, served in India, and experienced some of the adventures described in his *Angler in Wales* (1834). On the title-page of that work he describes himself as "late of the First Life Guards;" Trelawny (*Records*, p. 7) speaks of him in 1820 as living at the *Maison aux Grenades*, Geneva, with Williams and another brother-officer, and as being a lieutenant on half-pay, late of the 8th Dragoons. "He talked," says Trelawny, "of nothing but the inspired boy [Shelley], his "virtues and sufferings, so that, irrespective of his genius, we all "longed to know him." Medwin, who thus became the link which associated both Trelawny and Williams with Shelley and Byron, was invited by Shelley to Pisa. He arrived on Sunday, October 22, 1820 (Mary Shelley's Diary: *Life and Letters*, vol. i. p. 270). At first the visit was a success. Medwin knew Spanish, and read it with Shelley; but he was small-minded, full of tittle-tattle, vain, egotistical, and proved to be, to use Mrs. Shelley's phrase (Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 365), a *seccatura*, in other words a bore. His *Memoir of Percy Bysshe Shelley* was published in 1833.

Medwin soon attached himself to Byron. "You should know," said Trelawny to Byron (*Records*, p. 23), "Medwin is taking notes "of your talk. . . . Medwin has no design to lie about you; he is "credulous, and will note your idle words." The caution, as Mrs. Shelley warned Trelawny, only made Byron talk more wildly in the company of his would-be Boswell. Lady Blessington told Crabb Robinson (*Diary of H. Crabb Robinson*, vol. iii. p. 13) that Byron "was aware that Medwin meant to print what he said, and "purposely *hummed* him." It is not unlikely that this was the case. But Medwin's *Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron, noted during a residence with his Lordship at Pisa in the Years* 1821 *and*

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introduce himself to you as Member of the Greek Committee, and explain some plan that he has formed with regard to offering his services to the Greeks,—a subject in which we are all interested. I need not say more

1822, published in 1824, is valuable as a record of Byron's random talk, and as a specimen of the evidence on which strangers formed impressions of his character. The good taste of the publication is another question. Scrope Davies, writing to Mrs. Leigh from Ostend, September 22, 1824, says in an unpublished letter, "I have "lately met here a Mr. Hay, who was with B. in the affray with the "military at Milan (*sic*). He (Mr. H.) is a dull, but matter-of-fact "man, and as such his information is interesting. H. says that the "gentleman, whose name is in the papers (it begins with an M) as "about to become B.'s Boswell, is a perfect idiot; and he suspects "Mr. M. to be the stalking-horse to Mrs. Shelley (Godwin's "daughter), whom he describes as not incapable of the task" (Brit. Mus. 31,037, f. 86). As a fact, Medwin asked Mrs. Shelley to help him. "Have you heard of Medwin's book?" she asks Mrs. Hunt, October 10, 1824 (*Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 127). "Notes of "conversations which he had with Lord Byron (when tipsy): every "one is to be in it; every one will be angry. He wanted me to "have a hand in it, but I declined." Murray and Hobhouse both wrote pamphlets contradicting Medwin's statements. To his valet Byron was probably best known, and Fletcher gives his opinion of the book in the following extract from a letter to Mrs. Leigh (Brit. Mus. 31,037, f. 105):—

"I was onley Affraid of Loseing time—And I instantly Set To "work the Same evening in marking out Passages which I Could "Positively sware being false. . . . But at the Same time any "one must say why this must be onley a Mass of falsehoods "Gleaned from one or a Nother, And No Conversation's of my "Lord's, Which Mr Murray says after this appears no one will "ever believe a word of it. I think he has used Mr Murray ex- "treamley ill In Speaking of him in the way he did; for my Lord "I have herd him many and many times Speak so very Kind of him "in his Greatest Distress, which had not Escaped the Eyes of "Mr Murray while in Piccadilly, which Proved him to be a Reale "frind in Need, which onley few Comes forward then. But my "Lord Told me he Refused to Except any thing from him but Said "he Should ever Remember its has the Kindest Thing he ever "Experenced, And not more then a month Before the Fatal Day "My Lord was Speaking of him to me in the kindest way. Be "Assured, Madam, I will Not Lose one Moment in Doing All that "I Can do. In the First Place My *Duty* Calls for it being done, "And In the Seacond *Place* my *Will* (or I had not Now been In "London). Be Assured, Madam, My Lord's *Memory* Shall Never "be *insulted* while I *Can* Do him *Justice*."

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than that any attention to him will be appreciated by me as an additional obligation due to you on the part of

Yours ever,

N. B.

1079.—To Edward Le Mesurier, R.N.[1]

Villa Saluzzo, May 5th 1823.

SIR,—I have received with great gratitude your present of the Newfoundland dog. Few gifts could have been more gratifying, as I have ever been partial to the breed. He shall be taken the greatest care of, and I would not part with him for any consideration; he is already a chief favourite with the whole house.

I have the honour to be,

Your much obliged and very faithful servant,

NOEL BYRON.

1080.—To the Countess of Blessington.

Albaro, May 6, 1823.

MY DEAR LADY * * *,—I send you the letter which I had forgotten,[2] and the book,[3] which I ought to have

1. Edward Le Mesurier (1796–1855) entered the Navy in 1806. He left the service as a lieutenant, and spent the rest of his life in Italy (R. Edgcumbe). "Lyon" became Byron's constant companion. "With Lyon," says Parry (*Last Days*, p. 75), "Lord "Byron was accustomed, not only to associate, but to commune very "much, and very often. His most usual phrase was, 'Lyon, you "are no rogue;' or, 'Lyon,' his Lordship would say, 'thou art "an honest fellow, Lyon.' The dog's eyes sparkled, and his tail "swept the floor as he sat with his haunches on the ground. 'Thou "art more faithful than men, Lyon; I trust thee more.' Lyon "sprang up, and barked and bounded round his master, as much as "to say, 'You may trust me; I will watch actively on every side.' "'Lyon, I love thee; thou art my faithful dog!' And Lyon "jumped and kissed his master's hand as an acknowledgment of his "homage."

2. See *Letters*, vol. v. pp. 479–481.

3. *Adolphe*, by M. Benjamin Constant.

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remembered. It contains (the book, I mean,) some melancholy truths; though I believe that it is too triste a work ever to have been popular. The first time I ever read it (not the edition I send you,—for I got it since,) was at the desire of Madame de Stael, who was supposed by the good-natured world to be the heroine;—which she was not, however, and was furious at the supposition. This occurred in Switzerland, in the summer of 1816, and the last season in which I ever saw that celebrated person.

I have a request to make to my friend Alfred (since he has not disdained the title), viz. that he would condescend to add a *cap* to the gentleman in the jacket,[1]—it would complete his costume,—and smooth his brow, which is somewhat too inveterate a likeness of the original, God help me!

I did well to avoid the water-party,—*why*, is a mystery, which is not less to be wondered at than all my other mysteries. Tell Milor that I am deep in his MS., and will do him justice by a diligent perusal.

The letter which I enclose I was prevented from sending by my despair of its doing any good. I was perfectly sincere when I wrote it, and am so still. But it is difficult for me to withstand the thousand provocations on that subject, which both friends and foes have for seven years been throwing in the way of a man whose feelings were once quick, and whose temper was never patient. But "returning were as tedious as go o'er."[2] I feel this as much as ever Macbeth did; and it is a dreary sensation, which at least avenges the real or imaginary wrongs of one of the two unfortunate persons whom it concerns.

1. For the portrait, see *Letters*, vol. v., *Frontispiece*.
2. *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 4.

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But I am going to be gloomy;—so "to bed, to bed."[1] Good night,—or rather morning. One of the reasons why I wish to avoid society is, that I can never sleep after it, and the pleasanter it has been the less I rest.

Ever most truly, etc., etc.

1081.—To the Earl of Blessington.

May 7th, 1823.

MY DEAR LORD,—I return the poesy, which will form a new light to lighten the Irish, and will, I hope, be duly appreciated by the public. I have not returned *Mileds's* verses, because I am not aware of the error she mentions, and see no reason for the alteration; however, if she insists, I must be conformable. I write in haste, having a visitor.

Ever yours, very truly,

NOEL BYRON.

1082.—To John Bowring.[2]

Genoa, May 12, 1823.

SIR,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging your letter, and the honour which the Committee have done

1. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 1.

2. John, afterwards (1854) Sir John, Bowring (1792–1872) was at this time acting as honorary secretary to the Greek Committee. Master of many languages, a voluminous writer, first editor of the *Westminster Review*, disciple, editor, and biographer of Jeremy Bentham, he is, perhaps, most generally remembered by his hymn, "In the cross of Christ I glory." His public career was distinguished. An authority on commerce and finance, an ardent free-trader, one of the founders of the Anti-Corn Law League, he was M.P. for Bolton from 1841 to 1847. Through his efforts the florin was issued. As Consul at Canton, he passed, in 1847, into the service of the Crown, and acted (1854–60) as Plenipotentiary to China, Japan, Siam, etc. His conduct in China was attacked, in February, 1857, by Cobden, who, disclaiming personal feeling

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me:—I shall endeavour to deserve their confidence by every means in my power. My first wish is to go up into the Levant in person, where I might be enabled to advance, if not the cause, at least the means of obtaining information which the Committee might be desirous of acting upon; and my former residence in the country, my familiarity with the Italian language, (which is there universally spoken, or at least to the same extent as French in the more polished parts of the Continent,) and my *not* total ignorance of the Romaic, would afford me some advantages of experience. To this project the only objection is of a domestic nature,[1] and I shall try to get over it;—if I fail in this, I must do what I can where I am; but it will be always a source of regret to me, to think that I might perhaps have done more for the cause on the spot.

Our last information of Captain Blaquiere is from Ancona, where he embarked with a fair wind for Corfu, on the 15th ult.; he is now probably at his destination. My last letter *from* him personally was dated Rome; he had been refused a passport through the Neapolitan territory, and returned to strike up through Romagna for

against an acquaintance of twenty years' standing, denounced the bombardment of Canton. Supported by the Conservatives, he carried his motion against Lord Palmerston's Government, which resigned. Parliament was dissolved; but at the General Election Bowring's action was supported by the country. Parts of Byron's letter to Bowring were published, to the writer's professed annoyance, in *The Globe and Traveller* for June 2, 1823.

1. Byron's indecision in May was not unnatural, though Trelawny (*Records*, pp. 182, 183 and 188, 189) makes the most, and worst, of it. Mrs. Shelley's perception of the situation is more just. Writing to Trelawny, May 10, 1823 (*Life, etc., of M. W. Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 75), she says, "Do you go to Greece? Lord Byron continues in "the same mind. The G—— is an obstacle, and certainly her "situation is rather a difficult one. But he does not seem disposed "to make a mountain of her resistance, and he is far more able to "take a decided than a petty step in contradiction to the wishes of "those about him."

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Ancona:—little time, however, appears to have been lost by the delay.

The principal material[1] wanted by the Greeks appears to be, first, a park of field artillery—light, and fit for mountain-service; secondly, gunpowder; thirdly, hospital or medical stores. The readiest mode of

1. At Edinburgh, August 21, 1822, a meeting was held on behalf of the Greeks, and £500 subscribed. In London the first public meeting in favour of Greek independence was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, May 15, 1823, at which Sir J. Mackintosh was the chief speaker. One of the resolutions was moved by Hobhouse. A Committee was appointed, and subscriptions were invited. A similar meeting was held at the same place in favour of Spanish independence, May 27, at which Hobhouse was also present. Byron's practical advice in this letter is in amusing contrast with Colonel Leicester Stanhope's account of the Committee's objects in the report of his speech to the Swiss Committee at Zurich (*Greece in* 1823 *and* 1824, pp. 7–9)—

"To communicate knowledge to the Greeks was an object the "Committee had near at heart. From this source spring order, "morality, freedom, and power. The venerable Bentham . . . "had employed his days and his nights in contemplating and "writing on the constitution of Greece, and in framing for her a "body of rational laws, the most useful of human offerings. . . . "The Committee had sent out lithographic and other presses to "Greece, and hoped soon to hear of their having been instrumental "in the diffusion of knowledge. The Committee and the Quakers "both contemplated sending out schoolmasters. . . . The Com- "mittee contemplated sending to Greece many elementary works "on education, on the sciences, on agriculture, and on the art of "war." Finally he speaks of their military preparations as being the object the Committee had most at heart.

The Greek Committee mismanaged its affairs, and the two Greek loans exposed it to severe criticism, not wholly unmerited. The author of *The Greek Bubble* (London, 1826) denounces the financial operations, with the second of which the Committee was not concerned—

"Roused by the sound of liberty and scrip,
To arms, to arms, belligerent brokers skip;
Loud rings the cry of freedom far and wide:
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side.
Contractors, weeping over Grecian wounds,
Pocket their four-and-sixty thousand pounds.
. . . . . .
Long was each lender's visage—long and sad—
Heave, Hellas, heave the sigh; but, Hebrew hearts, be glad!"

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transmission is, I hear, by Idra, addressed to Mr. Negri,[1] the minister. I meant to send up a certain quantity of the two latter—no great deal—but enough for an individual to show his good wishes for the Greek success,—but am pausing, because, in case I should go myself, I can take them with me. I do not want to limit my own contribution to this merely, but more especially, if I can get to Greece myself, I should devote whatever resources I can muster of my own, to advancing the great object. I am in correspondence with Signor Nicolas Karrellas (well known to Mr. Hobhouse), who is now at Pisa; but his latest advice merely stated, that the Greeks are at present employed in organising their *internal* government, and the details of its administration: this would seem to indicate *security*, but the war is however far from being terminated.

The Turks are an obstinate race, as all former wars have proved them, and will return to the charge for years to come, even if beaten, as it is to be hoped they will be. But in no case can the labours of the Committee be said to be in vain; for in the event even of the Greeks being subdued, and dispersed, the funds which could be employed in succouring and gathering together the remnant, so as to alleviate in part their distresses, and enable them to find or make a country (as so many emigrants of other nations have been compelled to do),

1. Theodore Negris, "an active, able, intriguing, ambitious, and "unprincipled Phanariot" (Finlay's *History of Greece*, ed. 1877, vol. vi. p. 237). Negris, at the outbreak of the Greek Revolution, had been appointed Ottoman *chargé d'affaires* at Paris. He gave up his credentials, and joined the insurgents. Gordon (*History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. i. p. 267) says that Negris, "in a dwarfish "body, concealed a mind of fire, and was one of the most acute, "cunning, and unprincipled politicians that the fanar of Constan- "tinople ever gave birth to." He was the chief adviser of Odysseus in 1823-24.

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would "bless both those who gave and those who took,"[1] as the bounty both of justice and of mercy.

With regard to the formation of a brigade, (which Mr. Hobhouse hints at in his short letter of this day's receipt, enclosing the one to which I have the honour to reply,) I would presume to suggest—but merely as an opinion, resulting rather from the melancholy experience of the brigades embarked in the Columbian service[2] than from any experiment yet fairly tried in GREECE,—that the attention of the Committee had better perhaps be directed to the employment of *officers* of experience than the enrolment of *raw British* soldiers, which latter are apt to be unruly, and not very serviceable, in irregular warfare, by the side of foreigners. A small body of good officers, especially artillery; an engineer, with quantity (such as the Committee might deem requisite) of stores of the nature which Captain Blaquiere indicated as most wanted, would, I should conceive, be a highly useful accession. Officers, also, who had previously served in the Mediterranean would be preferable, as some knowledge of Italian is nearly indispensable.

It would also be as well that they should be aware, that they are not going "to rough it on a beef-steak and "bottle of port,"—but that Greece—never, of late years, very plentifully stocked for a *mess*—is at present the country of all kinds of *privations*. This remark may seem superfluous; but I have been led to it, by observing that

1. "The quality of mercy . . . blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."—*Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

2. In December, 1819, New Grenada and Venezuela united as the Republic of Columbia, with "El Libertador," Bolivar (1783-1830), as President. Byron, as Trelawny notes (*Records*, p. 200), was fond of reading Hippisley's *Narrative of the Expedition to the Rivers Orinoco and Apuré, in South America*, published by Murray in 1819. In it the author, "late Colonel of the First Venezuelan "Hussars," describes his experiences under Bolivar.

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many *foreign* officers, Italian, French, and even Germans (but *fewer* of the *latter*), have returned in disgust, imagining either that they were going up to make a party of pleasure, or to enjoy full pay, speedy promotion, and a very moderate degree of duty. They complain, too, of having been ill received by the Government or inhabitants; but numbers of these complainants were mere adventurers, attracted by a hope of command and plunder, and disappointed of both. Those Greeks I have seen strenuously deny the charge of inhospitality, and declare that they shared their pittance to the last crum with their foreign volunteers.

I need not suggest to the Committee the very great advantage which must accrue to Great Britain from the success of the Greeks, and their probable commercial relations with England in consequence; because I feel persuaded that the first object of the Committee is their EMANCIPATION, without any interested views. But the consideration might weigh with the English people in general, in their present passion for every kind of speculation,—they need not cross the American seas for one much better worth their while, and nearer home. The resources even for an emigrant population, in the Greek islands alone, are rarely to be paralleled; and the cheapness of every kind of, not *only necessary*, but *luxury*, (that is to say, *luxury* of *nature*,) fruits, wine, oil, etc., in a state of peace, are far beyond those of the Cape, and Van Diemen's Land, and the other places of refuge, which the English people are searching for over the waters.

I beg that the Committee will command me in any and every way. If I am favoured with any instructions, I shall endeavour to obey them to the letter, whether conformable to my own private opinion or not. I beg

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leave to add, personally, my respect for the gentleman whom I have the honour of addressing,

And am, Sir, your obliged, etc.

P.S.—The best refutation of Gell[1] will be the active exertions of the Committee;—I am too warm a controversialist; and I suspect that if Mr. Hobhouse have taken him in hand, there will be little occasion for me to "encumber him with help."[2] If I go up into the country, I will endeavour to transmit as accurate and impartial an account as circumstances will permit.

I shall write to Mr. Karrellas. I expect intelligence from Captain Blaquiere, who has promised me some early intimation from the seat of the Provisional Government. I gave him a letter of introduction to Lord Sydney Osborne, at Corfu; but as Lord S. is in the government service, of course his reception could only be a *cautious* one.

1083.—To the Earl of Blessington.

May 14th, 1823.

MY DEAR LORD,—I avize you that the Reading Association have received numbers of English publications, which you may like to see, and as you are a Member should avail yourself of early. I have just

1. Byron alludes to a sentence in Sir William Gell's *Narrative of a Journey in the Morea* (ed. 1823, p. 295): "The free Greeks "of Maina would, however, receive more benefit than the rest by "any change which might take place, and I know of none which "must be so desirable to any Mainote of common sense, if such "exist, as that of being suddenly placed under the dominion of "Russia."

2. "Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on "a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached "ground, encumbers him with help?"—Dr. Johnson to Lord Chesterfield, February 7, 1755 (*Boswell's Life*, ed. G. B. Hill, vol. i. p. 262).

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returned my share before its time, having kept the books *one* day instead of *five*, which latter is the utmost allowance. The rules obliged me to forward it to a Monsieur G——, as next in rotation. If you have anything for England, a gentleman with some law papers of mine returns there to-morrow (Thursday), and would be happy to convey anything for you.

Ever yours, and truly,

NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—I request you to present my compliments to Lady Blessington, Miss Power, and Comte D'Orsay.

1084.—To Lady ——

May 17, 1823.

My voyage to Greece will depend upon the Greek Committee (in England) partly, and partly on the instructions which some persons now in Greece on a private mission may be pleased to send me. I am a member, lately elected, of the said Committee; and my object in going up would be to do any little good in my power;—but as there are some *pros* and *cons* on the subject, with regard to how far the intervention of strangers may be advisable, I know no more than I tell you; but we shall probably hear something soon from England and Greece, which may be more decisive.

With regard to the late person (Lord Londonderry[1]), whom you hear that I have attacked, I can only say that a bad minister's memory is as much an object of investigation as his conduct while alive,—for his measures do not die with him like a private individual's notions.

1. In the first number of *The Liberal* (p. 164) Byron published three epigrams on Castlereagh.

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He is a matter of *history;* and, wherever I find a tyrant or a villain, *I will mark him.* I attacked him no more than I had been wont to do. As to the *Liberal*,—it was a publication set up for the advantage of a persecuted author and a very worthy man. But it was foolish in me to engage in it; and so it has turned out—for I have hurt myself without doing much good to those for whose benefit it was intended.

Do *not defend* me—it will never do—you will only make *yourself* enemies.

Mine are neither to be diminished nor softened, but they may be overthrown; and there are events which may occur, less improbable than those which have happened in our time, that may reverse the present state of things—*nous verrons.* * * * *

I send you this gossip that you may laugh at it, which is all it is good for, if it is even good for so much. I shall be delighted to see you again; but it will be melancholy, should it be only for a moment.

Ever yours,

N. B.

1085.—To James Holmes.[1]

Genoa, May 19th 1823.

DEAR SIR,—I will thank you very much to present to, or obtain for, the bearer—a print from the miniature you drew of me in 1815.—I prefer that likeness to any which has been done of me by any artist whatever.—My sister, Mrs. Leigh, or the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird will pay you the price of the engraving.

Ever yours,

NOEL BYRON.

1. For James Holmes, see *Letters*, vol. v. p. 262, *note* 1.

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1086.—To John Bowring.

Genoa, May 21, 1823.

SIR,—I received yesterday the letter of the Committee, dated the 14th of March. What has occasioned the delay, I know not. It was forwarded by Mr. Galignani, from Paris, who stated that he had only had it in his charge four days, and that it was delivered to him by a Mr. Grattan. I need hardly say that I gladly accede to the proposition of the Committee, and hold myself highly honoured by being deemed worthy to be a member. I have also to return my thanks, particularly to yourself, for the accompanying letter, which is extremely flattering.

Since I last wrote to you, through the medium of Mr. Hobhouse, I have received and forwarded a letter from Captain Blaquiere to me, from Corfu, which will show how he gets on. Yesterday I fell in with two young Germans, survivors of General Normann's band.[1] They arrived at Genoa in the most deplorable state—without food—without a sou—without shoes. The Austrians had sent them out of their territory on their landing at

1. Charles Frederick Lebrecht, Count of Norman-Ehrenfels (1784-1822), who had joined the Greeks at the head of a band of Germans, was wounded at Petta, July 16, 1822. At Mesolonghi he died shortly afterwards of fever.

Count Pietro Gamba, in his *Narrative of Lord Byron's Last Journey to Greece* (p. 7), thus describes the visit of the two Germans: "On the 1st of May two unfortunate Germans came to "ask charity of his Lordship. They had quitted Greece after the "defeat of the European corps at Petta, and were reduced to the "utmost want. They had landed at Ancona, whence, exposed to "every privation, begging their bread, and sleeping in the open "air, they set out for their own country, and arrived at Genoa, still "having a thousand miles to go. Their situation was most pitiable: "his Lordship relieved them.

"Their accounts of Greece were certainly not encouraging; but, "far from cooling his ardour, they made him more resolved to "proceed." (For political parties in Greece, see Appendix V.)

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Trieste; and they had been forced to come down to Florence, and had travelled from Leghorn here, with four Tuscan *livres* (about three francs) in their pockets. I have given them twenty Genoese scudi (about a hundred and thirty-three livres, French money) and new shoes, which will enable them to get to Switzerland, where they say that they have friends. All that they could raise in Genoa, besides, was thirty *sous*. They do not complain of the Greeks, but say that they have suffered more since their landing in Italy.

I tried their veracity, 1st, by their passports and papers; 2dly, by topography, cross-questioning them about Arta, Argos, Athens, Missolonghi, Corinth, etc.; and, 3dly, in *Romaic*, of which I found one of them, at least, knew more than I do. One of them (they are both of good families) is a fine handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty—a Wirtembergher, and has a look of *Sandt* about him—the other a Bavarian, older and flat-faced, and less ideal, but a great, sturdy, soldier-like personage. The Wirtembergher was in the action at Arta,[1] where the Philhellenists were cut to pieces after killing six hundred Turks, they themselves being only a hundred and fifty in number, opposed to about six or seven thousand; only eight escaped, and of them about three only survived; so that General Normann "posted his ragamuffins where they were well peppered—"not three of the hundred and fifty left alive—and they "are for the town's end for life."

1. The action at Petta, or Arta, a league being the distance between the two places (July 16, 1822), is thus described by Finlay (*History of Greece*, ed. 1877, vol. vi. p. 270): "The Philhellenes were "surrounded, and most of them were immediately shot down; but a "few defended themselves for a short time, and twenty-five forced "their way through the Turks with fixed bayonets. The rest fell "gallantly." (See also Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. i. pp. 387–391.)

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These two left Greece by the direction of the Greeks. When Churschid Pacha[1] overrun the Morea, the Greeks seem to have behaved well, in wishing to save their allies, when they thought that the game was up with themselves. This was in September last (1822): they wandered from island to island, and got from Milo to Smyrna, where the French consul gave them a passport, and a charitable captain a passage to Ancona, whence they got to Trieste, and were turned back by the Austrians. They complain only of the minister (who has always been an indifferent character); say that the Greeks fight very well in their own way, but were at *first* afraid to *fire* their own cannon—but mended with practice.

Adolphe (the younger) commanded at Navarino for a short time; the other, a more material person, "the bold "Bavarian in a luckless hour,"[2] seems chiefly to lament a fast of three days at Argos, and the loss of twenty-five paras a day of pay in arrear, and some baggage at Tripolitza; but takes his wounds, and marches, and battles in very good part. Both are very simple, full of

1. Kurshid Pasha became Governor of the Morea in November, 1820. He had previously been Pasha of Egypt, where he tried to form a corps of Negro soldiers (Burckhardt, *Travels in Arabia*, vol. i. p. 147). To him, in January, 1821, was entrusted the chief command against Ali Pasha of Janina, and, while he was besieging that city, the Greeks overran the Morea. Kurshid, who had left his family at Tripolitza, had to choose between continuing the siege and returning to his Pashalik. He determined to reduce Janina. Finlay (*History of Greece*, vol. vi.) speaks of him as "a "sagacious veteran;" praises (p. 199) his "military combinations "and political moderation;" and speaks of his choice of action as the decision of "a patriot" (p. 90). Janina fell, and Ali was killed, April 5, 1822. In the autumn of the same year Kurshid was executed by order of the Sultan, or (Gordon, *History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. i. p. 453) swallowed poison to escape execution.

2. "The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r," etc.
Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, lines 241, 242.

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naïveté, and quite unpretending; they say the foreigners quarrelled among themselves, particularly the French with the Germans, which produced duels.

The Greeks accept muskets, but throw away *bayonets*, and will *not* be disciplined. When these lads saw two Piedmontese regiments yesterday, they said, "Ah! if we "had but *these* two, we should have cleared the Morea:" in that case the Piedmontese must have behaved better than they did against the Austrians. They seem to lay great stress upon a few regular troops—say that the Greeks have arms and powder in plenty, but want victuals, hospital stores, and lint and linen, etc., and money, very much. Altogether, it would be difficult to show more practical philosophy than this remnant of our "puir hill folk" have done; they do not seem the least cast down, and their way of presenting themselves was as simple and natural as could be. They said, a Dane here had told them that an Englishman, friendly to the Greek cause, was here; and that, as they were reduced to beg their way home, they thought they might as well begin with me. I write in haste to snatch the post.

Believe me, and truly,
Your obliged, etc.

P.S.—I have, since I wrote this, seen them again. Count P. Gamba[1] asked them to breakfast. One of them means to publish his Journal of the campaign. The Bavarian wonders a little that the Greeks are not quite the same with them of the time of Themistocles, (they were not then very tractable, by the by,) and at the difficulty of disciplining them; but he is a *bon homme* and

1. Count Gamba the elder had been invited, in April, 1823, to return to Ravenna, the order for his banishment being withdrawn. But it was one of the conditions that his daughter should leave Byron and return with him.

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a tactician, and a little like Dugald Dalgetty, who would insist upon the erection of "a sconce on the hill of "Drumsnab,"[1] or whatever it was;—the other seems to wonder at nothing.

1087.—To the Earl of Blessington.

May 23rd, 1823.

MY DEAR LORD,—I thought that I *had* answered your note. I ought, and beg you to excuse the omission. I should have called, but I thought my chance of finding you at *home* in the environs, greater than at the hotel. * * * * * I hope you will not take my *not* dining with you again after so many dinners, ill; but the truth is, that your banquets are too luxurious for my habits, and I feel the effect of them in this warm weather for some time after. I am sure you will not be angry, since I have already more than sufficiently abused your hospitality. * * * * I fear that I can hardly afford more than two thousand francs for the steed in question,[2] as I have to undergo considerable expenses at this present time, and I suppose that will not suit you. I must not forget to pay my Irish Subscription. My remembrances to *Miledi*, and to Alfred, and to Miss P——.

Ever yours,

NOEL BYRON.

1088.—To the Earl of Blessington.

May 24th, 1823.

MY DEAR LORD,—I find that I was elected a Member of the Greek Committee in March, but did not

1. *Legend of Montrose*, chap. x.
2. Lady Blessington's horse Mameluke.

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receive the Chairman's notice till yesterday, and this by mere chance, and through a private hand. I am doing all I can to get away, and the Committee and my friends in England seem both to approve of my going up into Greece; but I meet here with obstacles, which have hampered and put me out of spirits, and still keep me in a vexatious state of uncertainty. I began bathing the other day, but the water was still chilly, and in diving for a Genoese *lira* in clear but deep water, I imbibed so much water through my ears, as gave me a *megrim* in my head, which you will probably think a superfluous malady.

Ever yours, obliged and truly,

NOEL BYRON.

1089.—To Henri Beyle.[1]

Genoa, May 29, 1823.

SIR,—At present, that I know to whom I am indebted for a very flattering mention in the *Rome, Naples, and Florence*, in 1817, by Mons. Stendhal, it is fit that I should return my thanks (however undesired or undesirable) to Mons. Beyle, with whom I had the honour of being acquainted at Milan, in 1816. You only did me too much honour in what you were pleased to say in that work; but it has hardly given me less pleasure than the praise itself, to become at length aware (which I have done by mere accident) that I am indebted for it to one of whose good opinion I was really ambitious. So many

1. Reprinted from the Appendix to Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*.

For Henri Beyle, better known by his pseudonym of Stendhal, see *Letters*, vol. iii. pp. 374, 377, 379, 385. For quotations from his *Rome, Naples, et Florence*, with accounts of Byron at Milan and at Venice, see *Letters*, vol. iii. Appendix VIII., and *ibid.*, vol. iv. Appendix IV.

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changes have taken place since that period in the Milan circle, that I hardly dare recur to it;—some dead, some banished, and some in the Austrian dungeons.—Poor Pellico![1] I trust that, in his iron solitude, his Muse is consoling him in part—one day to delight us again, when both she and her Poet are restored to freedom.

Of your works I have only seen *Rome*, etc., the Lives of Haydn and Mozart, and the *brochure* on Racine and Shakespeare. The *Histoire de la Peinture* I have not yet the good fortune to possess.

There is one part of your observations in the pamphlet which I shall venture to remark upon;—it regards Walter Scott. You say that "his character is little "worthy of enthusiasm," at the same time that you mention his productions in the manner they deserve. I have known Walter Scott long and well, and in occasional situations which call forth the *real* character—and I can assure you that his character *is* worthy of admiration—that of all men he is the most *open*, the most *honourable*, the most *amiable*. With his politics I have nothing to do: they differ from mine, which renders it difficult for me to speak of them. But he is *perfectly sincere* in them: and Sincerity may be humble, but she cannot be servile. I pray you, therefore, to correct or soften that passage.

1. Silvio Pellico (1788–1854), born at Saluzzo in Piedmont, was in 1810 Professor of French at Milan. There he knew Foscolo, Sismondi, Monti, and Manzoni; there also he produced his best tragedy, *Francesca da Rimini* (1818). In 1819 a Liberal newspaper, of which he was one of the founders, *Il Conciliatore*, was suppressed by the Austrian Government. His connection with this journal was one of the reasons for his arrest in 1820, on the outbreak of the Neapolitan Revolution. Sentence of death, passed upon him in 1822, was commuted to fifteen years' rigorous imprisonment (*carcere duro*). After nine years' imprisonment he was released. In *Le mie Prigioni* (1831) he told the story which has made him famous. Several tragedies, composed for the most part in prison, were produced after his release (see *Letters*, vol. iii. pp. 377, 378, *note* 3, *ad fin.*).

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You may, perhaps, attribute this officiousness of mine to a false affectation of *candour*, as I happen to be a writer also. Attribute it to what motive you please, but *believe* the *truth*. I say that Walter Scott is as nearly a thorough good man as man can be, because I *know* it by experience to be the case.

If you do me the honour of an answer, may I request a speedy one?—because it is possible (though not yet decided) that circumstances may conduct me once more to Greece. My present address is Genoa, where an answer will reach me in a short time, or be forwarded to me wherever I may be.

I beg you to believe me, with a lively recollection of our brief acquaintance, and the hope of one day renewing it,

Your ever obliged
And obedient humble servant,
NOEL BYRON.

1090.—To the Countess of Blessington.

Albaro, June 2, 1823.

MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,—I am *superstitious*, and have recollected that memorials with a *point* are of less fortunate augury; I will, therefore, request you to accept, instead of the *pin*,[1] the enclosed chain, which is of so slight a value that you need not hesitate. As you wished for something *worn*, I can only say, that it has been worn oftener and longer than the other. It is of Venetian manufacture; and the only peculiarity about it is, that it could only be obtained at or from Venice. At Genoa they have none of the same kind. I also enclose a ring, which I would wish *Alfred* to keep; it is too large to

1. The pin was a small cameo of Napoleon.

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wear; but is formed of *lava*, and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character. You will perhaps have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of this note, and send back the pin (for good luck's sake), which I shall value much more for having been a night in your custody.

Ever and faithfully your obliged, etc.

P.S.—I hope your *nerves* are well to-day, and will continue to flourish.

1091.—To Andrea Vacca.[1]

[Undated.]

PREGIATISSIMO SIGNOR VACCA,—Nel viaggio che in breve io imprendo nella Grecia, vorrei in mia compagnia un Chirurgo pel mio servizio personale e per quello della mia famiglia.

Se fra i giovani usciti dalla vostra scuola si trovasse qualcuno disposto ad accettare questo incarico, io lo accetterei volentieri. Sarebbe mantenuto di alloggio e cibarie alla mia tavola, col salario di cento luigi d'oro annuale, e lo fisserei per un anno al certo.

1. For Vacca, see *Letters*, vol. iv. p. 46, *note* 1. Count Pietro Gamba states, in his *Narrative* (p. 6), that he wrote to Vacca himself, and that Vacca replied "that if he had known of it earlier, he "would have found some one of his pupils for the purpose. 'If,' "said he, 'I had not a family, and so many ties that bind me to "the spot, I myself would most willingly accompany you.'" The above letter shows that Byron also wrote. The letter is quoted by Sig. Tribolati (*Saggi*, pp. 199, 200, *note* 2), who states that the original was (1891) in the possession of Professor Antonio Bartolini. Eventually, Dr. Alexander, an English doctor at Genoa, recommended Dr. Francesco Bruno, who was engaged by Byron. Bruno accepted the post in fear, for he confessed to Gamba (*Narrative*, p. 288) "that for the first fifteen days of our voyage he had lived in "perpetual terror, having been informed that if he committed the "slightest fault, Lord Byron would have him torn to pieces by his "dogs, which he kept for that purpose; or would order his Tartar "[Falcièri] to dash his brains out."

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Quando sia stato istruito e raccomandato da Voi non ho bisogno di altre garanzie pel suo merito nell' arte e per le altre indispensabili qualità. Che sia giovine robusto e non sprovvisto di coraggio è da cercarsi, perchè la natura e la situazione del paese dove vado lo esigono; non però che egli possa essere esposto mai a maggiori pericoli e fatiche che non io stesso ed anche meno. Soprattutto si richiede che sia tosto pronto, perchè io partirò da Genova al I° del prossimo luglio. Il Brick inglese *Hercules* di *John Scott* che si reca in Livorno a scaricare alcune mercanzie tornerà sulla fine di giugno qui per imbarcarmi. In quest' occasione il Chirurgo potrebbe montare a bordo del Brick a Livorno.

Recapiti al signor Dun negoziante inglese ben noto in quella piazza, che sarà da lui diretto in tutto. Scusate l'incomodo che vi porgo; prevaletevi liberamente dell' opera mia, se potesse giovarvi, e credetemi

Vostro devotissimo servo,

NOEL BYRON,
Pari d' Angleterre.

Al molto illustre Signore, il signor Andrea Vacca, Pisa.

1092.—To Charles F. Barry.[1]

June 4th 1823.

DEAR SIR,—If you think y^t^ Lord B[lessington] was quite serious, I have no objection to part with the Schooner for the proposed sum of four hundred guineas. There are one or two things, which would only be an incumbrance to him which I could wish to retain, 1^stly^, the 2 Cannon, which strain her in sailing, and are

1. Reprinted from *Anglia* for April, 1898.

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obliged to be put down below; 2dly, some American and superfluous flags, giving him all those necessary and proper; and 3dly, two chains which have my coronet upon them, and are therefore less suitable to his use.

With regard to the Snuff-boxes—as soon as we can get an estimate I will compare it with the one previously made, and give an answer; if you will have the goodness to let me know, when you have settled any thing on the subject, I can deliver up the Schooner to your charge—or to those commissioned to receive her.

Ever and truly yours,

N. B.

P.S.—The smaller green Snuff box is I believe of Jasper—at least it is so stated in the list.

1093.—To Edward John Trelawny.[1]

June 15, 1823.

My dear T.,—You must have heard that I am going to Greece. Why do you not come to me? I want your aid, and am exceedingly anxious to see you. Pray come, for I am at last determined to go to Greece; it is the only place I was ever contented in. I am serious, and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing; they all say I can be of use in Greece. I do not know how, nor do they; but at all events let us go.

Yours, etc., truly,

N. Byron.

1. This letter reached Trelawny at Rome. See his *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*, pp. 187, 188.

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1094.—To Charles F. Barry.

June 19th 1823.

DEAR SIR,—I have made out partly your correspondent's epistle; but as I should prefer to have its *exact* sense, I could wish (if there be any Greek here capable) to have a translation in Italian, which, by the way, all the educated Greeks that ever I met with spoke or wrote fluently. When I left Greece in 1811, I could gabble Romaic pretty fluently; but have been long out of the habit, and would rather not trust to what I may recollect of it, in a matter of this kind, where it is requisite to make as few mistakes as possible. I therefore retain the letter for the present.

You do not mention if we have settled anything with the medical man proposed by your young man Monsieur G.

I think of converting the letter of Credit into Cash or credit here, about Monday, as I could wish to hear once more, or have a chance of hearing at least from England; as it is possible (in consequence of the note which I enclosed of yours), that Mr. D. K. may send other letters, which may render this one superfluous.

I have only to request that Captain J[ohn] S[cott] may bring back a few things from Mr. Dunn of Leghorn, and Mr. Trelawney as a passenger, if Mr. T. prefers this way of coming to Genoa.

If Capt. J. S. can form (as he said) a second Cabin, I should probably prefer that for my own; but I am not particular on this point.

Could I get three or four swivels here, think you?

Believe me, yours ever truly,

N. B.

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1095.—To Edward John Trelawny.

[Undated.[1]]

DEAR T.,—I have engaged a vessel (now on her way to Leghorn to unload), and on her return to Genoa we embark. She is called the *Hercules;* you can come back in her if you like, it will save you a land journey. I need not say I shall like your company of all things. I want a surgeon, native or foreign, to take charge of medical stores, and be in personal attendance. Salary, a hundred pounds a year, and his treatment, at our table, as a companion and a gentleman. He must have recommendations, of course. Can you look out for me? Perhaps you can consult Vaccà, to whom I have written on the same subject; we are, however, pressed for time a little. I expect you with impatience, and am ever yours,

N. B.

1096.—To Charles F. Barry.

June 27th 1823.

DEAR SIR,—It will do very well. There is some good English Gunpowder of Mr. Dunn's, Leghorn, which I should wish to have shipped there. Mr. D. is already apprized. Also, if Mr. Trelawney is at Leghorn, as he is *my* passenger, he had better (if he likes) return here with Capt. John S[cott].

The Engagement, I presume, commences when he is

1. Trelawny (*Records, etc.*, p. 189) received this letter June 22. He describes the *Hercules* (p. 198) as a "collier-built tub of 120 "tons, round-bottomed, and bluff-bowed, and, of course, a dull "sailer, with the bulkheads, the horse-boxes, and other fittings "newly put up, ill-contrived, and scamped by the contractor. The "Captain, one of the rough old John Bull stamp, was well "enough."

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here (at Genoa) ready for sailing, as I am not responsible for his own delays up to that period.

If he is civil and obliging, he will perhaps find his account in it.

Believe me, ever yours obliged and faithfully,

N. B.

1097.—To Leigh Hunt.[1]

June 28, 1823.

There was something about a legacy of two thousand pounds which he has left me. This, of course, I decline, and the more so that I hear that his will is admitted valid; and I state this distinctly, that—in case of anything happening to me—my heirs may be instructed not to claim it.

Yours ever most truly,

N. B.

1098.—To John Bowring.

July 7, 1823.

We sail on the 12th for Greece.[2]—I have had a letter from Mr. Blaquiere, too long for present transcription,

1. This extract (Leigh Hunt's *Correspondence*, ed. 1862, vol. i. p. 203) refers to the legacy of £2000 left by Shelley to Byron. Byron's renunciation, ignored by Shelley's most recent biographer, is mentioned in *Life, etc., of M. W. Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 304.

2. Byron went on board the *Hercules*, commanded by Captain Scott, on July 13. "Captain Trelawney," says Count Gamba (*Narrative*, pp. 9, 10), "the physician, eight domestics, and myself, "formed his suite. Lord Byron had likewise given a passage to a "Greek named Schilitzy, of Constantinople, coming from Russia. "We had five horses aboard, arms and ammunition for our own "use, two one-pounders, belonging to his schooner the Bolivar, "which he left at Genoa." There was no wind; but the next day, after remaining in sight of Genoa all day, a westerly wind freshened into a gale, and drove the ship back into port. Byron

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but very satisfactory. The Greek Government expects me without delay.

In conformity to the desires of Mr. B. and other correspondents in Greece, I have to suggest, with all deference to the Committee, that a remittance of even "*ten thousand pounds only*" (Mr. B.'s expression) would be of the greatest service to the Greek Government at present. I have also to recommend strongly the attempts of a loan, for which there will be offered a sufficient security by deputies now on their way to England. In the mean time, I hope that the Committee will be enabled to do something effectual.

For my own part, I mean to carry up, in cash or credits, above eight, and nearly nine thousand pounds sterling, which I am enabled to do by funds I have in Italy, and credits in England. Of this sum I must necessarily reserve a portion for the subsistence of myself and suite; the rest I am willing to apply in the manner which seems most likely to be useful to the cause—having of course some guarantee or assurance, that it will not be misapplied to any individual speculation.

If I remain in Greece, which will mainly depend upon the presumed probable utility of my presence there,

landed and visited his villa at Albaro while the damages to the *Hercules* were being repaired. Mrs. Shelley, writing to Mrs. Williams, July 23, 1823 (*Life, etc., of M. W. Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 82), says, "Lord Byron, Trelawny, and Pierino Gamba sailed for "Greece on the 17th inst. I did not see the former. His uncon- "querable avarice prevented his supplying me with money, and a "remnant of shame caused him to avoid me. . . . If he were mean, "Trelawny more than balanced the moral account. His whole "conduct during his last stay here has impressed us all with an "affectionate regard, and a perfect faith in the unalterable goodness "of his heart. They sailed together; Lord Byron with £10,000, "Trelawny with £50, and Lord Byron cowering before his eye for "reasons you shall hear soon. The Guiccioli is gone to Bologna." (For the state of political parties in Greece, 1823-24, see Appendix V.)

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and of the opinion of the Greeks themselves as to its propriety—in short, if I am welcome to them, I shall continue, during my residence at least, to apply such portions of my income, present and future, as may forward the object—that is to say, what I can spare for that purpose. Privations I can, or at least could once, bear —abstinence I am accustomed to—and as to fatigue, I was once a tolerable traveller. What I may be now, I cannot tell—but I will try.

I await the commands of the Committee.—Address to Genoa—the letters will be forwarded me, wherever I may be, by my bankers, Messrs. Webb and Barry. It would have given me pleasure to have had some more *defined* instructions before I went; but these, of course, rest at the option of the Committee. I have the honour to be,

Yours obediently, etc.

P.S.—Great anxiety is expressed for a printing press and types etc. I have not the time to provide them, but recommend this to the notice of the Committee. I presume the types must, partly at least, be *Greek:* they wish to publish papers, and perhaps a Journal, probably in Romaic, with Italian translations.

1099.—To J. J. Coulmann.[1]

[Undated.]

Sir,—I shall be very happy to make your acquaintance, but I am very sorry to tell you, that, being

1. This letter, and that which follows, were originally published, in French, in an account given by M. Coulmann of *une visite à Byron à Gênes* in January, 1823 (*Mercure du Dixneuvième Siècle*, tome xii., année 1826). The letters were translated in *Paul Pry* for April 1, 1826, pp. 105-107 (see *Notes and Queries*, 4th Series,

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unaccustomed either to speak or to write French, I shall be unable to derive all the benefit I could wish from your conversation. If, however, what I have said does not deter you, I shall be delighted to see you to-morrow at 2 o'clock.

With profound respect, I have the honour to be your most obedient, humble servant,

NOEL BYRON,
Peer of England.

1100.—To J. J. Coulmann.

Genoa, July 12 (?), 1823.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter, and what accompanied it, have given me the greatest pleasure. The glory and the works of the writers who have deigned to give me these volumes, bearing their names, were not unknown to me, but still it is more flattering to receive them from the authors themselves. I beg you to present my thanks to each of them in particular; and to add, how proud I am of their good opinion, and how charmed I shall be to cultivate their acquaintance, if ever the occasion should occur. The productions of M. Jouy[1] have long been familiar to me. Who has not read and applauded *The Hermit* and *Scylla*? But I cannot accept what it has

June 5, 1869, p. 524, *et seqq.*). They are also referred to by Elze, in his *Life of Lord Byron* (3rd German ed., p. 14, *note*), and printed by his translator and editor in an Appendix (ed. 1872, pp. 441–446). Probably the letters were written in English. Paul Pry's version is followed.

1. Victor Joseph Étienne de Jouy (1764–1846) wrote, among many other books, *L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin : ou, Observations sur les Mœurs et les Usages Parisiens au commencement du XIXe Siècle*, which passed through numerous editions, and was translated into English by W. Jerdan, under the title of *The Paris Spectator* (1815). A fifth edition of his *Sylla ; tragédie en cinq actes*, was published in 1823.

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pleased your friends to call their *homage*, because there is no sovereign in the republic of letters; and even if there were, I have never had the pretension or the power to become a usurper.

I have also to return you thanks for having honoured me with your own compositions; I thought you too young, and probably too amiable, to be an author. As to the Essay, etc., I am obliged to you for the present, although I had already seen it joined to the last edition of the translation.[1] I have nothing to object to it, with regard to what concerns myself personally, though naturally there are some of the facts in it discoloured, and several errors into which the author has been led by the accounts of others. I allude to facts, and not criticisms. But the same author has cruelly calumniated my father and my grand-uncle, but more especially the former. So far from being "brutal," he was, according to the testimony of all those who knew him, of an extremely amiable and (*enjoué*) joyous character, but careless (*insouciant*) and dissipated. He had, consequently, the reputation of a good officer, and showed himself such in the Guards, in America. The facts themselves refute the assertion. It is not by "brutality" that a young Officer in the Guards seduces and carries off a Marchioness, and marries two heiresses. It is true that he was a very handsome man, which goes a great way. His first wife (Lady Conyers and Marchioness of Carmarthen) did not die of grief, but of a malady which she caught by having imprudently insisted upon accompanying my father to a hunt, before she was

1. *Œuvres complètes de Lord Byron : Traduites de l'Anglais* [in prose], par MM. A[médée] P[ichot] et E.—D.S. To the 4th edition of the *Œuvres complètes* were added a *Notice préliminaire* by Charles Nodier, and an *Essai sur le génie et le caractère de Lord Byron*, by Pichot. The *Essai* (ed. 1824, p. 27), speaking of Captain Byron and Lady Carmarthen, says, "Les vices du capitaine "et sa brutalité la firent mourir de douleur."

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completely recovered from the accouchement which gave birth to my sister Augusta.

His second wife, my respected mother, had, I assure you, too proud a spirit to bear the ill-usage of any man, no matter who he might be; and this she would have soon proved.[1] I should add, that he lived a long time in Paris, and was in habits of intimacy with the old Marshal Biron, Commandant of the French Guards; who, from the similitude of names, and Norman origin of our family, supposed that there was some distant relationship between us. He died some years before the age of forty, and whatever may have been his faults, they were certainly not those of harshness and grossness (*dureté et grossièreté*). If the notice should reach England, I am certain that the passage relative to my father will give much more pain

1. Mrs. Byron, on hearing of her husband's death, wrote to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Leigh—

"Aberdeen, August 23d, 1799.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—You wrong me very much when you "suppose I would not lament Mr. Byron's death. It has made me "very miserable, and the more so that I had not the melancholy "satisfaction of seeing him before his death. If I had known of "his illness, I would have come to him. I do not think I shall "ever get the better of it;—necessity, not inclination, parted us, at "least on my part, and I flatter myself it was the same with him; "and notwithstanding all his foibles, for they deserve no worse "name, I ever sincerely loved him; and believe me, my dear "madam, I have the greatest regard and affection for you, for the "very kind part you have acted to poor Mr. Byron, and it is a "great comfort to me that he was with so kind a friend at the time "of his death. You say he was sensible to the last. Did he ever "mention me? Was he long ill, and where was he buried? Be "so good as to write all those particulars, and also send me some "of his hair. . . .

"George is well. I shall be happy to let him be with you some-"times, but at present he is my only comfort, and the only thing "that makes me wish to live. I hope, if any thing should happen "to me, you will take care of him. I was not well before, and I "do not think I shall ever recover the severe shock I have received. "It was so unexpected. If I had only seen him before he died! "Did he ever mention me? I am unable to say more. Believe "me, yours, with sincere affection,

"C. BYRON."

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to my sister (the wife of Colonel Leigh, attached to the Court of the late Queen, *not* Caroline, but Charlotte, wife of George III.), even than to me; and this she does not deserve, for there is not a more angelic being upon earth. Augusta and I have always loved the memory of our father as much as we loved each other, and this at least forms a presumption that the stain of harshness was not applicable to it. If he dissipated his fortune, that concerns us alone, for we are his heirs; and till we reproach him with it, I know no one else who has a right to do so. As to Lord Byron, who killed Mr. Chaworth in a duel, so far from retiring from the world, he made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Staghounds after that event, and did not give up society until his son had offended him by marrying in a manner contrary to his duty.[1] So far from feeling any remorse for having killed Mr. Chaworth, who was a fire-eater (*spadassin*), and celebrated for his quarrelsome disposition, he always kept the sword which he used upon that occasion in his bed-chamber, where it still was *when he died*. It is singular enough, that when very young, I formed a strong attachment for the grand-niece and heiress of Mr. Chaworth,[2] who stood in the same degree of relationship as myself to Lord Byron; and at one time it was thought that the two families would have been united in us. She was two years older than me, and we were very much together in our youth. She married a man of an ancient and respectable family; but her marriage was not a happier one

1. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 3. His son, William, married Juliana Elizabeth, second daughter of Admiral John Byron. Pichot, in his *Essai* (p. 28), says that the "meurtrier" of M. "Chawort" retired to the Abbey of Newstead, "où il vivait solitaire, odieux à "ses vassaux, en guerre avec ses voisins," etc.

2. See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 16, *note* 1. Byron and Miss Chaworth were both fifth in descent from George, Viscount Chaworth, whose daughter Elizabeth married the third Lord Byron.

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than my own. Her conduct, however, was irreproachable, but there was no sympathy between their characters, and a separation took place. I had not seen her for many years. When an occasion offered, I was upon the point, with her consent, of paying her a visit, when my sister, who has always had more influence over me than anyone else, persuaded me not to do it. "For," said she, "if you "go, you will fall in love again, and then there will be a "scene; one step will lead to another, *et cela fera un éclat*," etc. I was guided by these reasons, and shortly after I married; with what success it is useless to say. Mrs. C. some time after, being separated from her husband, became insane; but she has since recovered her reason, and is, I believe, reconciled to her husband. This is a long letter, and principally about my family, but it is the fault of M. Pichot, my benevolent biographer. He may say of me whatever of good or evil pleases him, but I desire that he should speak of my relations only as they deserve. If you could find an occasion of making him, as well as M. Nodier, rectify the facts relative to my father, and publish them, you would do me a great service, for I cannot bear to have him unjustly spoken of. I must conclude abruptly, for I have occupied you too long. Believe me to be very much honoured by your esteem, and always your obliged and obedient servant,

NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—The tenth or twelfth of this month I shall embark for Greece. Should I return, I shall pass through Paris, and shall be much flattered in meeting you and your friends. Should I not return, give me as affectionate a place in your memory as possible.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

CEPHALONIA, AUGUST 3—DECEMBER 29, 1823.

AN UNFINISHED JOURNAL—THE DISSENSIONS OF THE GREEK LEADERS—A SULIOT GUARD—ARRIVAL OF THE GREEK FLEET DELAYED—FALL OF MAVROCORDATOS — HIS RETURN TO MESOLONGHI — BYRON'S DEPARTURE FROM CEPHALONIA.

1101.—To Charles F. Barry.

Leghorn Roads,[1] Ship Hercules, July 24th 1823.

DEAR SIR,—I have very little time to thank you for your very kind letter.

After our first rough experiment, we have had calms or contrary winds; but finally a light breeze brought us in here about four and twenty hours ago. Though I perceive that I have dated from shore, I write on board: we expect to sail again to-day.

1. The *Hercules* sailed the second time from Genoa on the evening of July 16, and reached Leghorn, according to both Trelawny (*Records*, p. 200) and Gamba (*Narrative*, p. 13), after a voyage of five days. The party consisted of Byron, Gamba, Dr. Bruno, five or six servants, Trelawny and his negro servant, and five horses. At Leghorn they took on board two Greeks, Prince Schilitzy and Signor Vitali, both of whom were suspected by their countrymen of being spies, and Hamilton Browne, a Scottish gentleman, who had held an official position in the Ionian Islands, and by whose advice they decided to go to Cephalonia instead of to Zante. The *Hercules*, as both Trelawny and Gamba agree, sailed on July 23. Hamilton Browne's account of the voyage was published in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for January, 1834.

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I have found the Greeks here, as expected, a little divided among themselves; but we must make the best of it.

As I have bought several more necessary articles of Dunn, my order will exceed considerably the hundred and twenty crowns, which I had set apart for his account.

Our Captain has conducted himself extremely well, and has all the appearance of continuing to do so.[1]

Several vessels, now here, were tost about and suffered damage in the Squall, that sent us back for a day to Genoa.

I got what I believe to be the insured Packet (from Goethe, dated Weimar in Germany), and have signed an order for the post office in future, and left it with your partners of the Leghorn House.

You may be sure that I am very sensible of your obliging expressions, and ashamed of the various troubles which I have occasioned by the preparation for my voyage.

Ever and truly yours,

N. B.

P.S.—You had perhaps better sell the horse, if any opportunity offers; as for the other things, you had better wait till you hear from me further. I particularly recommend to your care my own travelling Chariot, which I would not part with for any consideration.

1. Trelawny (*Records*, p. 211) describes Captain Scott as "a "thorough John Bull in his blunt manners and burly form." Though he could not "abide drunkenness at sea," he liked his allowance of a bottle of Jamaica rum a day. He wore, on full-dress occasions, a bright scarlet waistcoat, into which Byron and Trelawny buttoned themselves, and so plunged into the sea, to the huge disgust of the owner of the garment.

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I have heard from *the Earl*,[1] but not a word hitherto of the Schooner.

On the other side is a draft in favour of Mr. Dunn, as I mentioned it would be in the former part of my letter.

1102.—To Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.[2]

Leghorn, July 24, 1823.

ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—I cannot thank you as you ought to be thanked for the lines[3] which my young friend, Mr. Sterling, sent me of yours; and it would but ill become me to pretend to exchange verses with him who, for fifty years, has been the undisputed sovereign of European literature. You must therefore accept my most sincere acknowledgments in prose—and in hasty prose too; for I am at present on my voyage to Greece once more, and surrounded by hurry and bustle, which hardly allow a moment even to gratitude and admiration to express themselves.

I sailed from Genoa some days ago, was driven back by a gale of wind, and have since sailed again and arrived here, "Leghorn," this morning, to receive on board some Greek passengers for their struggling country.

Here also I found your lines and Mr. Sterling's letter; and I could not have had a more favourable omen, a more agreeable surprise, than a word of Goethe, written by his own hand.

1. The Earl of Blessington, who had agreed to buy the *Bolivar*.
2. The letter is addressed—

"A Son Excellence
Le Baron von Goethe
Etc., etc., etc.
Weimar
Aux Soins de Monsieur Sterling."

See *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, Band XX. 17.
3. For the lines, see *Letters*, vol. v. Appendix II. p. 520.

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I am returning to Greece, to see if I can be of any little use there: if ever I come back, I will pay a visit to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage of one of the many millions of your admirers. I have the honour to be, ever and most respectfully, y[our]

Obliged adm[irer] and se[rvant],

NOEL BYRON.

JOURNAL IN CEPHALONIA.[1]

June 19th 1823.

The dead have been awakened—shall I sleep?
The World's at war with tyrants—shall I crouch?
The harvest's ripe—and shall I pause to reap?
I slumber not; the thorn is in my Couch;
Each day a trumpet soundeth in mine ear,
Its echo in my heart—

1823.

Mataxata,[2] Cephalonia, Sept 28.

On the sixteenth (I think) of July, I sailed from Genoa in the English brig *Hercules:* J^no Scott, Master. On the 17th, a Gale of wind occasioning confusion and threatening damage to the horses in the hold, we bore up again for the same port, where we remained four and twenty hours longer, and then put to sea, touched at

1. Byron told Dr. Henry Muir, the health officer of Argostoli, that he began to keep a Journal when he first came to Cephalonia, but that he left it off because he could not help abusing the Greeks in it. The fragment of the Journal here printed is that to which he alluded. (For Muir's notes on Byron's stay in Cephalonia, see Appendix VI.)

2. Byron stayed on board the *Hercules* in the harbour of Argostoli for about a month. Then, landing his stores and paying off the ship, he took a house for himself, Gamba, and Bruno at Metaxata, a village some four miles and a half from Argostoli. Trelawny and Browne had already gone to Greece.

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Leghorn, and pursued our voyage by the straits of Messina for Greece. Passing within sight of Elba, Corsica, the Lipari islands including Stromboli, Sicily, Italy, etc., about the 4th of August [1] we anchored off Argostoli, in the chief harbour of the Island of Cephalonia.

Here I had some expectation of hearing from Capt. B[laquiere], who was on a mission from the Gk Committee in London to the Provisional Govt of the Morea, but, rather to my surprise, learned that he was on his way home, though his latest letters to me from the peninsula, after expressing an anxious wish that I should come up without delay, stated further that he intended to remain in the country for the present. I have since received various letters from him addrest to Genoa, and forwarded to the Islands, partly explaining the cause of his unexpected return, and also (contrary to his former opinion) requesting me not to proceed to Greece *yet*, for sundry reasons, some of importance. I sent a boat to Corfu in the hopes of finding him still there, but he had already sailed for Ancona.

In the island of Cephalonia, Colonel Napier [2] commanded in chief as Resident, and Col. Duffie the 8th, a King's Regiment then forming the Garrison.[3] We were

1. Trelawny and Gamba say August 3; Kennedy (*Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron*, p. 1) says August 6.

2. The seven Ionian Islands were placed under British protection in 1815, and Sir Thomas Maitland (1759–1824), a rough old despot, but shrewd administrator, the "King Tom" of *Midshipman Easy*, was made Lord High Commissioner. The constitutional charter for the government of the islands was passed in 1817, and ratified by the Regent in the same year. Each of the islands forming the Septinsular Republic was administered by a Resident or Commissioner responsible to Maitland, but otherwise wielding almost absolute power. Byron chose to land in Cephalonia because its Resident, Colonel Charles Napier, the future conqueror of Scinde (1782–1853), was known to favour the Greek cause, and had advised Prince Mavrocordatos on the military situation.

3. The 8th (or the King's) Regiment of Foot had, in 1823, as

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received by both those Gentlemen, and indeed by all the officers, as well as the Civilians, with the greatest kindness and hospitality, which, if we did not deserve, I still hope that we have done nothing to forfeit, and it has continued unabated, even since the Gloss of new Acquaintance has been worn away by frequent intercourse.[1]

We here learned, what has since been fully confirmed, that the Greeks were in a state of political dissention amongst themselves; that Mavrocordato[2] was dismissed,

Colonel, General Edmund Stevens; as Lieutenant-Colonel, John Duffie; as Majors, the Hon. Gerald de Courcy and Robert Melville Browne. The Assistant-Surgeon, George Scott, M.D., was one of the party who attended Dr. Kennedy's addresses.

1. When Byron landed at Argostoli, he was received, in the absence of Colonel Napier, by his secretary, Captain John Pitt Kennedy, and Colonel Duffie (Gamba, *Narrative*, p. 19). The officers of the garrison invited him to dine. "On his health being drunk" (Kennedy, *Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron*, p. 5), "he "expressed his great satisfaction at being in the society of his "countrymen, and of seeing so many of them together. He added, "that he felt so much the honour they had done him, that he was "afraid he could not express his sense of the obligation as he ought, "having been so long in the practice of speaking a foreign language, "that he could not convey his sentiments in adequate terms in his "native tongue. He was much pleased when he had made his "short speech, and repeatedly asked Colonel D. if he had done "well, and if he had acquitted himself properly, as he was so little, "he said, in the practice of public speaking." "At the end of two "days," says Gamba (*Narrative*, p. 20), "the Resident returned, "and showed him every attention."

2. Mavrocordatos, under the Constitution of Epidaurus (proclaimed on the New Year's Day of Eastern Christians, our January 13, 1822), was elected first President of Greece (see *Letters*, vol. v. p. 307, *note*). But from the outset he had little power, except in Western Greece. His neglect in not attempting to save Chios in April, 1822, and his defeat at Petta (July 16, 1822) weakened his authority, and, though he recovered some ground by his defence of Mesolonghi (November, 1822—January, 1823), he had at this time retired into voluntary exile.

In February, 1823, the second National Assembly had met at Astros. The members were divided into two parties: one, the military party, was led by Kolokotrones, Hypsilantes, and Odysseus; the other, that of the Primates, followed Petrobey of Maina, Zaimes, Londos, and Mavrocordatos. Petrobey was nominated President of the Executive Council, while Mavrocordatos accepted

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or had resigned (*L'un vaut bien l'autre*); and that Colocotroni, with I know not what or whose party, was paramount in the Morea. The Turks were in force in Acarnania, etc., and the Turkish fleet blockaded the coast from Messolonghi to Chiarenza, and subsequently to Navarino. The Greek fleet, from the want of means or other causes, remained in port in Hydra, Ipsara, and Spetzas, and, for aught that is yet certainly known, may be there still. As, rather contrary to my expectations, I had no advices from Peloponnesus, and had also letters to receive from England from the Committee, I determined to remain for the interim in the Ionian Islands, especially as it was difficult to land on the opposite coast without risking the confiscation of the vessel and her contents, which Capt[n] Scott, naturally enough, declined to do, unless I would ensure to him the full amount of his possible damage.

the office of Secretary of State. When the Assembly dissolved in May, the struggle had ended in the temporary defeat of the military party. Kolokotrones, however, soon reasserted his power. The Executive Council and the Senate had fixed the seat of government at Tripolitza. To that place Mavrocordatos was summoned by the Senate in July, 1823, to take up the duties of President of the Legislative Council. But he was so alarmed by the threats of the military party and of Kolokotrones that he resigned his office and fled to Hydra (see Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. ii. pp. 1–11). In the autumn of 1823 it was doubtful whether the party of Odysseus in Eastern Greece, or of Kolokotrones or Petrobey in the Morea, or of Mavrocordatos in Western Greece, was likely to become the real centre of union. Each of the leaders endeavoured to secure the aid of Byron. "To nobody," says Finlay (*History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 325), "did the Greeks ever "unmask their selfishness and self-deceit so candidly. . . . Koloko-"trones invited him to a national assembly at Salamis. Mavrocor-"datos informed him that he would be of no use anywhere but at "Hydra, for Mavrocordatos was then in that island. Constantine "Metaxa, who was Governor of Mesolonghi, wrote, saying that "Greece would be ruined unless Lord Byron visited that fortress. "Petrobey used plainer words. He informed Lord Byron that the "true way to save Greece was to lend him, the bey, a thousand "pounds." (For the state of political parties in Greece, 1821–24, see Appendix V.)

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To pass the time we made a little excursion over the mountain to Saint Euphemia, by worse roads than I ever met in the course of some years of travel in rough places of many countries. At Santa Euphemia we embarked for Ithaca, and made the tour of that beautiful Island, which I had visited several years before. The hospitality of Capt. Knox (the Resident) and his lady was in no respect inferior to that of our military friends of Cephalonia. That gentleman, with Mrs. K., and some of their friends, conducted us to the fountain of Arethusa, which alone would be worth the voyage; but the rest of the Island is not inferior in attractions to the admirers of Nature. The arts and traditions I leave to the Antiquaries, and so well have those Gentlemen contrived to settle such questions, that, as the existence of Troy is disputed, so that of Ithaca (as Homer's Ithaca, *i.e.*) is not yet admitted.[1]

Though the month was August, and we had been cautioned against travelling in the sun, yet, as I had during my former experience never suffered from the heat as long as I continued in *motion*, I was unwilling to lose so many hours of the day on account of a sunbeam more or less, and, though our party was rather numerous, no one suffered either illness or inconvenience, as far as could be observed, though one of the servants (a Negro)

1. When it was proposed to Byron that he should visit some of the Homeric sites, he turned peevishly to Trelawny (*Records*, p. 220), saying, "Do I look like one of those emasculated fogies? "Let's have a swim. I detest antiquarian twaddle. Do people "think I have no lucid intervals, that I came to Greece to scribble "more nonsense? I will show them that I can do something "better; I wish I had never written a line, to have it cast in my "teeth at every turn."

Trelawny (*ibid.*, pp. 220–222) gives an amusing account of the execrations with which, in a similar mood of irritability, Byron greeted the address of the abbot of an ancient monastery on the island of Ithaca. The expedition lasted eight days (Gamba, *Narrative*, p. 29).

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declared that it was as hot as in the West Indies. I had left our thermometer on board, so could not ascertain the precise degree. We returned to Saint Euphemia, and passed over to the monastery of Samos on the opposite part of the bay, and proceeded next day to Argostoli by a better road than the path to Saint Euphemia. The land journey was made on mules.

Some days after our return, I heard that there were letters for me at Zante; but a considerable delay took place before the Greek, to whom they were consigned, had them properly forwarded, and I was at length indebted to Col. Napier for obtaining them for me; *what* occasioned the demur or delay was never explained.

I learned, by my advices from England, the request of the Committee that I would act as their representative near the Greek Gov^t, and take charge of the proper disposition and delivery of certain stores, etc., etc., expected by a vessel which has not yet arrived up to the present date[1] (Septr. 28).

Soon after my arrival, I took into my own pay a body of forty Suliotes[2] under their chiefs Photomara, Giavella,

1. The *Ann*, with the Committee's goods, Parry the "firemaster," and the English mechanics, etc., on board, did not leave England till November 10, 1823.

2. The Suliots were a military caste of orthodox Christian Albanians inhabiting the mountains which overlook the course of the Acheron. There, from the beginning of the eighteenth century, each chief of a *phara*, or clan, exercised feudal rights over the agricultural population. When Ali (see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 246, *note* 1) became Pasha of Janina (1788), he endeavoured to subdue them to his rule. Repulsed in his direct attack, he gained his end by treachery. In 1803 the Suliot chiefs evacuated their territory, and for the most part found a refuge in the Ionian Islands. In 1820 Ali was declared a rebel by Sultan Mahmud II.; the Suliots were recalled by the Turks, and replaced in their native mountains, in the hope that they would revenge themselves on Ali. But they allied themselves with their ancient enemy, and shared his struggle against the Sultan. By common interest they were thus drawn

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and Drako, and would probably have increased the number, but I found them not quite united among themselves in any thing except raising their demands on me, although I had given a dollar per man more each month than they could receive from the Gk. Govt, and they were destitute, at the time I took them, of everything. I had acceded to their own demand, and paid them a month in advance. But, set on probably by some of the trafficking shopkeepers with whom they were in the habit of dealing on credit, they made various attempts at what I thought extortion, so that I called them together, stating my view of the case, and declining to take them on with me. But I offered them another month's pay, and the price of their passage to Acarnania, where they could now easily go, as the Turkish fleet was gone, and the blockade removed.

This part of them accepted, and they went accordingly. Some difficulty arose about restoring their arms by the Septinsular Govt, but these were at length obtained, and they are now with their compatriots in Etolia or Acarnania.

I also transferred to the resident in Ithaca the sum of

towards the cause of Hellenic independence, and, when the Greek Revolution broke out, many entered the service of the Greeks. The greater number, however, held the mountains against the Ottoman forces. In the summer of 1822 they were hard pressed by the Turkish troops. It was partly to relieve this pressure that the Greek army under Mavrocordatos fought and lost the battle of Petta (July, 1822). The effect of this defeat was to render the position of the Suliots desperate. They capitulated to Omer Vrioni, and (September 16, 1822) retired to the Ionian Islands.

"Our forty Suliots," says Gamba (*Narrative*, p. 36), "had "already given us serious trouble. I discovered that many of them "were neither Suliots nor Greeks. The three captains—three cap- "tains among forty men!—claimed the pay of the rank which they "held in their own country. The men accused them of keeping "back their pay. In fine, they only agreed in putting in con- "tinually fresh claims. Lord Byron gave them two months' pay, "got their arms from the Government, and paid their passage to "Missolonghi."

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two hundred and fifty dollars for the refugees there, and I had conveyed to Cephalonia a Moreote family who were in the greatest helplessness, and provided them with a house and decent maintenance under the protection of Messrs. Corgialegno, wealthy merchants of Argostoli, to whom I had been recommended by my correspondents.

I had caused a letter to be written to Marco Bozzaris,[1]

1. At the commencement of the Greek War of Independence, Marco Botzaris, a Suliot chief, fought on the side of the Greeks. Byron, in writing to him, sent a letter of recommendation from Ignazio, Archbishop of Arta, then residing at Pisa. Botzaris, who received the letters when endeavouring to check the Turkish advance on Anatolikon, replied, August 18, as translated in Moore's *Life* (p. 596) and Gamba's *Narrative* (p. 32)—

"Your letter, and that of the venerable Ignazio, have filled me "with joy. Your Excellency is exactly the person of whom we "stand in need. Let nothing prevent you from coming into this "part of Greece. The enemy threatens us in great number; but, "by the help of God and your Excellency, they shall meet a suit- "able resistance. I shall have something to do to-night against a "corps of six or seven thousand Albanians, encamped close to this "place. The day after to-morrow I will set out with a few chosen "companions, to meet your Excellency. Do not delay. I thank "you for the good opinion you have of my fellow-citizens, which "God grant you will not find ill-founded; and I thank you still "more for the care you have so kindly taken of them.

"Believe me, etc."

Within a few hours after signing this letter, Botzaris was killed at Karpenisi (August 21, 1823). The circumstances of his death are thus told by Gamba (*Narrative*, pp. 291, 292)—

"The enemy were between 15 and 20,000 strong: he had only a "few hundred troops. When he made his attack . . . he had but 300 "Suliotes, and assembling them, he told them that he intended to "penetrate into the enemy's camp, and would not be followed except "by volunteers; all his men came forward. Bozzari was acquainted "with the Turkish watchword, and in the dead of night rushed into "the camp, where for three hours he slaughtered the Turks, and "spread confusion in all their quarters, until they began to suspect "the small number of their assailants. More than 500 Turks of "Scutari defended a large ditch, which crossed the camp. Marco "was already wounded, and his friends wished him to retire; but "he resolved to try another assault against this party. As he was "kneeling on one knee to reload his musket, a ball struck him in "the head, and he fell dead on the spot. His companions secured "his remains and carried them to Missolonghi. I had this account "from his brother and from Lambro Zerva, who were at his side

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the acting commander of a body of troops in Acarnania, for whom I had letters of recommendation. His answer was probably the last he ever signed, or dictated, for he was killed in action the very day after its date, with the character of a good soldier, and an honourable man, which are not always found together nor indeed separately. I was also invited by Count Metaxa,[1] the Governor of Messolonghi, to go over there; but it was necessary, in the present state of parties, that I should have some communication with the existing Gov^t on the subject of their opinion *where* I might be, if not *most* useful, at any rate *least* obnoxious.

As I did not come here to join a faction but a nation, and to deal with honest men and not with speculators or peculators, (charges bandied about daily by the Greeks of each other) it will require much circumspection to avoid the character of a partizan, and I perceive it to be the more difficult as I have already received invitations from more than one of the contending parties, always under the pretext that *they* are the "real Simon Pure." After all, one should not despair, though all the foreigners that I have hitherto met with from amongst the Greeks are going or gone back disgusted.

Whoever goes into Greece at present should do it as Mrs. Fry went into Newgate—not in the expectation of meeting with any especial indication of existing probity,

"when he fell." (See also Finlay's *History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 315.)

Thus of the two Greek leaders, to whom Byron had been recommended, one, Botzaris, was dead, the other, Mavrocordatos, was a fugitive.

1. Constantine Metaxa was a Cephalonian, and "his faction in "Cephalonia seconded his importunities" (Gamba, *Narrative*, p. 44). The inhabitants of Mesolonghi, according to Millingen (*Memoirs*, p. 64), petitioned that Mavrocordatos might return in place of Metaxa, "whose arrogancy, they asserted, was equalled only by his "incapacity."

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but in the hope that time and better treatment will reclaim the present burglarious and larcenous tendencies which have followed this General Gaol delivery.

When the limbs of the Greeks are a little less stiff from the shackles of four centuries, they will not march so much "as if they had gyves on their legs." At present the Chains are broken indeed; but the links are still clanking, and the Saturnalia is still too recent to have converted the Slave into a sober Citizen. The worst of them is that (to use a coarse but the only expression that will not fall short of the truth) they are such damned liars; there never was such an incapacity for veracity shown since Eve lived in Paradise. One of them found fault the other day with the English language, because it had so few shades of a Negative, whereas a Greek can so modify a "No" to a "Yes," and *vice versa*, by the slippery qualities of his language, that prevarication may be carried to any extent and still leave a loop-hole through which perjury may slip without being perceived. This was the Gentleman's own talk, and is only to be doubted because in the words of the Syllogism "Now "Epimenides was a Cretan."[1] But they may be mended by and bye.

Sept. 30th.

After remaining here some time in expectation of hearing from the G[t] G[l] I availed myself of the opportunity of Messrs. B[rowne] and T[relawny][2] proceeding

1. "One of themselves, *even* a prophet of their own, said, The "Cretans *are* always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies" (*Titus* i. 12). The line is attributed to Epimenides.

2. Trelawny (*Records*, pp. 224, 225) says, "The conflicting "accounts that came day by day from the Morea distracted us: to "ascertain the real state of things I proposed to go there. . . . I "well knew that once on shore Byron would fall back on his old "routine of dawdling habits—plotting, planning—shilly-shallying—

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to Tripolitza, subsequently to the departure of the Turkish fleet, to write to the acting part of the Legislature. My object was not only to obtain some accurate information so as to enable me to proceed to the Spot where I might be, if not most safe, at least more serviceable, but to have an opportunity of forming a judgement on the real state of their affairs. In the meantime I hear from Mavrocordato[1] and the Primate of Hydra, the latter inviting me to that island, and the former hinting that he should like to meet me there or elsewhere.

"and doing nothing. It was a maxim of his, 'If I am stopped for "six days at any place, I cannot be made to move for six months.' "Hamilton Browne agreed to go with me: he was a most valuable "ally." Byron was alive to the risk of increasing the dissensions of the Greek leaders; Trelawny felt no such responsibility. Millingen suggests this (*Memoirs on the Affairs of Greece*, p. 152) by saying that Trelawny "discovered that Lord Byron was not romantic "enough to be his companion: and he started in consequence for "Peloponnesus." Trelawny joined Odysseus; Browne returned in November to London with the Greek deputies, to negotiate a loan. (For the Greek leaders and their parties, see Appendix V.)

1. Gamba (*Narrative*, pp. 42, 43) gives what purports to be Byron's answer to these invitations. "Mavrocordato," he says, "wrote to Byron from Hydra, whither he had fled, inviting him to "that island. He was seconded in the invitation by the principal "Hydriots. Lord Byron thanked him for his courteous invitation, "and through me, replied, 'that none could more deeply deplore "the unfortunate differences which paralysed their energies at a "moment when they might reap the fruits of their extraordinary "efforts, and lay the foundation of the independence of their "country; that, among other bad consequences of those discords, "the keeping away of the illustrious Mavrocordato was not the "least; that, as for himself, he would remain as a looker-on until "he could see the favourable moment of co-operating with advan-"tage in the national cause. He requested him to hasten the "sailing of the fleet, and the departure of the deputies.'"

The Greek primates are described by Finlay (*History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 11) as "a kind of Christian Turks." They were the official aristocracy under the Ottoman rule, Greeks who had rented the taxes of the district from the voivode or bey. They in turn sub-let the taxes to local magistrates, so that tax-payers, besides their taxes, maintained three classes of fiscal officers.

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1823.

10bre 17th

My Journal was discontinued abruptly and has not been resumed sooner, because on the day of its former date I received a letter from my sister Augusta, that intimated the illness of my daughter, and I had not then the heart to continue it. Subsequently I had heard through the same channel that she was better, and since that she is well; if so, for me all is well.

But although I learned this early in 9th 9bre, I know not why I have not continued my journal, though many things which would have formed a curious record have since occurred.

I know not why I resume it even now, except that, standing at the window of my apartment in this beautiful village, the calm though cool serenity of a beautiful and transparent Moonlight, showing the Islands, the Mountains, the Sea, with a distant outline of the Morea traced between the double Azure of the waves and skies, has quieted me enough to be able to write, which (however difficult it may seem for one who has written so much publicly to refrain) is, and always has been, to me a task and a painful one. I could summon testimonies, were it necessary; but my hand-writing is sufficient. It is that of one who thinks much, rapidly, perhaps deeply, but rarely with pleasure.

But—*En avant.* The Greeks are advancing in their public progress, but quarrelling amongst themselves. I shall probably, *bon grè mal grè*, be obliged to join one of the factions, which I have hitherto strenuously avoided in the hope to unite them in one common interest.

Mavrocordato has appeared at length with the

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Hydriote Squadron[1] in these seas, which apparition would hardly have taken place had I not engaged to pay two hundred thousand piastres (10 piastres per dollar being the present value on the Greek continent) in aid of Messolonghi, and has commenced operations somewhat successfully but not very prudently.

Fourteen (some say seventeen) Greek ships attacked a Turkish vessel of 12 Guns, and took her. This is not quite an Ocean Thermopylæ, but *n'importe;* they (*on dit*) have found on board 50,000 dollars, a sum of great service in their present exigencies, if properly applied. This prize, however, has been made within the bounds of Neutrality on the coast of Ithaca, and the Turks were (it is said) pursued on shore, and some slain. All this may involve a question of right and wrong with the not very tolerant Thomas Maitland, who is not very capable of distinguishing either. I have advanced the sum above noted to pay the said Squadron; it is not very large but is double that with which Napoleon, the Emperor of Emperors, began his campaign in Italy withal—*vide Las Cases*,[2] *passim*, vol. i. (*tome premier*).

1. The Albanian seamen of Psara, Hydra, and Spetzas, mutinous, quarrelsome, and clamouring for pay, in December, 1823, sailed to relieve Anatolikon. With them embarked Mavrocordatos, hoping, with Byron's support, to recover the ground he had lost at Petta (see p. 215, *note* 1) and regain his dictatorship in Western Greece. On the voyage the squadron encountered a Turkish brig, bound for Patras with money for the garrison. Raked by the broadsides of ten Greek ships (Millingen, *Memoirs*, p. 39; Finlay, *History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 321, says the Greek ships were five in number), the brig, in a sinking condition, ran ashore on the neutral island of Ithaca. The Greeks landed, plundered the vessel, and shot down all the crew who were not rescued by the English soldiers.

2. Among the books which were put on board the *Hercules* at Leghorn was the first volume of the *Mémorial de Ste. Hélène*, by Dieudonné, Comte de Las Cases (1823-24). "It is not difficult," says Gamba (*Narrative*, p. 15), "to conceive upon what our "conversation turned for some time."

The passage to which Byron alludes is as follows: "La dénuement

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The Turks have retired from before Messolonghi—nobody knows why—since they left provisions and ammunition behind them in quantities, and the Garrison made no sallies, or none to any purpose. They never invested Messolonghi this year, but bombarded Anatoliko[1] (a sort of village which I recollect well, having passed through the whole of that country with fifty Albanians in 1809, Messolonghi included) near the Achelous. Some say Vrioni Pacha heard of an insurrection near Scutari, some one thing, some another. For my part, I have been in correspondence with the Chiefs, and their accounts are not unanimous.

The Suliotes, both there, here, and elsewhere, having taken a kind of liking *to*, or at least formed or renewed a sort of acquaintance *with*, me—(as I have aided them and their families in all that I could, according to circumstances) are apparently anxious that I should put myself forward as their Chief (if I may so say). I would rather not for the present, because there are too many divisions and Chiefs already. But if it should appear necessary, why—as they are admitted to be the best and bravest of the present combatants—it might, or may, so happen that I could, would, should, or shall take to me the support of such a body of men, with whose aid I

"du trésor et la rareté du numéraire étaient tels dans la République "qu'au départ du Général Bonaparte pour l'armée d'Italie, tous "ses efforts et ceux du Directoire ne purent composer que deux mille "louis, qu'il emporta dans sa voiture" (Las Cases, *Mémorial, etc.*, tome i. p. 173).

1. The Turkish forces, under Mustai Pasha and Omer Vrioni, attacked Anatolikon in October, 1823. An English seaman, William Martin, who had deserted from his ship, assumed charge of one of the Greek guns, and dismounted the solitary piece of artillery which the Turks brought into position. The Turks made no effort to capture the town. After a harmless bombardment from a distance, the siege was raised (December 11, 1823), and the Turkish forces retired into Epirus (Finlay, *History of Greece*, vol. vi. pp. 317, 318).

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think something might be done both *in* Greece and *out* of it (for there is a good deal to put to rights in both). I could maintain them out of my own present means (always supposing my present income and means to be permanent). They are not above a thousand, and of these not six hundred *real* Suliotes; but then they are allowed to be equal (that seems a bravado though, but it is in print recently) *one* to *5* European Moslems, and ten Asiatics! Be it as it may, they are in high esteem, and my very good friends.

A soldier may be maintained on the Mainland for 25 piastres (rather *better than two* dollars a month) monthly, and find his rations out of the country, or for *five dollars*, including his paying for his rations. Therefore for between two and three thousand dollars a month (and the dollar here is to be had for 4 and 2 pence instead of 4 and 6 pence, the price in England), I could maintain between five hundred and a thousand of these warriors for as long as necessary, and I have more means than are (supposing them to last) [sufficient] to do so. For my own personal wants are very simple (except in horses as I am no great pedestrian), and my income considerable for any country but England (being equal to the President's of the United States! the English Secretaries of States or the French Ambassador's at Vienna and the greater Courts—150,000 Francs, I believe), and I have hope to have sold a Manor besides for nearly 3,000,000 francs more. Thus I could (with what we should extract according to the usages of war also), keep on foot a respectable clan, or Sept, or tribe, or horde, for some time, and, as I have not any motive for so doing but the well-wishing to Greece, I should hope with advantage.

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1103.—To Charles F. Barry.

Cephalonia, August 10th 1823.

DEAR SIR,—We have been some days in harbour here to collect information on the state of the neighbouring countries, before I proceeded there. There is great uncertainty in the reports, but on the whole they are unfavourable.

The Turkish fleet is in sight from the heights of these Islands,[1] and the greater part of the nearest coast in a state of declared and partly efficient blockade. The Greek Government is ——[2] (it is believed), and the Turks are trying to penetrate into the Morea.

The Greeks appear to want every thing, even union, for they are divided again, it seems, among themselves. All this I state as stated to me.

Mr. Blaquiere has left the Morea,[3] and has been at Corfu on his way to England. Notwithstanding all this, I shall remain as long as I can to seek an opportunity of reaching the Main, though the hazard is considerable and perhaps useless.

Every one has been very kind and attentive here, but of course without compromising themselves, which was not to be expected, nor would I wish it. I speak of the English.

1. As Byron recognised the outlines of the Morea, he said to Trelawny (*Records*, p. 217), "I don't know why it is, but I feel as "if the eleven long years of bitterness I have passed through since "I was here were taken off my shoulders, and I was scudding "through the Greek Archipelago with old Bathurst, in his frigate."

2. Word illegible under the seal.

3. Byron was not unnaturally vexed at Blaquiere's departure, concluding that he himself was being "used as a decoy by the Com-"mittee" in London (Trelawny, *Records*, p. 218). According to Hamilton Browne (*Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1834, p. 62), he believed that Blaquiere was hurrying home to get his notes into print, and ridiculed his passion for bookmaking.

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Of your two Correspondents, to whom you gave me letters of Credit, Sr Carriddi is unwilling, and Mr. Corgialegno (is that the name?) willing, but hardly competent, to advance money on even the best bills of Exchange. Mr. Carriddi not only declined, but declared that he had no connection with the house of Webb at Genoa; and when referred to the letters for the proof that it was of the *same firm* with that of Leghorn, he replied that it was all the same—he had no connection with either. As it is probable that the same reply may be made at Zante, and as it is not only extremely inconvenient, but even hurtful to the Credit of your house, as well as to myself, I hope that you will take some step to remedy this; otherwise, I do not see what is to be done, as my English letters (which are also very essential) only refer to Constantinople, Smyrna, Venice, and Trieste, and to your houses at Genoa and Leghorn.

Carriddi made no distinction or difficulty about Messrs. Ransom's house, but merely declined acting for your own in any way, and pretended to wonder why you should expect that he should. This might be remedied by your sending me up my Credits (English, and on your house also) in dollars *here;* but with whom here could I trust a sum of thirty five thousand dollars (more or less)? With a Greek I could not leave it in safety, and there are no English houses here that I know of; and yet somewhere in these Islands the Credits must be negociated, as being the nearest point to the place where I want them. The ten thousand dollars, which I have on board, are safe; but I have recurred to them—and lucky that I had them, since these fellows would not recognize your firm.

You can address to me here, to the Care of your Correspondent Corgialegno (I think is the name), who is

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extremely civil, and will advance what he can; but the truth is, I fancy, that Specie in these islands is nearly as Scarce as on the Main: or at any rate that, from political or other reasons, they are reluctant to accept your bills, or unused to trade as bankers.

I have engaged about forty Suliotes here (the place and people I knew formerly); but the English Government, in violation of a solemn promise on their landing, *now* refuses to restore them their arms. But nothing can be kinder than the Officers, etc., have *been individually* to us, as far as their duty will permit. I say this the more readily, as I neither expected, nor had cause to expect it.

Of the Greeks I shall say nothing, till I can say something better, except that I am not discouraged, and am

Always yours,

N. B.

P.S.—If you think any part of this letter worth communicating to Mr. Kinnaird, you may, as I have not yet written to England.

I shall stay out as long as I can, and do all I can for these Greeks, but I cannot exaggerate; they must expect only the truth from me both of and to them.

You may also tell Mr. K.[d] that, about the beginning of the year, I may probably require an addition to my letters, etc., as, if these fellows give me an opportunity, I will stand by them, as I said before.

1104.—To Captain Knox.[1]

Cephalonia, August 26, 1823.

My dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge your very kind and flattering letter, and am truly glad that you and

1. Reprinted from Dr. Kennedy's *Conversations on Religion with*

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Mrs. K. have not been so tired of my company as I feared. The few days which I passed with you in your beautiful island, are amongst the whitest in my existence; and as such I shall recollect them,—not without the hope of our meeting again, some time, and somewhere.

I have given directions to Messrs. Kornologni (or Corialegno) to furnish the Moreote refugees with every necessary for their decent subsistence at my expense—as before proposed by myself; and I have also (as he may, or should have apprized you) directed two hundred and fifty dollars to be placed at your disposal, for the other families now in Ithaca, to be distributed to the most deserving, or the most necessitous, in such proportions as your better experience and knowledge of their circumstances may suggest. The various demands upon me have made me limit the sum lower than I could wish, but it may be a little help to some in the meantime, and we may perhaps do more by-and-by.

I hope that Mrs. K. has not suffered from her travels, . . . she is the most intrepid craigs-woman (as the Scotch call it) I have met with. Count P. Gamba, and the rest of the party, beg their best thanks and respects both to her and to you; and uniting in every good wish, I ever am,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—I do not include the Moreote family's debt in the subscription. I intend to pay that on a separate account; but I forget the amount.

Lord Byron and Others, pp. 388, 389. Captain Knox was the Resident of Ithaca.

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1105.—To Lieut.-Colonel Napier.[1]

Metaxata, Sept. 9th 1823.

MY DEAR COLONEL,—I return you your somewhat desponding correspondent's epistle, with many thanks for that as for other and many kindnesses. I have had two from Blaquiere (dated Ancona and addrest to me at Genoa) in the old style, but more sanguine than Signor Pavone's. All this comes of what Mr. Braham pronounces "*Entusymusy*," expecting too much and starting at speed; it is lucky for me so far that, fail or not fail, I can hardly be disappointed, for I believed myself on a fool's errand from the outset, and must, therefore, like Dogberry, "spare no wisdom."[2] I will at least linger on here or there till I see whether I *can* be of *any* service in *any* way; and if I doubt it, it is because I do not feel confidence in my individual capacity for this kind of bear-taming, and not from a disbelief in the powers of a more active or less indifferent character to be of use to them, though I feel persuaded that that person must be a military man.

But I like the Cause at least, and will stick by it while it is not degraded nor dishonoured.

You have been so kind to me (as indeed all our compatriots have been) that any additional trouble I should give you would be in the Gospel phrase—another "coal of fire" upon my head.

The first time I descend into the valley, I will call, and I hope whenever you come up this way you will look in and see how comfortable we are under your auspices.

Ever yours,

NOEL BYRON.

1. Printed from the original letter in the possession of Canon A. P. Moor, of St. Clement, near Truro.

2. "We will spare for no wit, I warrant you."—*Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 5.

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1106.—To Colonel Duffie.[1]

October 9, 1823.

DEAR COLONEL,—The pelisse fits as if it had been made for me, excepting that it is a little too short in the sleeves, which is not of any consequence.

I shall therefore, with many acknowledgements, accept and wear it,—somewhat, I fear, in the mode of the ass in the lion's skin in the fable; or, rather in the hope which the Indians entertain when they wear the spoils of a redoubted enemy, viz. that his good qualities may be transferred to the new possessor with his habiliments. But these being the garments of a friend, may, I trust, be still more propitious.

I send you some papers, but I doubt that you have later ones; however, they can serve the mess as duplicates: the 29th and 30th are among them; but the 26th and 27th (28th being Sunday) are not yet arrived.

Believe me, ever and truly, yours affectionately,

NOEL BYRON.

1107.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

Cephalonia, 8bre 12th 1823.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—Your three letters on the subject of Ada's indisposition have made me very anxious to hear further of her amelioration. I have been subject to the same complaint, but not at so early an age, nor in so great a degree. Besides, it never affected my eyes but rather my hearing, and that only partially and slightly and for a short time. I had dreadful and almost periodical headaches till I was fourteen,

1. Reprinted from Dr. Kennedy's *Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and Others*, p. 386. It was probably in Colonel Duffie's uniform that Byron landed at Mesolonghi.

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and sometimes since; but abstinence and a habit of bathing my head in cold water every morning cured me, I think, at least I have been less molested since that period . . . Let me know how she is. I need not say how *very* anxious I am (at this distance particularly) to hear of her welfare.

You ask why I came up amongst the Greeks? It was stated to me that my so doing might tend to their advantage in some measure in their present struggle for independence, both as an individual and as a member for the Committee now in England. How far this may be realized I cannot pretend to anticipate, but I am willing to do what I can. They have at length found leisure to quarrel among themselves, after repelling their other enemies, and it is no very easy part that I may have to play to avoid appearing partial to one or other of their factions. They have turned out Mavrocordato, who was the only *Washington* or *Kosciusko* kind of man amongst them, and they have not yet sent their deputies to London to treat for a loan, nor in short done themselves so much good as they might have done. I have written to Mr. Hobhouse three several times with a budget of documents on the subject, from which he can extract all the present information for the Committee. I have written to their Gov^t^ at Tripolizza and Salamis,[1] and am waiting for instructions *where* to proceed, for things are in such a state amongst them, that it is difficult to conjecture where one could be useful to them, if at all. However, I have some hopes that they will see their own interest sufficiently not to quarrel till they have

1. The Executive and the Senate had fixed the temporary seat of government at Salamis. Kolokotrones, the Vice-President of the Executive, and Commander-in-Chief of the Morea, remained at Tripolitza. In October the Executive left Salamis for Nauplia. (See Appendix V.)

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received their national independence, and then they can fight it out among them in a domestic manner—and welcome. You may suppose that I have something to *think* of at least, for you can have no idea what an intriguing cunning unquiet generation they are, and as emissaries of all parties come to me at present, and I must act impartially, it makes me exclaim, as Julian did at his military exercises, "Oh! Plato, what a task for a "Philosopher!"[1]

However, *you* won't think much of *my philosophy;* nor do I, *entre nous*.

If you think this epistle or any part of it worth transmitting to L^y B. you can send her a copy, as I suppose . . . she cannot be altogether indifferent as to my "whereabouts" and *what*abouts.

I am at present in a very pretty village (Metaxata in Cephalonia) between the mountains and the Sea, with a view of Zante and the Morea, waiting for some more decisive intelligence from the provisional Gov^t in Salamis.—— But here come some visitors.

I was interrupted yesterday by Col. Napier and the Captain of a King's ship now in the harbour. Col. N. is Resident or Governor here and has been extremely kind and hospitable, as indeed have been all the English here. When their visit was over a Greek arrived on business about this eternal siege of Mesalonghi (on the Coast of Acarnania or Etolia) and some convoys of provisions which we want to throw in; and after this was discussed, I got on horseback (I brought up my horses with me on board and troublesome neighbours they were in blowing weather) and rode to Argostoli and back; and

1. When Julian "awkwardly repeated some military exercise "which it was necessary for him to learn, he exclaimed with a sigh, "'O Plato, Plato, what a task for a philosopher!'" (Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. xix.).

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then I had one of my *thunder* headaches (*you* know how my head acts like a barometer when there is electricity in the air) and I could not resume till this morning. Since my arrival in August I made a tour to Ithaca (which you will take to be Ireland, but if you look into Pope's *Odyssey*,[1] you will discover to be the antient name of the Isle of Wight) and also over some parts of Cephalonia.

We are pretty well in health, the Gods be thanked!

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* * * * * * * * *

There is a clever but eccentric man here, a Dr. Kennedy,[2] who is very pious and tries in good earnest to

1. The passages descriptive of Ithaca in Pope's *Odyssey* are book iv. 823, ff.; ix. 27; xiii. 285, ff.; xiv. 2-4; xix. 131, ff. Byron is probably not serious in his derivation of Wight. Worsley (*History of the Isle of Wight*, 1781, p. 1, *note*) gives the accepted meaning and origin of the word.

2. James Kennedy (1793-1827), educated for the Bar, entered the Army Medical Service. In 1819 he was ordered to Malta, and thence in November, 1822, to Corfu. When Byron came to Cephalonia, Kennedy was stationed in that island. In conversation with four friends, all Scotchmen, and resident, like himself, in the Ionian Islands, he heard them all express "free and deistical senti-"ments." It was arranged between them that Kennedy should give his reasons for his belief in Christianity, at meetings to be held at Dr. Muir's house. Byron asked leave to attend, and came to the first conference with Gamba and Hamilton Browne. Colonel Napier was also present. In the discussion that followed Byron took the lead. But he did not attend any of the subsequent meetings (*Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron, etc.*, p. 70), partly, perhaps, because he had gone to Metaxata. He was, however, interested in Kennedy's efforts, and at length, after several messages, induced the doctor to come and see him. The first conversation between them occupies pp. 132-207 of Kennedy's book. Other talks are also reported in the *Conversations*. Whatever may be thought of the tone of Byron's arguments or remarks, it is evident that he respected Kennedy's sincerity.

Kennedy returned to England in February, 1826, and in December of the same year was ordered to Jamaica. He died there of yellow fever, September 18, 1827. His *Conversations on Religion, with Lord Byron and Others, held in Cephalonia, a short time previous to his Lordship's Death*, was published by Murray, in 1830.

Crabb Robinson (*Diary*, vol. iii. pp. 435, 436) quotes a letter

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make converts; but his Christianity is a queer one, for he says that the priesthood of the Church of England are no more Christians than "Mahound or Termagant"[1] are. He has made some converts, I suspect rather to the beauty of his wife (who is pretty as well as pious)

from Lady Byron, written March 5, 1855, in which she discusses the truth of Kennedy's book:—

"I recollect only those passages of Dr. Kennedy's book which "bear upon the opinions of Lord Byron. Strange as it may seem, "Dr. Kennedy is most faithful where you doubt his being so. Not "merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord "Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in "the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic "tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to "the Creator, I have always ascribed the misery of his life. . . . "It is enough for me to remember, that he who thinks his trans- "gressions beyond *forgiveness* (and such was his own deepest "feeling), *has* righteousness beyond that of the self-satisfied sinner; "or, perhaps, of the half-awakened. It was impossible for me to "doubt that, could he have been at once assured of pardon, his "living faith in a moral duty and love of virtue ('I love the virtues "which I cannot claim') would have conquered every temptation. "Judge, then, how I must hate the Creed which made him see God "as an Avenger, not a Father. My own impressions were just the "reverse, but could have little weight, and it was in vain to seek to "turn his thoughts for long from that *idée fixe*, with which he con- "nected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being "made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every "blessing would be 'turned into a curse' to him. Who, possessed "by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or "man? They must in a measure realise themselves. 'The worst "of it is, I *do* believe,' he said. I, like all connected with him, "was broken against the rock of Predestination. I may be par- "doned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment "that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden "to enjoy. You will now better understand why 'The Deformed "Transformed' is too painful to me for discussion. Since writing "the above, I have read Dr. Granville's letter on the Emperor of "Russia, some passages of which seem applicable to the preposses- "sion I have described. I will not mix up less serious matters "with these, which forty years have not made less than present "still to me."

1. *I.e.* than Mahomet or any other pagan divinity. So in *Orlando Furioso*, Canto XII. stanza lix., Ferrau blasphemes his "Mahoun and Termagant" (*Bestemmiando Macone e Trivigante*). Scott says, in *Quentin Durward* (chap. xvii.), "Thou art beast "enough to drink nothing but water, like a vile vassal of *Mahound* "*and Termagund*." (Compare also *Ivanhoe*, chap. vii.)

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than of his theology. I like what I have seen of him, of *her* I know nothing, nor desire to know, having other things to think about. *He* says that the dozen shocks of an Earthquake we had the other day are a sign of his doctrine, or a judgement on his audience, but this opinion has not acquired proselytes. One of the shocks was so prolonged that, though not very heavy, we thought the house would come down, and as we have a staircase to dismount *out* of the house (the buildings here are different from ours), it was judged expedient by the inmates (all *men* please to recollect, as if there had been females we must have helped them out or broken our heads for company) to make an expeditious retreat into the court-yard. *Who* was *first* out of the door I know not, but when I got to the bottom of the stairs I found several arrived before me, which could only have happened by their jumping out of the windows or down *over* or from the stairs (which had no balustrade or bannisters) rather than in the regular way of descent. The scene was ludicrous enough, but we had several more slight shocks in the night but stuck quietly to our beds, for it would have been of no use moving, as the house would have been down first, had it been to come down at all.

There was no great damage done in the Island (except an old house or two cracking in the middle), but the soldiers on parade were lifted up as a boat is by the tide, and you could have seen the whole line waving (though no one was in motion) by the heaving of the ground on which they were drawn up. You can't complain of this being a brief letter.

I wish you would obtain from Lady B. some account of Ada's disposition, habits, studies, moral tendencies, and temper, as well as of her personal appearance, for except from the miniature drawn five years ago (and she

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is now double that age nearly) I have no idea of even her aspect. When I am advised on these points, I can form some notion of her character and what way her dispositions or indispositions ought to be treated. At *her* present age I have an idea that I had many feelings and notions which people would not believe if I stated them *now*, and therefore I may as well keep them to myself. Is she social or solitary, taciturn or talkative, fond of reading or otherwise? And what is her *tic?*—I mean her foible. Is she passionate? I hope that the Gods have made her anything save *poetical*—it is enough to have one such fool in a family. You can answer all this at your leisure: address to *Genoa* as usual, the letters will be forwarded better by my Correspondents there.

Yours ever,

N. B.

P.S.—Tell Douglas K.d I have only just got his letter of August 19th, and not only approve of his accepting a sum not under ten or twelve thousand pounds for the property in question, but also of his getting as much as can be gotten above that price.

1108.—To Colonel Duffie.[1]

October 23, 1823.

DEAR COLONEL,—I have to pray you to permit the regimental smith to shoe my horses, when he can be spared from duty.

I was very sorry that I missed you the other day, and yet I know not how, for I rode out on the road to Argostoli. The day before yesterday I was in town,

1. Reprinted from Dr. Kennedy's *Conversations, etc.*, pp. 387, 388.

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and with the intention of intruding on you; but I was detained by business till too late.

The Greek provisional government has sent over one of their agents[1] to conduct me to the residence of the said government. Brown and Trelawny, having been better treated than others, probably give a much more favourable account than we have yet had, from other quarters, of the state of the government and country. For my own part, I shall endeavour to judge for myself, and expect to set out early in November, according to the desire of the President and his brethren.

We have had another earthquake here (somewhat smarter than the former,) in the night. It threw down and broke a "lambico," or filtering-machine for water (I really have forgotten the proper term in our language but it is for a drip-stone to clear water), and we are bounden to Providence for not having our bones broken instead of crockery.

Believe me ever and truly, your obliged

And sincere friend and servant,

NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—Count Pietro Gamba salutes you, and is doing his best to get well again; with what success, the doctors know best.

1. "A messenger of the executive body, Anarghiro, brought a "pressing invitation to Lord Byron, requesting him to come to "Napoli di Romania or to Tripolizza. To this latter place he "resolved to go" (Gamba, *Narrative*, p. 50). All was prepared for a start in the middle of November. But two days before the embarkation, Hamilton Browne and the Greek deputies arrived on their way to London to negotiate the loan. They brought letters from Mavrocordatos, stating that Western Greece was the point of danger, and asking a loan of £4000 to enable the Greek fleet and himself to sail for Mesolonghi. Byron, therefore, abandoned his plan of going to Tripolitza.

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1109.—To Charles F. Barry.

8bre 25th 1823.

DEAR BARRY,—A barrel containing three thousand dollars to my address has been consigned to SS. Corgialegno; and as I choose to keep my Genoese Credit intact for the present, I shall remit to your house by some early opportunity bills on Messrs. Ransom for six hundred and twenty or thirty pounds, which I conjecture to be about the equivalent more or less; but in case there be any balance for or against me, you can rectify it from my own accompt with your house.

I have still between 7 and 8000 dollars of those which I brought up with me, so that the reinforcement, though not unacceptable, was for the present unnecessary.

Messrs. Corgialegno, at first, either had not or pretended not to have funds to supply above a certain sum per month; and for this they required two and a half per cent., as I believe, because they were not aware of the monies I had in hand, and wished to profit by the letters of *Credit*—not much to their *own*. I told them that I had several thousand dollars in hand, and that, even were it otherwise, I would see them damned before I agreed to such terms of exchange for the bills of and on respectable houses in Italy and England. I further added, that I had enough for my own occasions for a year to come, and that, as my *extra*-expenditure was to have been for the Greeks, he might settle it with his compatriots, for whom, if I spent my monies, it must naturally be on equitable terms.

They have since changed *their note*, and offer to change *my notes* and to advance whatever I require on fair terms of exchange; but I made their proposition (the original one) pretty public, and the Greeks (as might

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be expected when their own interest was concerned) clamoured pretty loudly against this Hebrew proceeding of the Sieurs Corgialegno, so that they grew ashamed of it themselves, and explained it away—something about the scarcity of dollars, etc., and I have allowed them the benefit of their explanation. They have, however, been very *civil*, and have opened a correspondence with Napoli di Romania, so that I may draw there too for what I want.

I am invited over by the Greek Gov^t, who have received Messrs. Browne and Trelawney with great hospitality. They have sent an Agent to conduct me to that city, for which I expect to set out early in November. Continue to address to Cephalonia, however, till I direct otherwise.

The various letters of Credit from Messrs. Webb, the Corgialegnos declare to be superfluous, as they wish to be the intermediate agents in our business. So that all seems very well so far.

The states of parties in Greece are still the same. I have transmitted by private hands several packets of documents and Correspondence to Mr. Hobhouse M.P., to be laid by him before Mr. Bowring for his inspection and the Committee's. If you write to that Gentleman, say, that I do not address directly to him especially by the *post*, as *his* letters are liable to be looked into by the curious in correspondence on the Continent, ever since his adventure in France;[1] but the letters to Mr. H. are in fact meant for his perusal with their enclosed papers.

1. John Bowring (see p. 205, *note* 2) was arrested by order of the French Government at Calais, October 5, 1822; his papers were seized, and he himself was imprisoned at Boulogne. He was the bearer of a letter to Garcia, the Peruvian agent in London, and a despatch to the Portuguese Ambassador. With him was travelling Edward Blaquiere.

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It is very expedient that the Committee should support me with their authority; and if they were to frame a memorial to the Greek Gov^t on the subject of their existing differences and the expulsion or secession of Mavrocordato, it would probably have more effect than any *individual* attempt of mine to reconcile the parties: and until they *are* reconciled, it seems to be allowed very generally, that their internal affairs will be in an unpleasant state of weakness. I would of course present such a memorial and enforce it by all lawful means in my power.

All the stories of the Greek victories by sea and land are exaggerated or untrue: they *have* had the advantage in some skirmishes, but the Turks have also had the same in others, and are now before Messolonghi in force; and, as for the fleet, it has never been to sea at all until very lately, and, as far as can be ascertained, has done little or nothing to the purpose.

The deputies for the loan are not yet set out, though I have written (to urge their departure) to the Gk. Gov^t. I neither despond nor despair of the Cause; but it is *my* business to state things as they are to the Committee, were it only to show the expediency of further exertion.

I offered to advance a thousand dollars per month for the succour of Messolonghi and the Suliotes under Bozzari (who was since killed) but the Gov^t have answered me (through Count Delladecima of this island) that they wish to confer with me previously—which is in fact saying that they wish me to expend my money in some other direction.

Now, I will take especial care that it *is* for the public cause; otherwise, I will not advance a *parà*. The Opposition say they want to cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me; so between the

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two I have a difficult part to play: however, I will have nothing to do with their factions, unless to reconcile them if possible.

I know not whether it be true that "Honesty is the "best policy," but it is the only kind that I am disposed to practise or to sanction.

The Committee should hasten their brigade, as its announcement has been gratefully received by the G.t Gov.t, who are also profuse in their civilities and acknowledgements to the Committee, etc., and are preparing to receive me with all regard.

It is not of their ill-usage (which I should know how to repel, or at least endure perhaps), but of their *good* treatment that I am apprehensive; for it is difficult not to allow our private impressions to predominate: and if these Gentlemen *have* any undue interest and discover my weak side, viz. a propensity to be governed, and were to set a pretty woman, or a clever woman, about me, with a turn for political or any other sort of intrigue—why, they would make a fool of me, no very difficult matter probably even without such an intervention. But if I can keep passion, at least that passion, out of the question (which may be the more easy, as I left my heart in Italy), they will not weather me with quite so much facility.

If the Committee expect to do much good, they must increase their funds, to which I will add all that I can spare of my own; and they should appoint at least *three* persons, in whom they have confidence, to direct their expenditure. I would rather *not* myself have any thing to do with *that* department, not being a good accomptant; but in superintending all or any thing, *not* relative to the pecuniary detail, I am at their commandment.

Mr. Blaquiere's report in the papers is not quite the

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same with that in his private letters to Col. Napier; but he may be in the right to conceal partly the extent of the Greek divisions, especially as Mavrocordato was still in power when Mr. B. left the Morea. I hope that his statement will be of some utility.

8bre 27th

I was interrupted by a visitor on the 25th, and yesterday was Sunday.

With reference to what you say of the purchaser of the Schooner, I can only answer that he is not likely to buy it, and *if* he buys, perhaps as little likely to pay the price; but you are or *were* of a contrary opinion: I shall be happy to confess your superior discernment.

I hope you will give a careful look at my travelling carriage, which I wish to have kept in good order. The prints also, and some of my books (a life of Marceau, the French General, sent me by his Sister), and some volumes, inscribed tracts, etc., which I believe I mentioned in a recent letter, I wish to have reserved in case of disposal of the furniture, etc.

It is not very probable that I should return before Spring, if even then: but it were idle to anticipate what must so much depend upon circumstances.

Here is a long epistle for you: will you tell the Honble Douglas Kinnaird, that I have written to him to approve and sanction his proposal on a matter of business with reference to a Manor of mine? he will understand what is meant. I add this in case he should not have received my reply to his letter of the 14th August, which I only got not very long ago.

My respects to Messrs. Webb and Barker: I have received all their letters, to which, I presume, the previous part of this will serve for answer without troubling them

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with a postage. Remember me to Mr. Sterling and all acquaintances.

Ever yours and truly,

N. B.

8bre 29th 1823.

P.S.—You surely care little (on my account), or should do, for newspaper tattle or gossip of any kind: if any fact is falsely stated which appears to be of consequence, you have it in your power to contradict it; for you know nearly as much of my affairs, public or private, as I do myself.

I have recently seen something of a zealous Dr. Kennedy—a very good Calvinist, who has a taste for controversy and conversion, and thinks me so nearly a tolerable Christian, that he is trying to make me a whole one. I have found, indeed, one indisputable text in St. Paul's epistle to the Romans (Chapter 10th, I believe), which disposes me much to credit all the rest of the dicta of that powerful Apostle. It is this (see the Chapter)—"*For there is no difference between a* JEW *and a* GREEK;" tell Messrs. Webb and Barker that I intend to preach from this text to Carriddi and Corgialegno. What think you? I hope that it is not a Sin to say so.

1110.—To John Bowring.

9bre 29, 1823.

This letter will be presented to you by Mr. Hamilton Browne, who precedes or accompanies the Greek deputies. He is both capable and desirous of rendering any service to the cause, and information to the Committee. He has already been of considerable advantage to both, of my own knowledge. Lord Archibald Hamilton, to whom

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he is related, will add a weightier recommendation than mine.

Corinth[1] is taken, and a Turkish squadron said to be beaten in the Archipelago. The public progress of the Greeks is considerable, but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of Government, I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them—though neither is an easy task. I have remained here till now, partly in expectation of the squadron in relief of Messolonghi, partly of Mr. Parry's detachment,[2] and partly to

1. The fortress of Corinth fell into the hands of the Greeks, January 22, 1822 (Finlay's *History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 226). It was retaken by the Turks, July 17, 1822, and recovered by the Greeks, September 16, 1823.

2. William Parry, at one time a firemaster in the Navy, afterwards a clerk in the civil department of the ordnance at Woolwich, was engaged by the Greek Committee in London for the following services (*The Last Days of Lord Byron*, p. 324):—

"1st. I will engage to establish a laboratory, and instruct the "Greeks in every part of that multifarious business.

"2ndly. I will engage to construct a gunpowder manufactory, "and carry it forward in all its branches in the most economical "manner.

"3rdly. I will, if required, join the army and the navy, to act "and to give every information in my power with respect to "bringing into practice field and battering artillery, and the use of "spherical case-shot rockets, and every other matter, as far as my "practical knowledge extends.

"4thly. I will, if required, construct and fit fire-rockets and "bomb-ships, gun-boats, and every other thing connected with a "navy, as far as my knowledge extends."

Parry landed at Mesolonghi in February, 1824; but without money or men he was unable to carry out his plans for the defence of the town. Trelawny (*Records*, p. 246) describes him as "a rough, "burly fellow, never quite sober, but he was no fool, and had a "fund of pot-house stories which he told in appropriately slang "language; he was a mimic, and amused Byron by burlesquing "Jeremy Bentham and other members of the Greek Committee. . . . "All he did, however, was to talk and drink. He was three "months in Greece, returned to England, talked the Committee out "of £400 for his services, and drank himself into a madhouse."

Gordon (*History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 111) speaks of him as "a clever mechanic," but "garrulous, blustering, and "rather addicted to intemperance." Over Byron he gained such influence that he was appointed major of the artillery brigade.

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receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four thousand pounds sterling, which I have advanced for the payment of the expected squadron. The bills are negotiating, and will be cashed in a short time, as they would have been immediately in any other mart; but the miserable Ionian merchants have little money, and no great credit, and are besides *politically shy* on this occasion; for although I had letters of Messrs. Webb (one of the strongest houses of the Mediterranean), and also of Messrs. Ransom, there is no business to be done on *fair* terms except through English merchants. These, however, have proved both able and willing,—and upright as usual.[1]

Colonel Stanhope[2] has arrived, and will proceed

"From that day," says Millingen (*Memoirs*, pp. 94, 95), "all the "hopes which the rapid progress of that corps had excited were at "an end. The best officers gave in resignations." The result was not surprising, as Parry drilled his men in an apron, with a hammer in his hand.

Parry nursed Byron faithfully in his fatal illness, of which, in 1825, he published an account, *The Last Days of Lord Byron*.

1. Messrs. Samuel Barff and Charles Hancock, bankers of Zante and Argostoli. "Their conduct," says Gamba (*Narrative*, p. 55), "as well towards Lord Byron as the Greeks, was always the most "zealous and generous."

2. Colonel the Hon. Leicester Stanhope (1784–1862), fifth Earl of Harrington (1851), had served in India in the Mahratta War of 1817–18. He placed his services at the disposal of the Greek Committee in September, 1823, arrived in Cephalonia from Ancona in the middle of November, and landed at Mesolonghi in December of the same year. Holding advanced political views, he favoured the establishment of a Greek Republic. On this point he differed with Byron, and the divergence led to other disagreements. The Greek newspaper, which Stanhope founded, and in which republican principles were advocated, was opposed by Byron, who feared the alienation of monarchical Powers. Stanhope also supported Odysseus against Mavrocordatos, with whose views Byron sympathized.

According to Parry (*Last Days, etc.*, pp. 189 and 192), Byron spoke of Stanhope's "Nabob airs," and ridiculed his zeal for universal reform. "He has a plan for organizing the military force, for "establishing posts, for regulating the administration of justice, "for making Mr. Bentham the apostle of the Greeks, and for "whipping little boys, in the newest and most approved mode."

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immediately; he shall have my co-operation in all his endeavours: but, from every thing that I can learn, the formation of a brigade at present will be extremely difficult, to say the least of it. With regard to the reception of foreigners,—at least of foreign officers,—I refer you to a passage in Prince Mavrocordato's recent letter, a copy of which is enclosed in my packet sent to the Deputies. It is my intention to proceed by sea to Napoli di Romania as soon as I have arranged this business for the Greeks themselves—I mean the advance of two hundred thousand piastres for their fleet.

My time here has not been entirely lost,—as you will perceive by some former documents that any advantage from my *then* proceeding to the Morea was doubtful. We have at last moved the Deputies, and I have made a strong remonstrance on their divisions to Mavrocordato,

Parry's statement is confirmed by Stanhope's account of his quarrel with Byron and Byron's attack on Bentham, liberal principles, and the press (Stanhope's *Greece in* 1823 *and* 1824, 2nd ed., pp. 96–98). Trelawny (*Records*, p. 230) speaks highly of Stanhope. Finlay is less eulogistic: "The typographical colonel, as Lord Byron "sarcastically termed him, seemed to think that newspapers would "be more effectual in driving back the Ottoman armies than well-"drilled troops and military tactics" (*History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 327).

Gordon (*History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 108) writes to the same effect: "A zealous disciple of Mr. Bentham, neglecting "the present crisis to gaze upon an imaginary future, he turned the "question upside down, and began at the wrong end. . . . 'We "want artillerymen and heavy ordnance,' said the Greeks. The "colonel offered them types and printers. 'The Turks and Egyp-"tians are coming against us with a mighty power!'—'Model your "institutions on those of the United States of America.'—'We "have neither money, ammunition, nor provisions.'—'Decree the "unlimited freedom of the press!'"

Stanhope left Mesolonghi in February, 1824, to arrange a conference at Salona between the Greek leaders. Recalled by the English War Office, he sailed in the *Florida* in June, 1824, in charge of Byron's body and papers. His *Greece in* 1823 *and* 1824, edited by Ryan, and published in 1824, contains his correspondence with the Greek Committee in London, and other documents referring to the Greek Revolution.

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which, I understand, was forwarded by the Legislative to the Prince. With a loan they *may* do much, which is all that *I*, for particular reasons, can say on the subject.

I regret to hear from Colonel Stanhope, that the Committee have exhausted their funds. Is it supposed that a brigade can be formed without them? or that three thousand pounds would be sufficient? It is true that money will go farther in Greece than in most countries; but the regular force must be rendered a *national concern*, and paid from a national fund; and neither individuals nor committees, at least with the usual means of such as now exist, will find the experiment practicable.

I beg once more to recommend my friend, Mr. Hamilton Browne, to whom I have also personal obligations, for his exertions in the common cause, and have the honour to be

Yours very truly.

1111.—To the Countess Guiccioli.[1]

October 7.

Pietro has told you all the gossip of the island,—our earthquakes, our politics, and present abode in a pretty

1. The following are extracts (quoted in Moore's *Life*, p. 601) from Byron's letters to the Countess Guiccioli. Antonio Morandi told Maxime du Camp (*Souvenirs Littéraires*, tom. i. p. 538) that Byron wrote to Countess Guiccioli in English, and that she replied in Italian, writing her answers in red ink between the lines of his letters. Morandi, in his *Giornale dal* 1848—*al* 1850 (ed. 1867, pp. 77-79), himself gives an account of these letters. Pietro Gamba died in his arms in Metana, a small peninsula in the Morea, opposite the island of Egina, in 1827. The two men had made a sporting expedition together, and Gamba died from the effect of a chill. On his death-bed, Gamba gave Morandi a packet to deliver to his sister, Countess Guiccioli. The letters contained in it were about forty in number, some in Italian, some in English, a few in French, and two or three in a mixture of the three languages.

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village. As his opinions and mine on the Greeks are nearly similar, I need say little on that subject. I was a fool to come here; but, being here, I must see what is to be done.

October ——

We are still in Cephalonia, waiting for news of a more accurate description; for all is contradiction and division in the reports of the state of the Greeks. I shall fulfil the object of my mission from the Committee, and then return into Italy; for it does not seem likely that, as an individual, I can be of use to them;—at least no other foreigner has yet appeared to be so, nor does it seem likely that any will be at present.

Pray be as cheerful and tranquil as you can; and be assured that there is nothing here that can excite any thing but a wish to be with you again,—though we are very kindly treated by the English here of all descriptions. Of the Greeks, I can't say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of one another.

October 29.

You may be sure that the moment I can join you again, will be as welcome to me as at any period of our recollection. There is nothing very attractive here to divide my attention; but I must attend to the Greek cause, both from honour and inclination. Messrs. B[rowne] and T[relawny] are both in the Morea, where they have been very well received, and both of them write in good spirits and hopes. I am anxious to hear how the Spanish cause will be arranged, as I think it may

Sometimes the answer to Byron's letters was written between the lines in red or blue ink. Morandi lost the packet in one of his escapes from the Italian police, and it was never recovered.

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have an influence on the Greek contest. I wish that both were fairly and favourably settled, that I might return to Italy, and talk over with you *our*, or rather Pietro's adventures, some of which are rather amusing, as also some of the incidents of our voyages and travels. But I reserve them, in the hope that we may laugh over them together at no very distant period.

1112.—To the General Government of Greece.

Cephalonia, November 30, 1823.

The affair of the Loan, the expectations so long and vainly indulged of the arrival of the Greek fleet, and the danger to which Messolonghi is still exposed, have detained me here, and will still detain me till some of them are removed. But when the money shall be advanced for the fleet, I will start for the Morea; not knowing, however, of what use my presence can be in the present state of things. We have heard some rumours of new dissensions, nay, of the existence of a civil war. With all my heart I pray that these reports may be false or exaggerated, for I can imagine no calamity more serious than this; and I must frankly confess that unless union and order are established, all hopes of a Loan will be vain; and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad—and assistance neither trifling nor worthless—will be suspended or destroyed; and, what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed to favour her establishment of an independent power, will be persuaded that the Greeks are unable to govern themselves, and will, perhaps, themselves undertake to settle your disorders in such a way as to blast the brightest hopes of yourselves and of your friends.

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Allow me to add, once for all,—I desire the well-being of Greece, and nothing else; I will do all I can to secure it; but I cannot consent, I never will consent, that the English public, or English individuals, should be deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs. The rest, Gentlemen, depends on you. You have fought gloriously;—act honourably towards your fellow-citizens and the world, and it will then no more be said, as has been repeated for two thousand years with the Roman historians, that Philopœmen [1] was the last of the Grecians. Let no calumny itself (and it is difficult, I own, to guard against it in so arduous a struggle) compare the patriot Greek, when resting from his labours, to the Turkish pacha, whom his victories have exterminated.

I pray you to accept these my sentiments as a sincere proof of my attachment to your real interests, and to believe that I am and always shall be

Yours, etc.

1113.—To Prince Mavrocordatos.[2]

Cephalonia, 2d Decembre, 1823.

PRINCIPE,—La presente sarà recapitata a V.A. dall'onorevole Colonnello Stanhope, figlio del Maggior-Generale Conte di Arrington, etc. Egli è arrivato da

1. Of Philopœmen, *strategos* of the Achaian League, Plutarch (*Philopœmen*, cap. i.) says, Ῥωμαίων δέ τις ἐταινῶν ἔσχατον αὐτὸν Ἑλλήνων προσεῖπεν ὡς οὐδένα μέγαν μετὰ τοῦτον ἔτι τῆς Ἑλλάδος ἄνδρα γεναμένης οὐδὲ αὐτῆς ἄξιον.

2. Byron's letter to Mavrocordatos, printed in Gamba's *Narrative* (pp. 61, 62), is thus translated by Moore (*Life*, p. 602)—

"Cephalonia, Dec. 2, 1823.

"PRINCE,—The present will be put into your hands by Colonel "Stanhope, son of Major-General the Earl of Harrington, etc., etc. "He has arrived from London in fifty days, after having visited all "the Committees of Germany. He is charged by our Committee to "act in concert with me for the liberation of Greece. I conceive that

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Londra in cinquanta giorni, dopo aver visitato tutti i comitati di Germania, ed è incaricato al nostro comitato ad operare in mia compagnia alla liberazione della Grecia. Io credo che il suo nome e la sua missione lo raccomanderanno abbastanza all' A.V. senza che gli abbisognino altre raccomandazioni da uno straniero, quantunque sia un tale, che rispetta ed ammira con l'Europa intera il coraggio, i talenti, e sopratutto la probità del Principe Mavrocordato.

Duolmi oltremodo in udire che le discordie continuino sempre in Grecia, e in un momento in cui ella potrebbe trionfare da ogni parte, come ha trionfato in alcune.

La Grecia è posta fra tre partiti: o riconquistare la libertà, o divenire una dipendenza dei sovrani Europei, o tornare una provincia Turca: non ha che a scegliere fra

"his name and his mission will be a sufficient recommendation, without the necessity of any other from a foreigner, although one who, in common with all Europe, respects and admires the courage, the talents, and, above all, the probity of Prince Mavrocordato.

"I am very uneasy at hearing that the dissensions of Greece still continue, and at a moment when she might triumph over everything in general, as she has already triumphed in part. Greece is, at present, placed between three measures: either to reconquer her liberty, to become a dependence of the sovereigns of Europe, or to return to a Turkish province. She has the choice only of these three alternatives. Civil war is but a road which leads to the two latter. If she is desirous of the fate of Walachia and the Crimea, she may obtain it to-morrow; if of that of Italy, the day after; but if she wishes to become truly Greece, free and independent, she must resolve to-day, or she will never again have the opportunity.

"I am, with all respect,
"Your Highness's obedient servant,
"N. B.

"P.S.—Your Highness will already have known that I have sought to fulfil the wishes of the Greek Government, as much as it lay in my power to do so: but I should wish that the fleet so long and so vainly expected were arrived, or, at least, that it were on the way; and especially that your Highness should approach these parts, either on board the fleet, with a public mission, or in some other manner."

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questi tre. Ma la guerra civile non parmi strada che agli ultimi due. Se invidia la sorte della Valachia e della Crimea, può ottenerla domani; se quella dell' Italia, posdomani; ma se vuol diventare la vera Grecia, libera per sempre e indipendente, conviene che si determini oggi, o non avrà più tempo mai più.

Sono con tutto rispetto

Dell' A.V. devot^{o} servo,

N. B.

P.S.—Vostra Altezza saprà già come io ho cercato di soddisfare alle richieste del governo Greco per quanto era nel poter mio; ma vorrei che questa flotta sì lungo tempo aspettata e sempre in vano arrivasse, o almeno fosse in strada: o sopratutto che L. A. vostra si accostasse a queste parti, o sulla flotta con missione pubblica, o in qualche altro modo.

1114.—To John Bowring.

Iobre 7, 1823.

I confirm the above: it is certainly my opinion that Mr. Millingen is entitled to the same salary with Mr. Tindall, and his service is likely to be harder.[1]

1. Julius Millingen (1800–78), who proposed to offer his services to the Greek Government as a doctor, reached Cephalonia early in November, 1823, provided with an introduction to Byron. He left Cephalonia and landed at Mesolonghi in the middle of December. Byron here refers to a letter, forwarded with his own, from Millingen, who asked the Committee to increase his pay. Millingen mentioned in his letter "that the retreat of the Turks from before "Missolonghi had rendered unnecessary the appearance of the "Greek fleet." In a note to this passage Byron says, "By the "special providence of the Deity, the Mussulmans were seized with "a panic, and fled; but no thanks to the fleet, which ought to have "been here months ago, and has no excuse to the contrary, lately "—at least since I had the money ready to pay."

In another passage Millingen complains that his hope of pay from

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I have written to you (as to Mr. Hobhouse *for* your perusal) by various opportunities, mostly private; also by the Deputies, and by Mr. Hamilton Browne.

The public success of the Greeks has been considerable,—Corinth taken, Messolonghi nearly safe, and some ships in the Archipelago taken from the Turks; but there is not only dissension in the Morea, but *civil war*,[1] by the latest accounts; to what extent we do not yet know, but hope trifling.

For six weeks I have been expecting the fleet, *which has not arrived*, though I have, at the request of the Greek Government, advanced—that is, prepared, and

the Greeks has "turned out perfectly chimerical." Byron remarks, in a note, "and *will* do so, till they obtain a loan. They have not "a rap, nor credit (in the islands) to raise one. A medical man "may succeed better than others; but all these penniless officers "had better have stayed at home. Much money may not be re-"quired, but some must."

Failing to establish a hospital, Millingen, with the help of Tindall (*Memoirs on the Affairs of Greece*, pp. 84, 85), opened a dispensary at Mesolonghi, in January, 1824, was in charge of it throughout Byron's short stay in the town, and attended him during his illness. Meanwhile Tindall had gone on to Athens. Millingen's *Memoirs, etc.*, were published in 1831. From 1827 onwards Millingen lived at Constantinople, where he established a reputation as a doctor, and was court physician to five successive Sultans.

1. By December, 1823, the Greeks were engaged in civil war. The Executive Government, elected by the Assembly at Astros, was dominated by the military party under Kolokotrones. They had placed themselves more completely in his power by fixing the seat of their government at Nauplia in the autumn of that year. The Senate at Argos endeavoured to break this military power by deposing one of the Executive, and nominating another in his place. The Executive (December 10, 1823) retaliated by sending troops to arrest the members of the Senate, and seize their archives. The Senate hastily dispersed, appealed to Hydra for help, and settled at Kranidi, where, December 31, 1823, they impeached Petrobey and one of his colleagues. As the accused declined to offer any defence, they appointed a new Executive, with Konduriottes of Hydra as President. In this struggle between the Senate and the Executive, or between the constitutional party and the military faction, Andreas Londos and Zaimes were two of the constitutional leaders. The civil war which thus began was continued during the whole of Byron's stay in Greece. (See Appendix V.)

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have in hand two hundred thousand piastres (deducting the commission and bankers' charges) of my own monies to forward their projects. The Suliotes (now in Acarnania) are very anxious that I should take them under my directions, and go over and put things to rights in the Morea, which without a force seems impracticable; and, really, though very reluctant (as my letters will have shown you) to take such a measure, there seems hardly any milder remedy. However, I will not do any thing rashly, and have only continued here so long in the hope of seeing things reconciled, and have done all in my power thereto. Had *I gone sooner, they would have forced me into one party or other*, and I doubt as much now; but we will do our best.

Yours, etc.

1115.—To John Bowring.

10bre 10th 1823.

DEAR SIR,—Colonel Napier will present to you this letter. Of his military character it were superfluous to speak: of his personal, I can say, from my own knowledge, as well as from all public rumour or private report, that it is as excellent as his military: in short, a better or a braver man is not easily to be found. *He* is *our* man to lead a regular force, or to organise a national one for the Greeks. Ask the army—ask any one. He is besides a personal friend of both Prince Mavrocordato, Colonel Stanhope, and myself, and in such concord with all three that we should all pull together—an indispensable, as well as a rare point, especially in Greece at present.

To enable a regular force to be properly organised, it will be requisite for the loan-holders to set apart at least

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500,000*l.* sterling for that particular purpose—perhaps more; but by so doing they will guarantee their own monies, "and make assurance doubly sure."[1] They can appoint commissioners to see that part properly expended —and I recommend a similar precaution for the whole.

I hope that the deputies have arrived, as well as some of my various despatches (chiefly addressed to Mr. Hobhouse) for the Committee. Colonel Napier will tell you the recent special interposition of the gods, in behalf of the Greeks—who seem to have no enemies in heaven or on earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord amongst themselves. But these, too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated, and then we can take the field on the offensive, instead of being reduced to the *petite guerre* of defending the same fortresses year after year, and taking a few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done something in the way of the *Spartans*—(though not one tenth of what is told)—but have not yet inherited *their* style.

Believe me yours ever, etc., very truly,

N. B.

1116.—To Charles F. Barry.

10bre 11° 1823.

DEAR BARRY,—As I have written to you lately, I shall not now trouble you at length.

The Greek external affairs go on well, the internal so so. I expect Mavrocordato daily: I hear that I am joined in commission with him by the Gov^{t}, and we are

1. *Macbeth*, act iv. sc. 1.

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to proceed either against Previsa or Patras. But this is merely rumour, for I have no information of the report.

I have advanced four thousand pounds, drawn directly on London, to the Greek Gov^t, to set their Squadron in motion. The Deputies are gone to England to get the loan.

I have been detained here till now (and am so *still*), partly by expecting the approach of their fleet, and partly to negociate their monies, which has been done (or is doing rather) by Messrs. Barff and Hancock, and in a handsome manner.

I have not yet received the dollars from Corgialegno, but he has them ready, he says, on demand. In my recent letter I abused the said Corgialegno to you pretty handsomely, I believe; but rather more than he deserved, I guess, as one always does in a passion. But I was exceeding wroth with him for behaving not very well to the Greeks. But let it pass.

You had better sell off all the things left in Genoa or Albaro, excepting my best travelling carriage, and some few books—presents from the authors—*Sylla* by Jouy,[1] the life of Genl Marceau presented by his sister, a print of the same, etc.: you will know the books by the authors' names being written by them on the blank leaves or title pages. Also reserve a copy of *the Caliph Vathek*, and *Rome, Naples, and Florence in* 1817, and the two prints of my daughter, Ada; but those of me, and the other furniture, may be disposed of.

I pray you state to Mr. K^d that I have written to approve of his acceptance of the offer for the Rochdale Manor, and I wish to hear how he has arranged the business. You may also tell him that I expect (through the channel of your house as most convenient to myself)

1. For the author of *Sylla*, see p. 230, *note* 1.

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further credits at the beginning of the year: not that I have any *personal* or pressing occasion, but I expect them, because it is likely the expences of part of the war will fall on me chiefly (that is as an individual), till the deputies obtain a *national* loan. As I have embarked in the Cause, I won't quit it; but "in for a penny, in for a "pound." I will do what I can, and all I can, in any way that seems most serviceable. All this, however, renders my return rather prolonged and problematical; for who can govern circumstances?

I pray you to be of good cheer and believe me

Yours ever,

N. B.

1117.—To John Bowring.

10bre 13th 1823.

Since I wrote to you on the 10th instant, the long-desired squadron has arrived in the waters of Messolonghi and intercepted two Turkish corvettes—ditto transports —destroying or taking all four—except some of the crews escaped on shore in Ithaca—and an unarmed vessel, with passengers, chased into a port on the opposite side of Cephalonia. The Greeks had fourteen sail, the Turks *four*—but the odds don't matter—the victory will make a very good *puff*, and be of some advantage besides. I expect momentarily advices from Prince Mavrocordato, who is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from the Legislative for me; in consequence of which, after paying the squadron, (for which I have prepared, and am preparing,) I shall probably join him at sea or on shore.

I add the above communication to my letter by Col. Napier, who will inform the Committee of every thing in detail much better than I can do.

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The mathematical, medical, and musical preparations of the Committee have arrived, and in good condition, abating some damage from wet, and some ditto from a portion of the letter-press being spilt in landing—(I ought not to have omitted the press—but forgot it a moment—excuse the same)—they are excellent of their kind, but till we have an engineer and a trumpeter (we have chirurgeons already), mere "pearls to swine," as the Greeks are quite ignorant of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music. The maps, etc., I will put into use for them, and take care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the intended uses of the Committee—but I refer you to Colonel Napier, who will tell you, that much of your really valuable supplies should be removed till proper persons arrive to adapt them to actual service.

Believe me, my dear Sir, to be, etc.

P.S. *Private.*—I have written to our friend Douglas Kinnaird on my own matters, desiring him to send me out all the further credits I can command,—and I have a year's income, and the sale of a manor besides, he tells me, before me,—for till the Greeks get *their* Loan, it is probable that I shall have to stand partly paymaster—as far as I am "good upon *Change*," that is to say. I pray you to repeat as much to *him*, and say that I must in the interim draw on Messrs. Ransom most formidably. To say the truth, I do not grudge it now the fellows have begun to fight *again*—and still more welcome shall they be if they will go on. But they have had, or are to have, some four thousand pounds (besides some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans, refugees, and rascals of all descriptions,) of mine at one "swoop;" and it is to be expected the next will be at least as much more. And how can I refuse it if they *will* fight?—and especially

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if I should happen ever to be in their company? I therefore request and require that you should apprise my trusty and trust-worthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet-anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the Honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase money of Rochdale manor and mine income for the year ensuing, A.D. 1824, to answer, or anticipate, any orders or drafts of mine for the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, etc., etc. May you live a thousand years! which is nine hundred and ninety-nine longer than the Spanish Cortes' Constitution.[1]

1118.—To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird.

Cephalonia, December 23, 1823.

My dear [Douglas],—I shall be as saving of my purse and person as you recommend: but you know that it is as well to be in readiness with one or both in the event of either being required.

I presume that some agreement has been concluded with Mr. Murray about *Werner*. Although the copyright should only be worth two or three hundred pounds, I will tell you what can be done with them. For three hundred pounds I can maintain in Greece, at more than the *fullest pay* of the Provisional Government, rations included, one hundred armed men for *three months*. You may judge of this when I tell you, that the four thousand pounds advanced by me to the Greeks is likely to set a fleet and an army in motion for some months.

1. Rafael del Riego y Nunez, proclaimed the Spanish popular constitution in 1820, and was chosen President of the Cortes in 1822. The Congress of Verona called upon Spain to enlarge the powers of the king. The Cortes refused, and a French army of 100,000 men, commanded by the Duc d'Angoulême, entered Spain, April, 1823, to enforce the decision of the Congress. Madrid was occupied May 23, and Riego executed October 7.

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A Greek vessel has arrived from the squadron to convey me to Missolonghi, where Mavrocordato now is, and has assumed the command, so that I expect to embark immediately.[1] Still address, however, to Cephalonia, through Messrs. Webb and Barry of Genoa, as usual; and get together all the means and credit of mine you can, to face the war establishment, for it is "in for a "penny, in for a pound," and I must do all that I can for the ancients.

I have been labouring to reconcile these parties, and there is *now* some hope of succeeding. Their public affairs go on well. The Turks have retreated from Acarnania without a battle, after a few fruitless attempts on Anatoliko. Corinth is taken, and the Greeks have gained a battle in the Archipelago. The squadron here, too, has taken a Turkish corvette with some money and a cargo. In short, if they can obtain a Loan, I am of opinion that matters will assume and preserve a steady and favourable aspect for their independence.

1. Byron had originally intended to remain in Cephalonia till parties in Greece were once more united. But it was difficult for him to adhere to his prudent resolution, strongly urged, as he was, both by Mavrocordatos and Stanhope, to go at once to Mesolonghi.

Gamba (*Narrative*, pp. 295, 296) quotes from three letters, one from Mavrocordatos, the other two from Stanhope. Mavrocordatos writes, December 29, 1823, "Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire, mi "Lord, combien il me tard de vous voir arriver; à quel point votre "présence est desirée de tout le monde, et quelle direction avanta- "geuse elle donnera à toutes les affaires. Vos conseils seront "écoutés comme des oracles; et nous ne perdrons pas le tems le plus "précieux de nos opérations contre l'ennemi."

"It is right and necessary to tell you," says Stanhope, December 28, 1823, "that a great deal is expected from you, both in the way "of counsel and money. . . . With respect to your coming here, "all are eager to see you. . . . I walked along the street this "evening, and the people asked me after Lord Byron!!!" The next day, December 29, he writes again, "You are expected with "feverish anxiety. Your further delay in coming will be attended "with serious consequences."

With these letters was also sent one from the Legislative body, asking Byron to co-operate with Mavrocordatos in Western Greece (*ibid.*, p. 67).

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In the mean time I stand paymaster, and what not; and lucky it is that, from the nature of the warfare and of the country, the resources even of an individual can be of a partial and temporary service.

Colonel Stanhope is at Messolonghi. Probably we shall attempt Patras next. The Suliotes, who are friends of mine, seem anxious to have me with them, and so is Mavrocordato. If I can but succeed in reconciling the two parties (and I have left no stone unturned), it will be something; and if not, we must go over to the Morea with the Western Greeks—who are the bravest, and at present the strongest, having beaten back the Turks—and try the effect of a little *physical* advice, should they persist in rejecting *moral* persuasion.

Once more recommending to you the reinforcement of my strong box and credit from all lawful sources and resources of mine to their practicable extent—for, after all, it is better playing at nations than gaming at Almack's or Newmarket—and requesting you to write to me as often as you can,

I remain ever yours,

N. B.

1119.—To Charles F. Barry.

10bre 23^{d} 1823.

Dear Barry,—I have received your three letters, but can only reply briefly, as I expect to embark immediately for Messolonghi, where P. Mavrocordato now is: a Greek Vessell (*sic*) has arrived from the Squadron to convey me there, etc.

I leave the enclosed letter to Mr. K. *open*, that you may read the news therein: you can put in a wafer and forward it immediately.

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I regret L^d. Blessington's behaviour about the bill: you know that he *insisted* on buying the Schooner, and had the bargain at his own price. If his bill is not paid, I must make it public, and bring the business, moreover, to a personal discussion; he shan't treat me like a tradesman—*that* I promise him: the whole purchase was of his own sueing and doing; and if he don't pay in one way, I must try another method of accompting.

With regard to the things in Genoa, I really do not know what estimate to set upon them: the books and Snuff boxes would perhaps find [[1]] at least, as, except the Napoleon-box, they are of English manufacture (the Snuff-boxes *i.e.*); probably the Custom house would have slender claims on them, but this you will know better than I.

I have no intention of an immediate return; and circumstances do not seem to render it probable: I must see this Greek business out (or *it me*), and you might have surmised as much from the time I have already been in the vicinity.

I have sent back three of my servants, the *two* included to whose families I passed an allowance, which you will of course withdraw on their return—I mean Gaetano and Vincenzo; the other was a man of Count P. Gamba's, whose name I forget. Tita remains—very warlike, and with his beard has acquired great consideration among the whiskered natives of the Islands.

Yours ever and truly,

N. B.

P.S.—The advance you allude to in your postcript will of course be continued in the same proportion, and quarterly, untill I order the contrary.

1. A line is cut off at this part of the letter.

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P.S.—10bre 24th 1823.

DEAR B.,—I can say nothing of Mr. Tindal's affairs, nor can enter into them further, than that I advanced to him 100 dollars (to be repaid when he gets his expenses from the Committee), but will tell him what you say.

Remember me to Dr. Alexander, and tell him that Browne [1] is an excellent little fellow, and has done himself great honour with the sick here, and is in favour with the English—so is Gamba, also.

You had better write to Countess Guic! to state that her brother and I are going (or gone) to Missolonghi, and that every thing is *quite pacific*, as well as the *business* we are upon. This perhaps is not the exact or entire truth, but it is as much as needs to be stated to one who will naturally be anxious about her brother, etc., etc., etc.

There will be something to be done yet; but if the Greeks get the loan, and will but keep the peace with one another, I think that they will win. At any rate, I shall "cast in my lot with the puir Hill Folk;" [2] "for it "shall never be said that I engaged to aid a Gentleman "in a little affair of Honour, and neither helped him off "with it nor on with it." Till now, I could have been of little or no use; but the coming up of Mavrocordato, who has not only talents but integrity, makes a difference.

1. Dr. Bruno.

2. Gifted Gilfillan (*Waverley*, chap. xxxvi.) "spared nobody "but the scattered remnant of the *hill-folk*." The "puir hill folk" were the Covenanting Whigs. "Glen, nor dargle, nor mountain, "nor cave, could hide the puir hill folk when Redgauntlet was out "with bugle and bloodhound after them," says Wandering Willie in *Redgauntlet* (Letter xi.). *Old Mortality* may be in Byron's mind, *e.g.* chap. xx.: Many men, "in the phrase of their time and party, "prepared to cast in their lot with the victors of Loudon Hill;" and chap. xxi.: "But if you will cast in your lot with us as a "brother, come with me to the council." In both cases "puir hill "folk" might have been substituted.

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The things left at Genoa may be disposed of (saving the travelling carriage and some books reserved); there are wines, etc., and a table service rarely used and neat enough though plain, in the upper rooms, and—but I suppose you know the whole already.

In writing to Mr. Kinnaird, you may tell him that I may perhaps have to include the Rochdale purchase money (if received) among my credits; but, as the sum is considerable enough to render the interest an object, it can be invested in Exchequer bills and re-converted into Cash when I draw, and *as* I draw. I suppose that is fair.

1120.—To John Bowring.

1obre 26, 1823.

Little need be added to the enclosed, which arrived this day, except that I embark to-morrow for Messolonghi. The intended operations are detailed in the annexed documents. I have only to request that the Committee will use every exertion to forward our views by all its influence and credit.

I have also to request you *personally* from myself to urge my friend and trustee, Douglas Kinnaird (from whom I have not heard these four months nearly), to forward to me all the resources of my *own* we can muster for the ensuing year; since it is no time to ménager *purse*, or, perhaps, *person*. I have advanced, and am advancing, all that I have in hand, but I shall require all that can be got together;—and (if Douglas has completed the sale of Rochdale, *that* and my year's income for next year ought to form a good round sum,)—as you may perceive that there will be little cash of their own amongst the Greeks (unless they get the Loan), it is the

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more necessary that those of their friends who have any should risk it.

The supplies of the Committee are, some, useful, and all excellent in their kind; but occasionally hardly *practical* enough, in the present state of Greece; for instance, the mathematical instruments are thrown away —none of the Greeks know a problem from a poker— we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of the trumpets, too, may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho, for the Hellenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send us somebody to listen to them.

We will do our best—and I pray you to stir your English hearts at home to more *general* exertion; for my part, I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be *honourably* clung to. If I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct, and not the Holy Allies or holier Mussulmans—but let us hope better things.

Ever yours,

N. B.

P.S.—I am happy to say that Colonel Leicester Stanhope and myself are acting in perfect harmony together—he is likely to be of great service both to the cause and to the Committee, and is publicly as well as personally a very valuable acquisition to our party on every account. He came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the sixth form at Harrow or Eton, etc.; but Col. Napier and I set him to rights on those points, which is absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return; but now we can set our shoulders *soberly* to the *wheel*, without quarrelling with the mud which may clog it occasionally.

I can assure you that Colonel Napier and myself are

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as decided for the cause as any German student of them all; but like men who have seen the country and human life, there and elsewhere, we must be permitted to view it in its truth, with its defects as well as beauties,—more especially as success will remove the former *gradually*.

N. B.

P.S.—As much of this letter as you please is for the Committee, the rest may be "entre nous."

1121.—To Thomas Moore.

Cephalonia, December 27, 1823.

I received a letter from you some time ago. I have been too much employed latterly to write as I could wish, and even now must write in haste.

I embark for Missolonghi to join Mavrocordato in four-and-twenty hours. The state of parties (but it were a long story) has kept me here till *now*; but now that Mavrocordato (their Washington, or their Kosciusko) is employed again, I can act with a *safe conscience*. I carry money to pay the squadron, etc., and I have influence with the Suliotes, *supposed* sufficient to keep them in harmony with some of the dissentients;—for there are plenty of differences, but trifling.

It is imagined that we shall attempt either Patras or the castles on the Straits; and it seems, by most accounts, that the Greeks, at any rate the Suliotes, who are in affinity with me of "bread and salt,"—expect that I should march with them, and—be it even so! If any thing in the way of fever, fatigue, famine, or otherwise, should cut short the middle age of a brother warbler, —like Garcilasso de la Vega,[1] Kleist,[2] Korner,[3]

1. Garcilaso de la Vega, the "prince of Spanish poets," born at

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Joukoffsky[4] (a Russian nightingale — see Bowring's *Anthology*), or Thersander,[5] or,—or somebody else—but never mind—I pray you to remember me in your "smiles and wine."[6]

I have hopes that the cause will triumph; but whether it does or no, still "honour must be minded as "strictly as milk diet." I trust to observe both.

Ever, etc.

Toledo in 1503, served with distinction in Germany, Africa, and Provence. He was wounded near Fréjus in 1536, by a stone thrown from a tower, which fell upon his head as he was leading his men, and died at Nice.

2. Ewald Christian von Kleist (born 1715) lost his leg in fighting against the Russians at the battle of Kunnersdorff (August 12, 1759), and died twelve days later.

3. Karl Theodor Körner (1791–1813) joined Lützow's corps, and was killed in a skirmish with the French near Schwerin, August 26, 1813. His famous *Schwert-lied* was written a few hours before his death.

4. Vasili Andreevitch Zhukovsky (1783–1851) wrote his *Minstrel in the Russian Camp* just before the battle on the Tarutino. *The Minstrel* is translated by Bowring (*Specimens of the Russian Poets*, pt. ii. pp. 59–115), who speaks of the poem in his Introduction as "the most popular of modern poetical productions in Russia." Bowring wrote the second part of his book while in prison at Boulogne.

5. Thersander accompanied Agamemnon on the expedition against Troy, and was killed by Telephus.

6. In "The Legacy" (*Irish Melodies*) Moore has the lines—

> "When in death I shall calmly recline,
> O bear my heart to my mistress dear!
> Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
> Of the brightest hue, while it lingered here."

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CHAPTER XXIX.

MESOLONGHI, DECEMBER 29, 1823—APRIL 19, 1824.

ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE FROM CEPHALONIA—ARRIVAL AT MESOLONGHI—RELEASE OF TURKISH PRISONERS—SEVERE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY—DISSENSIONS AMONG GREEK LEADERS—MURDER OF LIEUT. SASS—SUPPOSED CONSPIRACY—DEMANDS FOR MONEY—MUTINOUS CONDUCT OF THE SULIOTS—THE GREEK LOAN—ILLNESS AND DEATH.

1122.—To Colonel the Hon. Leicester Stanhope.[1]

Scrofer (or some such name), on board a Cephaloniote Mistico,[2] Dec. 31, 1823.

MY DEAR STANHOPE,—We are just arrived here, that is, part of my people and I, with some things, etc., and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter (which

1. This letter was brought to Mesolonghi, as Stanhope writes to Bowring, December 31, 1823 (*Greece*, p. 61), by two of Byron's servants. In an earlier part of the same letter (*ibid.*, p. 60) Stanhope says, "The town is filled with the Primates, Capitani, and their "followers, who have come here to attend the Congress assembled "to consider the affairs of Western Greece. All are looking for-"ward to Lord Byron's arrival as they would to the coming of a "Messiah."

2. A *mistico* is a long sharp boat, "drawing little water, with "two large latine sails, and a jigger-mast astern; they may be "sailed or rowed swiftly, and carry a great number of men, and "one or more guns according to their dimensions."—Gordon, *History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 46, *note*.

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has a risk of being intercepted, perhaps);—but Gamba, and my horses, negro, steward, and the press, and all the Committee things, also some eight thousand dollars of mine, (but never mind, we have more left, do you understand?) are taken by the Turkish frigates, and my party and myself, in another boat, have had a narrow escape last night (being close under their stern and hailed, but we would not answer, and bore away), as well as this morning. Here we are, with the sun and clearing weather, within a pretty little port enough; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out (for we have no arms except two carbines and some pistols, and I suspect, not more than four fighting people on board), is another question, especially if we remain long here, since we are blocked out of Messolonghi by the direct entrance.

You had better send my friend George Drake (Draco), and a body of Suliotes, to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and our Bombard are taken into Patras, I suppose; and we must take a turn at the Turks to get them out: but where the devil is the fleet gone?—the Greek, I mean; leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again.

Make my respects to Mavrocordato, and say that I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being here: not so much on my own account as on that of a Greek boy[1] with me, for you know what his fate would be; and I would sooner cut him in pieces, and myself too, than have him taken out by those barbarians. We are all very well.

N. B.

1. A Greek boy named Luke, whom Byron was bringing with him from Cephalonia.

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The Bombard was twelve miles out when taken; at least, so it appeared to us (if taken she actually be, for it is not certain); and we had to escape from another vessel that stood right between us and the port.

1123.—To Henry Muir.

Dragomestri, January 2, 1824.

MY DEAR MUIR,—I wish you many returns of the season, and happiness therewithal. Gamba and the Bombard (there is a strong reason to believe) are carried into Patras by a Turkish frigate, which we saw chase them at dawn on the 31st: we had been close under the stern in the night, believing her a Greek till within pistol shot, and only escaped by a miracle of all the Saints (our captain says), and truly I am of his opinion, for we should never have got away of ourselves. They were signalising their consort with lights, and had illuminated the ship between decks, and were shouting like a mob; —but then why did they not fire? Perhaps they took us for a Greek brûlot, and were afraid of kindling us— they had no colours flying even at dawn nor after.

At daybreak my boat was on the coast, but the wind unfavourable for *the port*;—a large vessel with the wind in her favour standing between us and the Gulf, and another in chase of the Bombard about twelve miles off, or so. Soon after they stood (*i.e.* the Bombard and frigate) apparently towards Patras, and, a Zantiote boat making signals to us from the shore to get away, away we went before the wind, and ran into a creek called Scrofes, I believe, where I landed Luke and another (as Luke's life was in most danger), with some money for themselves, and a letter for Stanhope, and sent them up the country to Messolonghi, where they would be in

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safety, as the place where we were could be assailed by armed boats in a moment, and Gamba had all our arms except two carbines, a fowling-piece, and some pistols.

In less than an hour the vessel in chase neared us, and we dashed out again, and showing our stern (our boat sails very well), got in before night to Dragomestri, where we now are. But where is the Greek fleet? I don't know—do you? I told our master of the boat that I was inclined to think the two large vessels (there were none else in sight) Greeks. But he answered, "They "are too large—why don't they show their colours?" and his account was confirmed, be it true or false, by several boats which we met or passed, as we could not at any rate have got in with that wind without beating about for a long time; and as there was much property, and some lives to risk (the boy's especially) without any means of defence, it was necessary to let our boatmen have their own way.

I despatched yesterday another messenger to Messolonghi for an escort, but we have yet no answer. We are here (those of my boat) for the fifth day without taking our clothes off, and sleeping on deck in all weathers, but are all very well, and in good spirits. It is to be supposed that the Government will send, for their own sakes, an escort, as I have 16,000 dollars on board, the greater part for their service. I had (besides personal property to the amount of about 5000 more) 8000 dollars in specie of my own, without reckoning the Committee's stores: so that the Turks will have a good thing of it, if the prize be good.

I regret the detention of Gamba, etc., but the rest we can make up again; so tell Hancock to set my bills into cash as soon as possible, and Corgialegno to prepare the remainder of my credit with Messrs. Webb to be turned

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into monies. I shall remain here, unless something extraordinary occurs, till Mavrocordato sends, and then go on, and act according to circumstances. My respects to the two colonels, and remembrances to all friends. Tell "*Ultima Analise*"[1] that his friend Raidi[2] did not make his appearance with the brig, though I think that he might as well have spoken with us *in* or *off* Zante, to give us a gentle hint of what we had to expect.

Yours ever affectionately,

N. B.

P.S.—Excuse my scrawl on account of the pen and the frosty morning at daybreak. I write in haste, a boat starting for Kalamo. I do not know whether the detention of the Bombard (if she be detained, for I cannot swear to it, and I can only judge from appearances, and what all these fellows say), be an affair of the Government, and neutrality, and, etc.—but *she was stopped at least* twelve miles distant from any port, and had all her papers regular from *Zante* for *Kalamo* and *we also*. I did not land at Zante, being anxious to lose as little time as possible; but Sir F. S.[3] came off to invite me, etc., and every body was as kind as could be, even in Cephalonia.

1. "Count Delladecima, to whom he gives this name, in consequence of a habit which that gentleman had of using the phrase *in ultima analise*, frequently in conversation" (Moore). "A Cephaloniot nobleman, of considerable shrewdness, sound judgment, and deep acquaintance with the Greek character" (Millingen, *Memoirs*, p. 18).

2. For *Raidi* should probably be read *Praidi*, who was sent by Mavrocordatos, in joint command with Lieut. Hesketh of the *Leonidas*, to escort Byron to Mesolonghi. Praidi acted as secretary to Mavrocordatos, and in that capacity signed the order for the public mourning for Byron's death.

3. Sir Frederick Stoven, Resident at Zante.

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1124.—To Charles Hancock.

Dragomestri, January 2, 1824.

DEAR SIR "ANCOCK,"[1]—Remember me to Muir and every body else. I have still the 16,000 dollars with me,

1. This letter is a postscript to a letter which Bruno had by Byron's orders written to Hancock. Bruno's address is parodied by Byron. The following is Bruno's letter, printed from the original in the possession of Mrs. Arthur Robinson (see Appendix VI. p. 426):—

"Dragomastro li 2 Gennajo 1824.

"PREGIAT^MO SIG^R ANCOCK,—Ho il bene d'essere incombenzato da Milord d'informarvi che il di lui viaggio fino a Zante fu ottimo: ivi ebbimo calma perfetta e parecchie ore. Poscia, con piccolo vento incamminatici verso Missolonghi, sul finire della notte che era molto severa ci incontrammo a fronte di una fregata, la *sua* gente, accostati dalla nostra nave che le era vicina d'un breve tiro di pistola, si pose a gridare con alte voci. Il padrone della nostra nave subito comprese essere quella una fregata Turca, e, raccomandandoci profondo silenzio, fece voltare la prora e scampammo da una preda che per i Turchi non poteva essere nè più facile, nè più sicura.

"Alle ore otto del mattino scorgiamo la Bombarda che fuggiva inseguita da una fregata che non spiegò mai bandiera, e che giudicò il padrone della nostra barca essere pure Turca. Difatti arrivata quella a poco distanza della Bombarda, le fece cangiare cammino dirigendola verso Patrasso. Mentre noi continuavamo, spettatori dell' accennata scena, il nostro viaggio verso Missolonghi, con mezzo vento, vediamo un' altra fregata, che a vento in poggia si dirigeva sopra la nostra nave, quella pure fu riconosciuta Turca, come ne fummo dopo accertati da parecchi pescatori; ma noi ci ricoverammo entro Scrofes. Ivi Milord spedì sull' istante due persone a Missolonghi per informare il P^R Mavrocordato dell' accaduto, e dopo si fece vela per Dragomastro, dove siamo già da tre giorni. Nel breve tragitto da Scrofes a Dragomastro vidimo nuovamente la fregata, dalla quale come da ogni altro pericolo siamo, si crede, costà in sicurezza. Della Bombarda non abbiamo alcuna notizia e ne attendiamo da Missolonghi dove furono già spediti tre espressi. La Bombarda aveva le sue carte per Calamo, fu presa alla distanza del blocco di più di sedici miglia, ed è una violazione dei Turchi delle più evidenti. I primati di questi paesi vennero premurosamente a visitare Milord, e non potevano mostrarsi verso di lui più officiosi per ogni riguardo: e mentre vi presenta i di lui saluti, mi dice che voliate favorire di realizzare il più presto possibile le sue cambianti.

"Milord gode buona salute come pure noi tutti della barca. Aggradite i miei saluti, e conservatevi,

"Vostro amico e servo

"D^RE FRANCESCO BRUNO."

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the rest were on board the Bombarda. Here we are —the Bombarda taken, or at least missing, with all the Committee stores, my friend Gamba, the horses, negro, bulldog, steward, and domestics, with all our implements of peace and war, also 8000 dollars; but whether they will be lawful prize or no, is for the decision of the Governor of the Seven Islands. I have written to Dr. Muir, by way of Kalamo, with all particulars. We are in good condition; and what with wind and weather, and being hunted or so, a little sleeping on deck, etc., are in tolerable seasoning for the country and circumstances. But I foresee that we shall have occasion for all the cash I can muster at Zante and elsewhere. Mr. Barff gave us 8000 and odd dollars; so there is still a balance in my favour. We are not quite certain that the vessels were Turkish which chased; but there is a strong presumption that they were, and no news to the contrary. At Zante, every body, from the Resident downwards, were as kind as could be, especially your worthy and courteous partner.[1]

Tell our friends to keep up their spirits, and we may yet do very well. I disembarked the boy and another Greek, who were in most terrible alarm—the boy, at least, from the Morea—on shore near Anatoliko, which

1. Samuel Barff, Hancock's partner, was, says Gordon (*History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 104, *note*), "one of the steadiest "friends of the cause, and sacrificed every year considerable sums "in relieving distressed refugees and needy Philhellenes, besides the "loss of his business at Constantinople. Few persons are aware "how much Greece was indebted to him at that moment [May— "July, 1824], for the lenders, becoming alarmed, were on the point "of cancelling the loan, when they learned that £80,000 were paid. "Mr. Barff was rewarded with ingratitude, but the fault belonged "not to the nation, which esteems and loves him; it is to be "ascribed to Capodistria's animosity towards all Philhellenes, not "partisans of Russia." Barff settled at Zante as a banker and merchant in 1816. He died in 1880, at the age of 87.

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put them in safety, I believe; and, as for me and mine we must stick by our goods.

Yours ever,

N. B.

I hope that Gamba's detention will only be temporary. As for the effects and monies, if we have them,—well! if otherwise, patience. I wish you a happy new year, and all our friends the same.

1125.—To Charles Hancock.

Messolonghi, January 13, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for yours of the fifth; ditto to Muir for his. You will have heard that Gamba and my vessel got out of the hands of the Turks safe and intact; nobody knows well how or why, for there is a mystery in the story somewhat melodramatic. Captain Valsamachi[1] has, I take it, spun a long yarn by this time in Argostoli. I attribute their release entirely to Saint Dionysius, of Zante, and the Madonna of the Rock, near Cephalonia.

The adventures of my separate bark were also not finished at Dragomestri: we were convoyed out by some Greek gun-boats, and found the *Leonidas*, brig-of-war at sea to look after us. But blowing weather coming on, we were driven on the rocks *twice* in the passage of the Scrofes, and the dollars had another narrow escape.

1. The Turkish frigate, which captured Gamba's vessel, was commanded by a Candiot, Zachiria Bey, whose life had been saved in the Black Sea by Spiro Valsamarchi, the captain of the Bombard. To this good fortune Gamba and his crew probably owed their lives. They were carried into Patras, where Gamba appealed to the English Consul. He was not released till January 4, 1824. For the whole story, see Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 70–83 and 297–300.

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Two thirds of the crew got ashore over the bowsprit: the rocks were rugged enough, but water very deep close in-shore, so that she was, after much swearing and some exertion, got off again, and away we went with a third of our crew, leaving the rest on a desolate island, where they might have been now, had not one of the gun-boats taken them off, for we were in no condition to take them off again.

Tell Muir that Dr. Bruno did not show much fight on the occasion; for besides stripping to his flannel waistcoat, and running about like a rat in an emergency, when I was talking to a Greek boy (the brother of the Greek girls in Argostoli), and telling him the fact that there was no danger for the passengers, whatever there might be for the vessel, and assuring him I could save both him and myself without difficulty [1] (though he can't swim), as the water, though deep, was not very rough—the wind *not* blowing *right* on shore (it was a blunder of the Greeks who missed stays),—the Doctor exclaimed, "Save *him*, indeed! by G—d! save *me* rather—I'll be "first if I can"—a piece of egotism which he pronounced with such emphatic simplicity as to set all who had leisure to hear him laughing,[2] and in a minute after the

1. "Byron meant to have taken the boy on his shoulders and "swum with him to shore. This feat would have been but a repeti- "tion of one of his early sports at Harrow; where it was a frequent "practice of his thus to mount one of the smaller boys on his "shoulders, and, much to the alarm of the urchin, dive with him "into the water" (Moore).

2. In Bruno's own account this scene is described differently: "Ma nel di lui passaggio marittimo una fregata Turca insegul la "di lui nave, obbligandola di ricoverarsi dentro le *Scrofes*, dove per "l'impeto dei venti fu gettata sopra gli scogli: tutti i marinari del- "l'equipaggio saltarono a terra per salvare la loro vita: Milord solo "col di lui Medico Dottr. Bruno rimasero sulla nave che ognuno "vedeva colare a fondo: ma dopo qualche tempo non essendosi "visto che ciò avveniva, le persone fuggite a terra respinsero la "nave nell' acque: ma il tempestoso mare la ribaltò una seconda "volta contro i scogli, ed allora si aveva per certo che la nave col-

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vessel drove off again after striking twice. She sprang a small leak, but nothing further happened, except that the captain was very nervous afterwards.

To be brief, we had bad weather almost always, though not contrary; slept on deck in the wet generally for seven or eight nights, but never was in better health (I speak personally)—so much so that I actually bathed for a quarter of an hour on the evening of the 4th instant in the sea (to kill the fleas, and others, etc.), and was all the better for it.

We were received at Missolonghi with all kinds of kindness and honours;[1] and the sight of the fleet saluting, etc., and the crowds and different costumes was really

"l'illustre personaggio, una grande quantità di denari, e molti preziosi "effetti per i Greci andrebbero a fondo. Tuttavia Lord Byron "non si perturbò per nulla; anzi disse al di lui medico che voleva "gettarsi al nuoto onde raggiungere la spiaggia: 'Non abbandonate "la nave finchè abbiamo forze per dirigerla: allorchè saremo "coperti dall' acque, allora gettatevi pure, che io vi salvo'" (Moore).

1. "Lord Byron," writes Stanhope to Bowring, January 5, 1824 (*Greece, etc.*, p. 71), "has this moment arrived. He was received "with military honours and popular applause. His Lordship had "a narrow escape, having passed close to a Turkish frigate. He "thinks they must have taken his vessel for a *brûlot*. The sailors "say his Lordship conducted himself with admirable coolness." He landed, says Millingen (*Memoirs*, p. 87), "in the midst of the "acclamations of a numerous population and soldiers, who had "assembled on the beach: Mavrocordato, the capitani and primates, "advancing to receive and welcome him. . . . The joy, inspired "by Lord Byron's presence, was as universal as it was sincere. "His reception resembled a triumph." Gamba, who had arrived the day before, describes (*Narrative*, p. 84) the manner in which Byron's arrival was "welcomed with salvos of artillery, firing of "muskets, and wild music. Crowds of soldiery, and citizens of "every rank, sex, and age, were assembled on the shore to testify "their delight. Hope and content were pictured in every coun- "tenance. His Lordship landed in a Speziot boat, dressed in a red "uniform. He was in excellent health, and appeared moved by "the scene. I met him as he disembarked, and in a few minutes "we entered the house prepared for him—the same in which "Colonel Stanhope resided. The Colonel and Prince Mavrocor- "dato, with a long suite of European and Greek officers, received "him at the door."

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picturesque. We think of undertaking an expedition soon, and I expect to be ordered with the Suliotes to join the army.

All well at present. We found Gamba already arrived,[1] and every thing in good condition. Remembrance to all friends.

Yours ever,

N. B.

P.S.—You will, I hope, use every exertion to realise the *assets*. For besides what I have already advanced, I have undertaken to maintain the Suliotes for a year, (and will accompany them either as a Chief, or——[2] whichever is most agreeable to the Government,) besides sundries. I do not understand Browne's "*letter of* "*credit*." I neither gave nor ordered a letter of credit that I know of; and though of course, if you have done it, I will be responsible, I was not aware of any thing, except that I would have backed his bills, which you said was unnecessary. As to *orders*—I ordered nothing but some *red cloth* and *oil cloth*, both of which I am ready to receive; but if Gamba has exceeded my commission, *the other things must be sent back, for I cannot permit any thing of the kind, nor will.* The servants' journey will of course be paid for, though *that* is exorbitant. As for Browne's letter, I do not know any thing more than I have said, and I really cannot defray the charges of half Greece and the Frank adventurers besides. Mr. Barff must send us some dollars soon, for the expenses fall on me for the present.

1. January 4, 1824 (Gamba's *Narrative*, p. 83).
2. Word illegible under the seal.

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January 14, 1824.

P.S.AL.—Will you tell Saint (Jew) Geronimo Corgialegno that I mean to draw for the balance of my credit with Messrs. Webb and Co. I shall draw for two thousand dollars (that being the amount, more or less); but, to facilitate the business, I shall make the draft payable also at Messrs. Ransom and Co.'s, Pall-Mall East, London. I believe I already showed you my letters, (but if not, I have them to show,) by which, besides the credits now realising, you will have perceived that I am not limited to any particular amount of credit with my bankers. The Honourable Douglas, my friend and trustee, is a principal partner in that house, and having the direction of my affairs, is aware to what extent my present resources may go, and the letters in question were from him. I can merely say, that within the *current* year, 1824, besides the money already advanced to the Greek Government, and the credits now in your hands and your partner's (Mr. Barff), which are all from the income of 1823, I have anticipated nothing from that of the present year hitherto. I shall or ought to have at my disposition upwards of an hundred thousand dollars, (including my income, and the purchase-money of a manor lately sold,[1]) and perhaps more,

1. The Rochdale estate was sold in 1823 to Mr. James Dearden. In the *Blackburn Mail*, March 10, 1824, appears the following paragraph: "It is said that Lord Byron has sold one of his estates "to assist the Greeks. The estate alluded to must be the extensive "and valuable manor of Rochdale, which, report says, he has sold "to a gentleman of Rochdale at a very low price (supposed to be "34,000 pounds), but with whom he has been in a course of litiga-"tion for a considerable period of time, relative to the rights of the "coal mines, etc., on this estate." A similar paragraph was inserted in the *Globe and Traveller* for March 2, 1824: "Lord Byron con-"tinues the soul of the Greek cause, and is everywhere popular. The "Primates of Missolonghi have elected him a member of their Coun-"cil. His lordship has undertaken to provide for the expenditure

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without infringing on my income for 1825, and not including the remaining balance of 1823.

Yours ever,

N. B.

1126.—To Charles Hancock.

Messolonghi, January 17, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—I have answered, at some length, your obliging letter, and trust that you have received my reply by means of Mr. Tindal. I will also thank you to remind Mr. Tindal that I would thank him to furnish you, on my account, with *an order on the Committee* for one hundred dollars, which I advanced to him on their account through Signor Corgialegno's agency at Zante on his arrival in October, as it is but fair that the said Committee should pay their own expenses. An order will be sufficient, as the money might be inconvenient for Mr. T. at present to disburse.

I have also advanced to Mr. Blackett[1] the sum of fifty dollars, which I will thank Mr. Stevens to pay to you, on my account, from monies of Mr. Blackett now in his hands. I have Mr. B.'s acknowledgment in writing.

As the *wants of the State* here are still pressing, and there seems very little specie stirring except mine, I will stand paymaster; and must again request you and Mr. Barff to forward by a *safe* channel (if possible) all the dollars you can collect upon the bills now negotiating. I have also written to Corgialegno for two thousand

"of the war in Greece until the produce of the loan shall have "been received; and for this purpose has sold an estate in England, "the amount of which is placed in the hands of Messrs. Ransom "and Co., to be remitted to Greece according to his order."

1. Blackett is mentioned by Millingen (*Memoirs*, p. 95) as one of the five Englishmen who refused to serve in the artillery brigade, of which Byron had made Parry major.

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dollars, being about the balance of my separate letter from Messrs. Webb and Co., making the bills also payable at Ransom's in London.

Things are going on better, if not well; there is some order, and considerable preparation. I expect to accompany the troops on an expedition[1] shortly, which makes me particularly anxious for the remaining remittance, as "money is the sinew of war," and of peace, too, as far as I can see, for I am sure there would be no peace here without it. However, a little *does* go a good way, which is a comfort. The Government of the Morea and of Candia have written to me for a further advance from my own peculium of 20 or 30,000 dollars, to which I demur for the present (having undertaken to pay the Suliotes[2] as a free gift and other things already, besides the loan which I have already advanced), till I receive letters from England, which I have reason to expect.

When the expected credits arrive, I hope that you will bear a hand, otherwise I must have recourse to Malta, which will be losing time and taking trouble; but I do not wish you to do more than is perfectly agreeable to Mr. Barff and to yourself. I am very well, and have no reason to be dissatisfied with my personal treatment,

1. It had been decided to attempt the capture of Lepanto, garrisoned by a few Albanian troops, who had received no pay for 16 months, and would, therefore, it was supposed, surrender, if guaranteed a safe-conduct to Prevesa. On the 25th of January, Byron accepted a commission from Mavrocordatos, giving him full military and civil powers, assisted by a military council. Parry's arrival was, it was hoped, alone required to set the expedition in motion. But after Parry landed, the Suliots refused to attack stone walls.

2. Fifteen hundred Suliots in and around Mesolonghi, with their wives and families, depended entirely on their pay; but they had received nothing for eight months. Byron undertook to provide for 500 Suliots, the Government engaging 100. The 600 men were placed under Byron's immediate command (Gamba, *Narrative*, pp. 99-101).

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or with the posture of public affairs—others must speak for themselves.

Ever and truly yours,

N. B.

P.S.—Respects to Colonels Wright and Duffie, and the officers civil and military; also to my friends Muir and Stevens particularly, and to Delladecima.

1127.—To Charles Hancock.

Messolonghi, January 19, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Since I wrote on the 17th, I have received a letter from Mr. Stevens, enclosing an account from Corfu, which is so exaggerated in price and quantity, that I am at a loss whether most to admire Gamba's folly, or the merchant's knavery. All that *I* requested Gamba to order was red cloth enough to make a *jacket*, and some oil-skin for trunks, etc.—the latter has not been sent—the whole could not have amounted to fifty dollars. The account is six hundred and forty-five!!! I will guarantee Mr. Stevens against any loss, of course, but I am not disposed to take the articles (which I never ordered), nor to pay the amount. I will take one hundred dollars' worth; the rest may be sent back, and I will make the merchant an allowance of so much per cent.; or, if that is not to be done, you must sell the whole by auction at what price the things may fetch; for I would rather incur the dead loss of *part*, than be encumbered with a quantity of things, to me at present superfluous or useless. Why, I could have maintained three hundred men for a month for the sum in Western Greece.

When the dogs, and the dollars, and the negro, and

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the horses, fell into the hands of the Turks, I acquiesced with patience, as you may have perceived, because it was the work of the elements of war, or of Providence: but this is a piece of mere human knavery or folly, or both, and I neither can nor will submit to it.[1] I have occasion for every dollar I can muster to keep the Greeks together, and I do not grudge any expense for the cause; but to throw away as much as would equip, or at least maintain, a corps of excellent ragamuffins with arms in their hands, to furnish Gamba and the Doctor with blank books (see list), broad cloth, Hessian boots, and horsewhips (the *latter* I own that they have richly earned), is rather beyond my endurance, though a pacific person, as all the world knows, or at least my acquaintances. I pray you to try to help me out of this damnable commercial speculation of Gamba's, for it is one of those pieces of imprudence or folly which I don't forgive him in a hurry. I will of course see Stevens free of expense out of the transaction;—by the way, the Greek of a Corfiote has thought proper to draw a bill, and get it discounted at 24 dollars »; if I had been there, it should have been *protested* also.

1. "Byron," says Stanhope (*Greece, etc.*, ed. 1825, pp. 543, 544), "was constantly attacking Count Gamba, sometimes, indeed, playfully, but more often with the bitterest satire, for having purchased "for the use of his family, while in Greece, 500 dollars' worth of "cloth. This he used to mention as an instance of the Count's "imprudence and extravagance. Lord Byron told me one day, "with a tone of great gravity, that this 500 dollars would have been "most serviceable in promoting the siege of Lepanto; and, that he "never would, to the last moment of his existence, forgive Gamba "for having squandered away his money in the purchase of cloth. "No one will suppose that Lord Byron could be serious in such a "denunciation: he entertained, in reality, the highest opinion of "Count Gamba, who, both on account of his talents and devotedness to his friend, merited his Lordship's esteem. Lord Byron's "generosity is before the world; he promised to devote his large "income to the cause of Greece, and he honestly acted up to his "pledge."

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Mr. Blackett is here ill, and will soon set out for Cephalonia. He came to me for some pills, and I gave him some reserved for particular friends, and which I never knew any body recover from under several months; but he is no better, and, what is odd, no worse; and as the doctors have had no better success with him than I, he goes to Argostoli, sick of the Greeks and of a constipation.

I must reiterate my request for *specie*, and that speedily, otherwise public affairs will be at a stand-still here. I have undertaken to pay the Suliotes for a year, to advance in March 3000 dollars, besides, to the Government for a balance due to the troops, and some other smaller matters for the Germans, and the press, etc., etc., etc.; so that with these, and the expenses of my own suite, which, though not extravagant, is expensive, with Gamba's damned nonsense, I shall have occasion for all the monies I can muster; and I have credits wherewithal to face the undertakings, if realised, and expect to have more soon.

Believe me, ever and truly yours,

N. B.

1128.—To His Highness Yusuff Pasha.[1]

Missolonghi, 23/11 Gennajo, 24.

ALTEZZA,—Un bastimento con alcuni miei amici e domestici è stato condotto ai Castelli da una Fregata Turca giorni fa e fu rilasciato per ordine di V. A.

1. This letter is reprinted from *Letters etc. . . to Samuel Barff* (see p. 325, *note* 1), pp. 7, 8. Moore (*Life*, p. 618) gives the following translation :—

"Missolonghi, January 23, 1824.

"HIGHNESS!—A vessel, in which a friend and some domestics of "mine were embarked, was detained a few days ago, and released "by order of your Highness. I have now to thank you; not for

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Io le rendo grazie, non per avere rilasciato un bastimento che, avendo bandiera neutrale, ed essendo sotto protezione Inglese niuno aveva diritto di ritenerlo: ma per avere trattato i miei amici con somma cortesia finchè erano alla di lei disposizione. Sperando di fare cosa non discara all' A. V., ho pregato questo Governo Greco di voler mettere nelle mie mani quattro prigionieri Mussulmani: il che mi è stato gentilmente accordato.

Li mando dunque liberi a V. A. per contracambiare in quanto posso alla vostra cortesia. Sono mandati senza condizione: ma se la cosa può meritare un luogo nella vostra memoria, pregherò solamente l' A. V. di voler trattare con umanità qualche Greco che può essere costì o che possa cadere nelle mani dei Mussulmani, giacchè gli orrori della guerra sono sufficienti in sé stessi senza aggiungere da una parte e dall' altra delle severità a sangue freddo.

Ho l' onore di essere ec.

A sua Altezza

Yusuff Pasha Governatore e Comandante dell'Esercito Ottomano nei Castelli.

Feb. 29th, 1824. This is the copy of a letter sent to Yusuff Pasha with four Turkish Prisoners released at my

"liberating the vessel, which, as carrying a neutral flag, and being "under British protection, no one had a right to detain; but for "having treated my friends with so much kindness while they were "in your hands.

"In the hope, therefore, that it may not be altogether displeasing "to your Highness, I have requested the governor of this place to "release four Turkish prisoners, and he has humanely consented to "do so. I lose no time, therefore, in sending them back, in order "to make as early a return as I could for your courtesy on the late "occasion. These prisoners are liberated without any conditions: "but should the circumstance find a place in your recollection, I "venture to beg, that your Highness will treat such Greeks as may "henceforth fall into your hands with humanity; more especially "since the horrors of war are sufficiently great in themselves, with-"out being aggravated by wanton cruelties on either side.

"NOEL BYRON."

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request. The other four and twenty were sent by me to Prevesa, with a letter for the English Consul General.

N. B.

1129.—To Charles Hancock.

Messolonghi, February 5, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Dr. Muir's letter and yours of the 23d reached me some days ago. Tell Muir that I am glad of his promotion for his sake, and of his remaining near us for our sakes; though I cannot but regret Dr. Kennedy's departure, which accounts for the previous earthquakes and the present English weather in this climate. With all respect to my medical pastor, I have to announce to him, that amongst other fire-brands, our fire-master Parry (just landed) has disembarked an elect blacksmith, entrusted with three hundred and twenty-two Greek Testaments. I have given him all facilities in my power for his works spiritual and temporal; and if he can settle matters as easily with the Greek Archbishop and hierarchy, I trust that neither the heretic nor the supposed sceptic will be accused of intolerance.

By the way, I met with the said Archbishop at Anatolico[1] (where I went by invitation of the Primates a few days ago, and was received with a heavier cannonade than the Turks, probably), for the second time (I had known him here before); and he and P. Mavrocordato, and the Chiefs and Primates and I, all dined together, and I thought the metropolitan the merriest of

1. Gamba (*Narrative*, pp. 151–155) gives an account of this expedition (February 1) in a flat-bottomed boat to the village of Anatolikon. The salute was not without its dangers: "The balls "whistled at no great distance above our heads, and a cannon shot "passed within three yards of our boat-head." Archbishop Porfiri and the magnates of the village had prepared "an excellent dinner "of fine fish, an English plum-pudding, and good champaign."

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the party, and a very good Christian for all that. But Gamba (we got wet through on our way back) has been ill with a fever and colic; and Luke (not the Evangelist, but a disciple of mine) has been out of sorts too, and so have others of the people, and I have been very well,—except that I caught cold yesterday,[1] with swearing too much in the rain at the Greeks, who would not bear a hand in landing the Committee stores, and nearly spoiled our combustibles; but I turned out in person, and made such a row as set them in motion, blaspheming at them all from the Government downwards, till they actually did *some* part of what they ought to have done several days before, and this is esteemed, as it deserves to be, a wonder.

Tell Muir that, notwithstanding his remonstrances, which I receive thankfully, it is perhaps best that I should advance with the troops; for if we do not do something soon, we shall only have a third year of defensive operations and another siege, and all that. We hear that the Turks are coming down in force, and sooner than usual: and as these fellows do mind me a little, it is the opinion that I should go,—firstly, because they will sooner listen to a foreigner than one of their own people, out of native jealousies: secondly, because the Turks will sooner treat or capitulate (if such occasion should happen) with a Frank than a Greek; and, thirdly, because nobody else seems disposed to take the responsibility—Mavrocordato being very busy here, the foreign

1. February 4 was a holiday, and "a great portion of the "chests" (containing the war material, etc., sent by the Greek Committee) "was still lying on the beach, exposed to a violent rain, ". . . Byron lost all patience, and running himself down to the "beach, he began to work with his own hands: so that what with "his reproofs and his example, he contrived at last to overcome the "indolence and the superstition of the people, and got the goods "under cover" (Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 155, 156).

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military men too young or not of authority enough to be obeyed by the natives, and the Chiefs (as aforesaid) inclined to obey any one except, or rather than, one of their own body. As for me, I am willing to do what I am bidden, and to follow my instructions. I neither seek nor shun that nor any thing else that they may wish me to attempt: as for personal safety, besides that it ought not to be a consideration, I take it that a man is on the whole as safe in one place as another; and, after all, he had better end with a bullet than bark in his body. If we are not taken off with the sword, we are like to march off with an ague in this mud basket; and to conclude with a very bad pun, to the ear rather than to the eye, better *martially* than *marsh-ally*;—the situation of Messolonghi is not unknown to you. The dykes of Holland when broken down are the Deserts of Arabia for dryness, in comparison.

And now for the sinews of war. I thank you and Mr. Barff for your ready answer, which, next to ready money, is a pleasant thing. Besides the assets and balance, and the relics of the Corgialegno correspondence with Leghorn and Genoa, (I sold the dog's flour, tell him, but not at *his* price,) I shall request and require, from the beginning of March ensuing, about five thousand dollars every two months, *i.e.* about twenty-five thousand within the current year, at regular intervals, independent of the sums now negotiating. I can show you documents to prove that these are considerably *within* my supplies for the year in more ways than one; but I do not like to tell the Greeks *exactly what* I *could* or would advance on an emergency, because, otherwise, they will double and triple their demands (a disposition that they have already sufficiently shown): and though I am willing to do all I can *when* necessary, yet I do not see *why* they should

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not help a little; for they are not quite so bare as they pretend to be by some accounts.

February 7, 1824.

I have been interrupted by the arrival of Parry,[1] and afterwards by the return of Hesketh,[2] who has not brought an answer to my epistles, which rather surprises me. You will write soon, I suppose. Parry seems a fine rough subject, but will hardly be ready for the field these three weeks: he and I will (I think) be able to draw together,—at least, *I* will not interfere with or contradict him in his own department. He complains grievously of the mercantile and *enthusymusy*, as Braham pronounces enthusiasm, part of the Committee, but greatly praises Gordon and Hume. Gordon *would* have given three or four thousand pounds and come out *himself*, but Kennedy or somebody else disgusted him, and thus they have spoiled part of their subscription and cramped their operations.[3] Parry says Blaquiere is a humbug, to which I say nothing. He sorely laments the printing and civilising expenses, and wishes that there was not a Sunday-school in the world, or *any* school *here* at present, save and except always an academy for artillery-ship.

1. Parry reached Dragomestri January 31, 1824. There he was informed, by a letter from Stanhope, that Mesolonghi was again blockaded by the Turkish fleet, and ordered to load his stores on small boats, hired to carry them to Mesolonghi. He arrived February 7 (*The Last Days of Lord Byron*, pp. 11, 12). With Parry came four Englishmen—Humphries, Winter, Fowke, and Lupton—and Lieutenant Sass.

2. Hesketh, described by Gamba (*Narrative*, p. 86) as "a young "Englishman in the Greek service," had been sent in joint command of the *Leonidas*, to escort Byron from Cephalonia. Afterwards (*ibid.*, p. 129) he was sent by Byron to Argostoli with letters and instructions for Parry.

3. See Parry's account of this conversation in his *Last Days, etc.*, pp. 25–28.

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He complained also of the cold, a little to my surprise; firstly, because, there being no chimneys, I have used myself to do without other warmth than the animal heat and one's cloak, in these parts; and, secondly, because I should as soon have expected to hear a volcano sneeze, as a firemaster (who is to burn a whole fleet) exclaim against the atmosphere. I fully expected that his very approach would have scorched up the town like the burning-glasses of Archimedes.[1]

Well, it seems that I am to be Commander-in-Chief, and the post is by no means a sinecure, for we are not what Major Sturgeon calls "a set of the most amicable "officers."[2] Whether we shall have "a boxing bout "between Captain Sheers and the Colonel," I cannot tell; but, between Suliote chiefs, German barons, English volunteers, and adventurers of all nations, we are likely to form as goodly an allied army as ever quarrelled beneath the same banner.

February 8, 1824.

Interrupted again by business yesterday, and it is time to conclude my letter. I drew some time since on Mr. Barff for a thousand dollars, to complete some money wanted by the Government. The said Government got cash on that bill *here*, and at a profit; but the very same fellow who gave it to them, after proposing to

1. See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. xl. sec. 5 and notes (ed. 1862, vol. v. p. 71). "A tradition has prevailed," says Gibbon, "that the Roman fleet was reduced to ashes in the port of Syracuse "by the burning-glasses of Archimedes."

2. "*Major Sturgeon*. . . . And I must do the regiment the justice "to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

"*Sir Jacob*. Quiet and peaceable?

"*Major Sturgeon*. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-"bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers "and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't re-"member a single dispute."—Foote's *Mayor of Garratt*, act i.

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give me money for other bills on Barff to the amount of thirteen hundred dollars, either could not, or thought better of it. I had written to Barff advising him, but had afterwards to write to tell him of the fellow's having not come up to time. You must really send me the balance soon. I have the artillerists and my Suliotes to pay, and Heaven knows what besides; and as every thing depends upon punctuality, all our operations will be at a stand-still unless you use despatch. I shall send to Mr. Barff or to you further bills on England for three thousand pounds, to be negotiated as speedily as you can. I have already stated here and formerly the sums I can command at home within the year,—without including my credits, or the bills already negotiated or negotiating, or Corgialegno's balance of Messrs. Webb's letter,—and my letters from my friends (received by Mr. Parry's vessel) confirm what I already stated. How much I may require in the course of the year I can't tell, but I will take care that it shall not exceed the means to supply it.

Yours ever,

N. B.

P.S.—I have had, by desire of a Mr. *Gerosstati*, to draw on Demetrius Delladecima (is it our friend *in ultima analise?*) to pay the Committee expenses. I really do not understand what the Committee mean by some of their proceedings. Parry and I get on well *hitherto:* how long this may last, Heaven knows, but I hope it will, for a good deal for the Greek service depends upon it; but he has already had some *miffs* with Col. S[tanhope], and I do all I can to keep the peace amongst them. However, Parry is a fine fellow, extremely active, and of strong, sound, practical talent, by all accounts. Enclosed are

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bills for three thousand pounds, drawn in the mode directed (*i.e.* parcelled out in smaller bills). A good opportunity occurring for Cephalonia to send letters on, I avail myself of it. Remembrances to Stevens and all friends. Also my compliments and every thing kind to the colonels and officers.

February 9, 1824.

P.S.—2d or 3d. I have reason to expect a person from England directed with papers (on business) for me to sign, somewhere in the Islands, by and by: if such should arrive, would you forward him to me by a safe conveyance, as the papers regard a transaction with regard to the adjustment of a lawsuit, and a sum of several thousand pounds, which I, or my bankers and trustees for me, may have to receive (in England) in consequence. The time of the probable arrival I cannot state, but the date of my letters is the 2d. Nov., and I suppose that he ought to arrive soon.

1130.—To Andreas Londos.[1]

[Undated.]

CARO AMICO,—Mi è stato gratissimo il vedere i vostri caratteri. La Grecia fu per me sempre, come per

1. This letter is reprinted from Gamba's *Narrative*, p. 147. Moore (*Life*, p. 620) gives the following version:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—The sight of your handwriting gave me the "greatest pleasure. Greece has ever been for me, as it must be for "all men of any feeling or education, the promised land of valour, "of the arts, and of liberty; nor did the time I passed in my youth "in travelling among her ruins at all chill my affection for the "birthplace of heroes. In addition to this, I am bound to yourself "by ties of friendship and gratitude for the hospitality which I "experienced from you during my stay in that country, of which "you are now become one of the first defenders and ornaments. "To see myself serving, by your side and under your eyes, in the

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tutti gli uomini di qualche sentimento ed educazione, la terra promessa del valore, delle arti e della libertà; e il viaggiare nella mia gioventù fra le sue rovine per certo non aveva raffreddato il mio amore per la patria degli eroi: ma oltre ciô' io ho verso di voi doveri di amicizia e di riconoscenza per la ospitalità che esercitaste meco durante il mio soggiorno nel paese di cui ora siete divenuto uno dei primi difensori ed ornamenti. Il rivederci servendo la vostra patria al vostro fianco e sotto i vostri occhj sarà per me uno dei momenti più felici della mia vita. Intanto nella fiducia di rivederci quanto prima sono vostro devot.

N. BYRON.

"cause of Greece, will be to me one of the happiest events of my "life. In the mean time, with the hope of our again meeting,

"I am, as ever, etc."

Londos was a large landowner in the Morea, living at Vostitza on the Gulf of Corinth. Byron had met him in 1809, and known him intimately. (See Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 145–147.) "With "Londo," Byron told Parry (*Last Days*, p. 178), "I am particu- "larly acquainted. I stopped at his house for some time when I "was formerly in Greece, and he would not accept of a *para* for the "trouble and expense I put him to. He presented me also with a "very pretty horse at my departure. (This I shall not forget.)"

"Lord Byron," writes Finlay (*History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 335, *note*), "used to describe an evening passed in the company of "Londos at Vostitza, when both were young men, with a spirit that "rendered the scene worthy of a place in *Don Juan*. After supper, "Londos, who had the face and figure of a chimpanzee, sprang "upon a table, . . . and commenced singing through his nose "Rhiga's Hymn to Liberty. A new cadi, passing near the house, "inquired the cause of the discordant hubbub. A native Mussul- "man replied, 'It is only the young primate Londos, who is drunk, "and is singing hymns to the new panaghia of the Greeks, whom "they call Eleftheria.'"

Londos was at this time one of the leaders of the constitutional party against the Executive and the military faction in the first Greek civil war. He afterwards, with Zaimes and Sessini, took a prominent part in the second Greek civil war—the war of the primates, which broke out in November, 1824.

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1131.—To Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne.[1]

Missolonghi, February 9, 1824.

Enclosed is a private communication from Prince Mavrocordato to Sir Thomas Maitland, which you will oblige me much by delivering. Sir Thomas can take as much or as little of it as he pleases; but I hope and believe that it is rather calculated to conciliate than to irritate on the subject of the late event near Ithaca and Sta Mauro; which there is every disposition on the part of the Government here to disavow; and they are also disposed to give every satisfaction in their power. You must all be persuaded how difficult it is, under existing circumstances, for the Greeks to keep up discipline, however they may be all disposed to do so. I am doing all I can to convince them of the necessity of the strictest observance of the regulations of the islands, and, I trust, with some effect. I was received here with every possible public and private mark of respect. If you write to any of our friends, you can say that I am in good health and spirits; and that I shall *stick* by the cause as long as a man of honour can, without sparing purse, and (I hope, if need be) *person*.

1. Prince Mavrocordatos wrote to Sir T. Maitland in reply to his manifesto on the Greek infringement of the neutrality of Ithaca, and his demand for the restitution of the money taken from the Turkish brig (see p. 250, *note* 1). Byron encloses the letter to his connection, Lord S. G. Osborne, then acting as Treasurer and Secretary to the Senate at Corfu (see *Letters*, vols. i. p. 21, *note* 2, and v. p. 186). Two days later, February 11, the news arrived of Sir T. Maitland's death. The letter is reprinted from Gamba's *Narrative*, p. 160.

Lord S. G. Osborne had come to Cephalonia from Corfu at the end of 1823, apparently to visit Byron. Dr. Kennedy (*Conversations*, p. 216) told Byron of his arrival. "'I am very glad of "it,' was the answer; 'I have not seen him a long time; we are "relations. He is a merry fellow, and has some fine qualities, but "I do not know if he is very religious. Do you know him?' I "answered, 'No.' 'Then,' he said, 'you must stay, and try and "convert him.'"

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Febry. 15th, 1824.[1]

Upon February 15th.—(I write on the 17th. of the same month) I had a strong shock of a convulsive description, but whether Epileptic, Paralytic, or Apoplectic, is not yet decided by the two medical men, who attend me; or whether it be of some other nature (if such there be). It was very painful, and, had it lasted a minute longer, must have extinguished my mortality—if I can judge by sensations. I was speechless with the features much

1. The manuscript book containing the "Journal in Cephalonia" gives the above account by Byron himself of his first serious illness at Mesolonghi. He was attended by Bruno and Millingen. The latter (*Memoirs*, pp. 117, 118) thus describes the seizure: "It was "soon perceived that the brandy-bottle was Parry's Castalian spring, "and that, unless he drank deep, his stories became dull. Lord "Byron, in consequence, took constant care to keep him in good "spirits; but, unfortunately, partly from inclination, and partly to "keep him company, he drank himself to the same excess. One "evening, by way of driving away the vexation he had experienced "during the day, from an altercation with some one, whose name I "do not now remember, Parry prescribed some punch of his own "composition, so agreeable to Lord Byron's palate, that he drank "immoderate quantities of it. To remove the burning sensation his "Lordship, soon after, began to experience, he ordered a bottle of "cider; and having drank a glass of it, he said it was 'excessively "cold and pleasant.' Scarcely had he said these words when he "fell upon the floor, agitated by violent spasmodic movements of "all his limbs. He foamed at the mouth, gnashed his teeth, and "rolled his eyes like one in an epilepsy. After remaining about "two minutes in this state his senses returned, and the first words "he uttered were, 'Is not this Sunday?' On being answered in "the affirmative, he said, 'I should have thought it most strange if "it were not.' Doctor Bruno, his private physician, proposed "opening a vein; but finding it impossible to obtain his consent, "he applied leeches to the temples, which bled so copiously as "almost to bring on syncope. Alarmed to see the difficulty Doctor "Bruno experienced in endeavouring to stop the hemorrhage, Lord "Byron sent for me, and I succeeded in stopping the bleeding by "the application of lunar caustic." The *Cronica Greca* stated that Byron had had a paralytic stroke. The mistake was corrected in the next number (February 9, Greek date), stating that he had suffered from "nervous spasms, brought on (as we stated) by his great mental exertion and unceasing activity," and adding that he was "by the Divine grace, entirely restored to health."

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distorted, but *not* foaming at the mouth, they say, and my struggles so violent that several persons—two of whom, Mr. Parry the engineer, and my Servant Tita the Chasseur, are very strong men—could not hold me. It lasted about ten minutes, and came on immediately after drinking a tumbler of Cider mixed with cold water in Col. Stanhope's apartments. This is the first attack that I have had of the kind to the best of my belief. I never heard that any of my family were liable to the same, though my mother was subject to *hysterical* affections.

Yesterday (the 16th) leeches were applied to my temples. I had previously recovered a good deal, but with some feverish and variable symptoms. I bled profusely, and, as they went too near the temporal artery, there was some difficulty in stopping the blood even with the Lunar Caustic. This, however, after some hours was accomplished about eleven o'clock at night, and this day (the 17th), though weakly, I feel tolerably convalescent.

With regard to the presumed causes of this attack, as far as I know, there might be several. The state of the place and the weather permit little exercise at present. I have been violently agitated with more than one passion recently, and a good deal occupied, politically as well as privately, and amidst conflicting parties, politics, and (as far as regards public matters) circumstances. I have also been in an anxious state with regard to things which may be only interesting to my own private feelings, and, perhaps, not uniformly so temperate as I may generally affirm that I was wont to be. How far any or all of these may have acted on the mind or body of one who had already undergone many previous changes of place and passion during a life of thirty-six years, I cannot tell, nor—— But I am interrupted by the arrival of a report from a party returned from reconnoitring a Turkish Brig

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of War, just stranded on the Coast, and which is to be attacked the moment we can get some guns to bear upon her. I shall hear what Parry says about it. Here he comes——

1132.—To Samuel Barff.[1]

[February 20.]

DEAR SIR,—I am a good deal better, tho' of course weakly; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after and there was some difficulty in stopping it, but I have since been up daily, and out in boats and on horseback; to-day I have taken a warm bath and live as temperately as can well be, without any liquid but water, etc., and without any animal food.

Besides the four Turks sent to Patras, I have obtained the release of four and twenty women and children,[2] and sent them at my own expense to Prevesa that the English Consul General may consign them to their relatives. I did this by their own desire.

1. The letters to Samuel Barff are reprinted from those contained in a privately printed volume, *Letters written by Lord Byron during his residence at Missolonghi, January to April*, 1824, *to Mr. Samuel Barff at Zante* (Printed solely for the members of Mr. Barff's family. Naples, 1884).

2. In June, 1821, the inhabitants of Mesolonghi and Anatolikon proclaimed themselves parts of independent Greece. Resident Mussulmans were arrested, and those males who escaped the first massacre were subsequently put to death. Their wives and children were dispersed as slaves among the Greek householders. In their misery, the wife of Hussein Aga and her daughter Hatadjé implored English help (Millingen, *Memoirs*, p. 99). The Greeks had murdered all her relations, and two of her boys (Finlay, *History of Greece*, vol. vi. pp. 163, 164). Twenty-four of the women and children were sent by Byron to Prevesa, while Hatadjé and her mother were to be placed in the care of Dr. Kennedy in Cephalonia. On Byron's death, the child and her mother were sent to Patras to Hussein Aga. "I thought you slaves," said the father, in embracing them, "and lo! you return to me decked like brides" (Millingen, *Memoirs*, p. 146).

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Your cases of Dollars arrived safely as Lega has stated and were very opportune. I have received some letters from England, one from the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird (my Trustee and a partner of Messrs Ransom and Co.) states that he expected to receive within a week, the sum of Eleven Thousand two hundred and fifty Pounds Sterling on my account; his letter is dated the twenty third of November. I hope that you have forwarded to him my letter (it was enclosed in the packet for Cephalonia which I directed you to open), as it was of *advice* that I had drawn through your House for the three thousand pounds, the 2nd and 3rd Bills for which are now enclosed duly signed.

Matters here are a little embroiled with the Suliotes[1] and Foreigners, etc., but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause as long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful.

Your oblig. and faif. serv.,

N. B.

1133.—To Samuel Barff.

Missolonghi, Febry 21, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Since my yesterday's letter a Greek here wishes to advance seven hundred Dollars on a Draft on your House, and although what you have already sent me exceeds (I believe) the Bills hitherto negociated, yet,

1. A hasty note, dashed off by Byron in pencil, dated "February "15th, 1824," runs thus: "Having tried in vain at great expense, "considerable trouble, and some danger, to unite the Suliotes for "the good of Greece—and their own—I have come to the following "resolution:—

"I will have nothing more to do with the Suliotes. They may "go to the Turks, or the Devil,—they may cut me into more pieces "than they have dissensions among themselves,—sooner than change "my resolution.

"For the rest, I hold my means and person at the disposal of the "Greek nation and Government the same as before."

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as you have more in the course of negociation, I venture (I hope without offence) to accept his proposal as a convenience to him as well as to me, for I am obliged to support Government for the present. My health seems improving especially from riding and the warm bath, but even if anything occurred, you need not doubt that the bills will be duly paid, as my affairs are all properly arranged at home, and the Hon. D. Kinnaird is one of my Executors as well as Trustees, and much of my property is personal, at least much more than sufficient to cover larger sums by a good deal than any that I am likely to spend here.

Six Englishmen will be soon in quarantine at Zante; they are Artificers and have had enough of Greece in fourteen days;[1] if you could recommend them to a passage home, I would thank you; they are good men enough, but do not quite understand the little discrepancies in these countries, and are not used to see shooting and slashing in a domestic quiet way, or (as it forms here) a part of housekeeping. If they should want anything during their quarantine you can advance them *not more* than a Dollar a day (amongst them) for that period, to purchase them some little extras as comforts (as they are quite out of their element). I cannot afford them more at present. The Committee pays their passage. As my Secretary and myself wrote yesterday I will not now trouble you further than to subscribe my-self,

Your obliged and faithful serv.,

N. B.

1. On February 19 the six English mechanics, at work at the arsenal, saw Lieutenant Sass murdered by a Suliot chief under their eyes. On the following day they all demanded a passage home, and were sent off to Zante. They had cost, according to Parry (*Last Days*, p. 66), £340, and the services they rendered were 14 days' work at Mesolonghi.

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P.S.—I request you carefully to forward the enclosed letter.

1134.—To Mr. Mayer.[1]

[Undated.]

SIR,—Coming to Greece, one of my principal objects was to alleviate as much as possible the miseries incident to a warfare so cruel as the present. When the dictates of humanity are in question, I know no difference between Turks and Greeks. It is enough that those who want assistance are men, in order to claim the pity and protection of the meanest pretender to humane feelings. I have found here twenty-four Turks, including women and children, who have long pined in distress, far from the means of support and the consolations of their home. The Government has consigned them to me; I transmit them to Prevesa, whither they desire to be sent. I hope you will not object to take care that they may be restored to a place of safety, and that the Governor of your town may accept of my present. The best recompense I can hope for would be to find that I had inspired the Ottoman commanders with the same sentiments towards those unhappy Greeks who may hereafter fall into their hands. I beg you to believe me, etc.

N. BYRON.

1135.—To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird (?).

Missolonghi, February 21, 1824.

MY DEAR [DOUGLAS],—I have received yours of the 2d of November. It is essential that the money should be paid, as I have drawn for it all, and more too, to help

1. The English Consul at Prevesa. The letter is reprinted from Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 181, 182.

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the Greeks. Parry is here, and he and I agree very well; and all is going on hopefully for the present, considering circumstances.

We shall have work this year, for the Turks are coming down in force; and, as for me, I must stand by the cause. I shall shortly march (according to orders) against Lepanto, with two thousand men. I have been here some time, after some narrow escapes from the Turks, and also from being shipwrecked. We were twice upon the rocks; but this you will have heard, truly or falsely, through other channels, and I do not wish to bore you with a long story.

So far I have succeeded in supporting the Government of Western Greece, which would otherwise have been dissolved. If you have received the eleven thousand and odd pounds, these, with what I have in hand, and my income for the current year to say nothing of contingencies, will, or might, enable me to keep the "sinews "of war" properly strung. If the deputies be honest fellows, and obtain the loan, they will repay the 4000*l.* as agreed upon; and even then I shall save little, or indeed less than little, since I am maintaining nearly the whole machine—in this place, at least—at my own cost. But let the Greeks only succeed, and I don't care for myself.

I have been very seriously unwell, but am getting better, and can ride about again; so pray quiet our friends on that score.

It is not true that I ever *did*, *will*, *would*, *could*, or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his "prodigal son;" and if I have allowed his "fatted "calf" to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal.

Yours ever,

N. B.

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1136.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.[1]

Messolonghi, [Monday] Feby 23d 1824.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—I received a few days ago yours and Lady B's report of Ada's health,[2] with other

1. This unfinished letter was found on Byron's writing-table after his death. It is endorsed, in Mrs. Leigh's handwriting, with the words, "His last letter."

2. On Byron's writing-table after his death (Trelawny, *Records*, p. 240), lay a letter from Mrs. Leigh, containing "a long transcript "of one from Lady Byron; with a minute mental and physical "account of their child, Ada," as follows:—

"Hastings, *December*, 1823.

"MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—I will now answer those passages "from Lord Byron's letter of December 8th, which required in- "formation from me.

"Ada's prevailing characteristic is cheerfulness, a disposition to "enjoyment; this happy disposition was only partially interrupted "when at the most oppressive period of her illness, under which "she was patient and tractable.

"The impression she generally makes upon strangers is that of a "lively child. Of her intellectual powers observation is the most "developed. The pertinency of her remarks, and the accuracy of "her descriptions are sometimes beyond her years; she is by no "means devoid of imagination, but it is at present chiefly exercised "in connection with her mechanical ingenuity, her self-invented "occupation being the manufacture of ships and boats, or whatever "else may attract her attention. Hitherto she has preferred prose "to verse, because she is puzzled by the poetical diction; she is "particularly fond of reading since she has resumed those pursuits "which depend upon sight. Previous to the suspension of them "she had made some proficiency in music, and began to like it. "She had also opportunities of learning a little French: these, "with writing and the reading suited to her age formed her ac- "quirements. She is not very persevering, and with the tendency "which her constitution has manifested it is not advisable to stimu- "late her exertion (all excitement being injurious), though it is "desirable to regulate their objects. She is at present very desirous "to draw, and shows a singular aptitude for that art, as far as she "is permitted to use her pencil. With respect to her temper, it is "open and ingenuous—at an earlier age it threatened to be im- "petuous, but is now sufficiently under control. She is very fond "of society and talking, yet not dull when alone. Her person is "tall and robust, and her features not regular, but countenance "animated. The miniature is still life; she would be known by "the enclosed profile.

"She is now in really good health under the present system laid

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letters from England for which I ought to be and am (I hope) sufficiently thankful, as they were of great comfort and I wanted some, having been recently unwell, but am now much better. So that you need not be alarmed.

You will have heard of our journeys and escapes, and so forth, perhaps with some exaggeration; but it is all very well now, and I have been for some time in Greece, which is in as good a state as could be expected considering circumstances. But I will not plague you with politics, wars, or *earthquakes*, though we had another very smart one three nights ago, which produced a scene ridiculous enough, as no damage was done except to those who stuck fast in the scuffle to get first out of the doors or windows, amongst whom some recent importations, fresh from England, who had been used to quieter elements, were rather squeezed in the press for precedence.

I have been obtaining the release of about nine and twenty Turkish prisoners—men, women, and children—and have sent them at my own expense home to their friends, but one, a pretty little girl of nine years of age named Hato or Hatagèe, has expressed a strong wish to remain with me, or under my care, and I have nearly determined to adopt her. If I thought that Lady B. would let her come to England as a Companion to Ada —(they are about the same age), and we could easily provide for her; if not, I can send her to Italy for

"down by Warren and Mayo. It consists of mild medicine and "sparing régime. There is great justice in Lord Byron's *medical* "conjecture, but I am informed that the tendency to local conges- "tion is not always relieved at *that period*, as the depletion may not "be more than adequate to the increased supply of blood, and for "some other reasons. I hope I have not omitted to notice any "point expressed by Lord Byron.

"I am yours affectionately,
"A. N. B."

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education. She is very lively and quick, and with great black oriental eyes, and Asiatic features. All her brothers were killed in the Revolution; her mother wishes to return to her husband who is at Prevesa, but says that she would rather entrust the child to me in the present state of the Country. Her extreme youth and sex have hitherto saved her life, but there is no saying what might occur in the course of the *war* (and of *such* a war), and I shall probably commit her to the charge of some English lady in the islands for the present. The Child herself has the same wish, and seems to have a decided character for her age. You can mention this matter if you think it worth while. I merely wish her to be respectably educated and treated, and, if my years and all things be considered, I presume it would be difficult to conceive me to have any other views.

With regard to Ada's health, I am glad to hear that it is so much better. But I think it right that Lady B. should be informed, and guard against it accordingly, that her description of much of her indisposition and tendencies very nearly resemble my *own* at a similar age, except that I was much more impetuous. Her preference of *prose* (strange as it may seem) *was* and indeed *is* mine (for I hate *reading* verse, and always did), and I never invented anything but "*boats—ships*" and generally relating to the Ocean. I shewed the report to Col. Stanhope, who was struck with the resemblance of *parts* of it to the *paternal* line even *now*. But it is also fit, though unpleasant, that I should mention that my recent attack, and a very severe one, had a strong appearance of *epilepsy*. *Why*—I know not, for it is late in life—its first appearance at thirty-six—and, as far as I *know*, it is not *hereditary*, and it is that it may not *become* so, that you should tell Lady B. to take some precautions in the case

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of Ada. My attack has not yet returned, and I am fighting it off with abstinence and exercise, and thus far with success; if merely casual, it is all very well.

1137.—To John Murray.

Messolonghi, February 25, 1824.

I have heard from Mr. Douglas Kinnaird that you state "a report of a satire on Mr. Gifford having arrived "from Italy, *said* to be written by *me!* but that *you* do "not believe it." I dare say you do not, nor any body else, I should think. Whoever asserts that I am the author or abetter of anything of the kind on Gifford lies in his throat. I always regarded him as my literary father, and myself as his prodigal son; if any such composition exists, it is none of mine. *You* know as well as any body upon *whom* I have or have not written; and *you* also know whether they do or did not deserve that same. And so much for such matters.

You will perhaps be anxious to hear some news from this part of Greece (which is the most liable to invasion); but you will hear enough through public and private channels. I will, however, give you the events of a week, mingling my own private peculiar with the public; for we are here jumbled a little together at present.

On Sunday (the 15th, I believe,) I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack, which left me speechless, though not motionless—for some strong men could not hold me; but whether it was epilepsy, catalepsy, cachexy, or apoplexy, or what other *exy* or *epsy*, the doctors have not decided; or whether it was spasmodic or nervous, etc.; but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday, they put leeches to my temples, no difficult matter, but the blood could not be stopped

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till eleven at night (they had gone too near the temporal artery for my temporal safety), and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterise the orifice till after a hundred attempts.

On Tuesday, a Turkish brig of war ran on shore. On Wednesday, great preparations being made to attack her, though protected by her consorts,[1] the Turks burned her and retired to Patras. On Thursday a quarrel ensued between the Suliotes and the Frank guard at the arsenal: a Swedish officer was killed, and a Suliote severely wounded, and a general fight expected, and with some difficulty prevented.[2] On Friday, the officer was buried; and Captain Parry's English artificers mutinied, under pretence that their lives were in danger, and are for quitting the country:—they may.

On Saturday we had the smartest shock of an earthquake which I remember, (and I have felt thirty, slight

1. The Turkish brig carrying twenty-two guns ran aground, February 17 (Parry, *Last Days*, pp. 52–54). The Greeks brought up their guns by boats along the shallows, and on the 18th were about to open fire, when three Turkish brigs came down from Patras. After a vain attempt to float the stranded ship, they removed the crew and part of the stores, and set her on fire. Byron, who was forbidden by the doctors to join in the attack (Gamba, *Narrative*, p. 184), had offered a reward for every Turk who was saved alive (*ibid.*, p. 186).

2. For accounts of the murder of Lieutenant Sass, see Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. ii. pp. 113, 114; Parry's *Last Days*, pp. 56–64; Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 187–192; and Stanhope's *Greece*, p. 118. "This," writes Stanhope to Bowring, February 18, "is a serious affair. The Suliotes have no country, no home for "their families; arrears of pay are owing to them; the people of "Missolonghi hate and pay them exorbitantly. Lord Byron, who "was to have led them to Lepanto, is much shaken by his fit, and "will probably be obliged to retire from Greece. In short, all our "hopes in this quarter are damped for the present. I am not a "little fearful, too, that these wild warriors will not forget the "blood that has been spilt. I this morning told Prince Mavrocor-"dato and Lord Byron that they must come to some resolution "about compelling the Suliotes to quit the place."—*Greece*, pp. 118, 119.

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or smart, at different periods; they are common in the Mediterranean,) and the whole army discharged their arms, upon the same principle that savages beat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of the moon:—it was a rare scene altogether—if you had but seen the English Johnnies, who had never been out of a cockney workshop before!—or will again, if they can help it—and on Sunday we heard that the Vizier is come down to Larissa, with one hundred and odd thousand men.

In coming here, I had two escapes; one from the Turks, (*one* of my vessels was taken, but afterwards released,) and the other from shipwreck. We drove twice on the rocks near the Scrofes (Islands near the coast).

I have obtained from the Greeks the release of eight-and-twenty Turkish prisoners, men, women, and children, and sent them to Patras and Prevesa at my own charges. One little girl of nine years old, who prefers remaining with me, I shall (if I live) send, with her mother, probably, to Italy, or to England, and adopt her. Her name is Hato, or Hatagèe. She is a very pretty lively child. All her brothers were killed by the Greeks, and she herself and her mother merely spared by special favour and owing to her extreme youth, she being then but five or six years old.

My health is now better, and I ride about again. My office here is no sinecure, so many parties and difficulties of every kind; but I will do what I can. Prince Mavrocordato is an excellent person, and does all in his power; but his situation is perplexing in the extreme. Still we have great hopes of the success of the contest. You will hear, however, more of public news from plenty of quarters: for I have little time to write.

Believe me, yours, etc., etc.

N. Bn.

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1138.—To Thomas Moore.

Messolonghi, Western Greece, March 4, 1824.

MY DEAR MOORE,—Your reproach is unfounded—I have received two letters from you, and answered both previous to leaving Cephalonia. I have not been "quiet" in an Ionian island, but much occupied with business, as the Greek deputies (if arrived) can tell you. Neither have I continued *Don Juan*, nor any other poem. You go, as usual, I presume, by some newspaper report or other.[1]

When the proper moment to be of some use arrived, I came here; and am told that my arrival (with some other circumstances) *has* been of, at least, temporary advantage to the cause. I had a narrow escape from

1. "Proceeding, as he here rightly supposes, upon newspaper "authority, I had in my letter made some allusion to his imputed "occupations, which, in his present sensitiveness on the subject of "authorship, did not at all please him. To this circumstance "Count Gamba alludes in a passage of his Narrative; where, after "mentioning a remark of Byron's, that 'Poetry should only occupy "the idle, and that in more serious affairs it would be ridiculous,' "he adds, 'Mr. Moore, at this time writing to him, said, that he "had heard that "instead of pursuing heroic and warlike adven- "tures, he was residing in a delightful villa, continuing *Don Juan*." "This offended him for the moment, and he was sorry that such a "mistaken judgment had been formed of him.'

"It is amusing to observe that, while thus anxious, and from a "highly noble motive, to throw his authorship into the shade while "engaged in so much more serious pursuits, it was yet an author's "mode of revenge that always occurred to him, when under the "influence of any of these passing resentments. Thus, when a "little angry with Colonel Stanhope one day, he exclaimed, 'I "will libel you in your own Chronicle;' and in this brief burst of "humour I was myself the means of provoking in him, I have been "told, on the authority of Count Gamba, that he swore to 'write a "satire' upon me.

"Though the above letter shows how momentary was any little "spleen he may have felt, there not unfrequently, I own, comes "over me a short pang of regret to think that a feeling of dis- "pleasure, however slight, should have been among the latest I "awakened in him."—Moore.

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the Turks, and another from shipwreck, on my passage. On the 15th (or 16th) of February I had an attack of apoplexy, or epilepsy,—the physicians have not exactly decided which, but the alternative is agreeable. My constitution, therefore, remains between the two opinions, like Mahomet's sarcophagus between the magnets.[1] All that I can say is, that they nearly bled me to death, by placing the leeches too near the temporal artery, so that the blood could with difficulty be stopped, even with caustic. I am supposed to be getting better, slowly, however. But my homilies will, I presume, for the future, be like the Archbishop of Grenada's—in this case, "I order you a hundred ducats "from my treasurer, and wish you a little more taste."[2]

For public matters I refer you to Colonel Stanhope's and Capt. Parry's reports,—and to all other reports whatsoever. There is plenty to do—war without, and tumult

1. Prior (*Alma*, ii. 199, 200) has the couplet—

"The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb 'twixt earth and heaven."

Scott, in *Quentin Durward* (chap. iv.), alludes to the legend that the coffin, being of iron, is held up by loadstones—"Why he that "hangs like Mahomet's coffin between the two loadstones;" others (Labat, *Afrique Occidentale*, vol. iii. p. 143, ed. 1728) assert that it is supported by angels. Of the tradition itself, Burckhardt (*Travels in Arabia*, vol. ii. pp. 168, 169, ed. 1829) found no trace in the East. "The stories, once prevalent in Europe, of the "Prophet's tomb being suspended in the air, are unknown in the "Hedjaz: nor have I ever heard them in other parts of the East." It is uncertain how the legend originated. "The vulgar story," says Sir Richard Burton (*Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah*, vol. i. p. 312, *note*, ed. 1857), "of the suspended coffin has been "explained in two ways. Niebuhr supposes it to have arisen from "the rude drawings sold to strangers. Mr. William Bankes "(*Giovanni Finati*, vol. ii. p. 289) more sensibly believes that the "mass of rock popularly described as hanging unsupported in the "Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, was confounded by Christians, "who could not have seen either of these Moslem shrines, with the "prophet's tomb at El Medinah."

2. *Gil Blas*, bk. iv. chap. 4.

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within—they "kill a man a week," like Bob Acres in the country.[1] Parry's artificers have gone away in alarm, on account of a dispute in which some of the natives and foreigners were engaged, and a Swede was killed, and a Suliote wounded. In the middle of their fright there was a strong shock of an earthquake; so, between that and the sword, they boomed off in a hurry, in despite of all dissuasions to the contrary. A Turkish brig run ashore, etc., etc., etc.[2]

You, I presume, are either publishing or meditating that same. Let me hear from and of you, and believe me, in all events,

Ever and affectionately yours,

N. B.

P.S.—Tell Mr. Murray that I wrote to him the other day, and hope that he has received, or will receive, the letter.

1139.—To James Kennedy.

Messolonghi, March 4, 1824.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I have to thank you for your two very kind letters, both received at the same time, and one long after its date. I am not unaware of the precarious state of my health, nor am, nor have been, deceived on that subject. But it is proper that I should remain in Greece; and it were better to die doing something than nothing. My presence here has been supposed so far useful as to have prevented confusion from

1. *The Rivals*, act iv. sc. 1.
2. "What I have omitted here is but a repetition of the various "particulars, respecting all that had happened since his arrival, "which have already been given in the letters to his other corre-"spondents" (Moore).

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becoming worse confounded, at least for the present. Should I become, or be deemed useless or superfluous, I am ready to retire; but in the interim I am not to consider personal consequences; the rest is in the hands of Providence,—as indeed are all things. I shall, however, observe your instructions, and indeed did so, as far as regards abstinence, for some time past.

Besides the tracts, etc., which you have sent for distribution, one of the English artificers, (hight Brownbill,[1] a tinman,) left to my charge a number of Greek Testaments, which I will endeavour to distribute properly. The Greeks complain that the translation is not correct, nor in *good* Romaic: Bambas can decide on that point. I am trying to reconcile the clergy to the distribution, which (without due regard to their hierarchy) they might contrive to impede or neutralise in the effect, from their power over their people. Mr. Brownbill has gone to the Islands, having some apprehension for his life, (not from the priests, however,) and apparently preferring rather to be a saint than a martyr, although his apprehensions of becoming the latter were probably unfounded. All the English artificers accompanied him, thinking themselves in danger on account of some troubles here, which have apparently subsided.

I have been interrupted by a visit from Prince Mavrocordato and others since I began this letter, and must close it hastily, for the boat is announced as ready to

1. Parry (*Last Days*, p. 66) sneers at Brownbill, partly, perhaps, because he was known to Stanhope: "One of them, also, a *protégé* "of Colonel Stanhope's, had carried out a number of tracts, and in "addition to his avocations as a mechanic, was charged by the "Missionary Society, at a salary of £20, to spread a knowledge of "true religion, or of Wesleyism, among the heathen Turks and the "heretical Greeks. He was one of the foremost to retreat from "danger, but he managed to pick up a little something by his piety "to comfort him in his retreat."

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sail. Your future convert, Hato, or Hatagée, appears to me lively, and intelligent, and promising, and possesses an interesting countenance. With regard to her disposition I can say little, but Millingen, who has the mother (who is a middle-aged woman of good character) in his house as a domestic (although their family was in good worldly circumstances previous to the Revolution), speaks well of both, and he is to be relied on. As far as I know, I have only seen the child a few times with her mother, and what I have seen is favourable, or I should not take so much interest in her behalf. If she turns out well, my idea would be to send her to my daughter in England (if not to respectable persons in Italy), and so to provide for her as to enable her to live with reputation either singly or in marriage, if she arrive at maturity. I will make proper arrangements about her expenses through Messrs. Barff and Hancock, and the rest I leave to your discretion and to Mrs. K.'s, with a great sense of obligation for your kindness in undertaking her temporary superintendence.

Of public matters here, I have little to add to what you will already have heard. We are going on as well as we can, and with the hope and the endeavour to do better. Believe me,

Ever and truly, etc.,

N. B.

1140.—To Samuel Barff.

Missolonghi, March 5th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—If Sisseni[1] is sincere, he will be treated with, and *well* treated; if he is not, the sin and the

1. Georgio Sessini, descended from a Venetian *proveditore*, and originally an apothecary at Gastouni, placed himself at the head of

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shame may lie at his own door. One great object is to heal those internal dissensions for the *future*, without exacting too rigorous an account of the past. The Prince Mavrocordato is of the same opinion, and whoever is disposed to act fairly will be fairly dealt with.

I *have* heard a *good deal* of Sisseni, but not a *deal* of *good:* however, I never judge from report, particularly in a revolution.

Personally I am rather obliged to him, for he has been very hospitable to all friends of mine who have passed through his district. You may therefore assure him that any overtures for the advantage of Greece and its internal pacification will be readily and sincerely met *here.* I hardly think that he would have ventured a deceitful proposition to me through *you*, because he must be sure that in such a case it would eventually be exposed. At any rate, the healing of these dissensions is so important a point, that something must be risked to obtain it. I hope that you received my letters sent on a former occasion by a Zanteote. Mr. Hodges[1] (Mr. Parry's Commissary) says that you did a day after his arrival, but as you do not allude to them I should be glad to have this confirmed by yourself.

Believe me, yours ever and truly,

NOEL BYRON.

armed peasants, expelled the Turks from the district, and established himself as its ruler. He lived in Turkish fashion (Millingen, *Memoirs*, pp. 185, 186), amassed a colossal fortune, the greater part of which he consigned to his wife, who lived at Zante, and held aloof from the General Government. Now, however, as appears by the above letter, he made overtures, through Barff, of adhesion. As a proof of his sincerity, Byron required the surrender of Chiarenza to the Government. (For Sessini and his share in the civil war of the primates, see Finlay's *History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 335.)

1. Hodges was one of Parry's assistants in the laboratory, and charged by Stanhope, when he left Mesolonghi, with the foundation of the *Greek Telegraph.*

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1141.—To Samuel Barff.

Missolonghi, 9th March, 1824.

SIR,—Having accepted Bills of Prince Mavrocordato to the amount of Five hundred and fifty Pounds Stg., you will therefore honor a Draft of Prince Mavrocordato for that amount, (deducting every mercantile expence,) and placing the Bill to my account, and oblige Sir,

Yours truly,
NOEL BYRON.

I wrote lately, have you received the letters? Same were in answer to yours of a late date.

P.S.—As Prince Mavrocordato has applied to me for a loan of £550 stg., I have thought it better (to save you the risk and bother of negociating Greek Bills) to take his draft in my favor, and you will merely have to advance the amount from the balance of my recent Bills, deducting expences and freight of course, as in my own case.

Yours ever,
N. B.

1142.—To Samuel Barff.

Missolonghi, March 10th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed is an answer to Sig. Parruca's letter,[1] and I hope that you will assure him further from

1. Gamba (*Narrative*, pp. 207, 208) notes in his Journal for March 10, "Lord Byron received, by way of Zante, a letter from "one Parucca, the person who had been engaged two months "before by the partisans of Pietro Bey to set out for London, and "there to thwart the negotiations of the deputies, Orlando and "Luriotti; but he never went. He now wrote to Lord Byron, "praying him to come into the Peloponnesus, to assist in bringing "about an union of all parties." Demetrius Parucca, of Argos,

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me that I have done, and am doing all I can to reunite the Greeks. I have had to advance P. Mavrocordato £550 Stg (as per advice), for which he will draw on you from my balances in your hands (on the recent Bills), you will have the goodness to remit him the value in dollars, deducting the exchange and expences, as in my own case on other remittances, and according to the rules of business. With regard to the remaining proceeds you will of course deduct all sums paid by you or Mr. Hancock on my account, and you will also retain from one or two thousand dollars in hand to answer any further similar expenses, the rest you can perhaps give or obtain an order for *here*, or at least of a portion, since the risk and freight would thus be avoided, but *if not* you can send it to me in the usual way at your own convenience.

P. Mavrocordato has given to me Drafts on Messrs. Bowring, and advice to Louriotti Orlandi for the sum he is to receive, but it is not quite clear whether they will be paid; much, indeed everything, will probably depend on their affairs going on well and their obtaining a loan. Even in the event of a loss it were not to be regretted so that it does them any good in the meantime.

I have answered your letters, but yours (and I suppose mine too) arrive irregularly and generally those of the latest date a week or so before the others.

We hear (as you do) of the Moslem Preparations and must make the best fight that circumstances will permit.

I am extremely obliged by your offer of your country

described by Gordon (*History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 103), as "a clever but exceedingly worthless person," supported the military faction against the Greek constitutionalists. According to Gordon, he set out for London with the intention of "dissuading the English capitalists from advancing funds to Greece; "however, he got no farther than Corfu."

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house (as for all other kindness) in case my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of any (even supposed) utility; there is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause.

When I say this, I am at the same time aware of the difficulties and dissensions and defects of the Greeks themselves, but allowances must be made for them by all reasonable people.

Believe me, yours ever and truly,

N. B.

I am not aware that I shall require further monies immediately, but if I draw further on my Correspondents for a couple of thousand pounds more or less by and bye I wish to know previously whether you could negociate the Bills; my chief, indeed *nine tenths* of, my expenses[1] here are solely in advances to or on behalf of the Greeks and objects connected with their independence.

1. "At this time (February 14th)," says Parry, who kept the accounts of Byron's disbursements, "the expenses of Lord Byron "in the cause of the Greeks did not amount to less than two thou- "sand dollars per week in rations alone" (*Last Days*, p. 40). Elsewhere (*ibid.*, p. 95) Parry says that "applications were made to "Lord Byron about the end of March, for money to the amount of "50,000 dollars in one day. . . . The Greeks seemed to think he "was a mine from which they could extract gold at their pleasure. "One person represented that a supply of 20,000 dollars would "save the island of Candia from falling into the hands of the Pacha "of Egypt; and there not being that sum in hand, Lord Byron "gave him authority to raise it if he could in the Islands, and he "would guarantee its repayment. I believe this person did not "succeed."

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1143.—To Charles Hancock.

Messolonghi, March 10, 1824.

SIR,—I have sent by Mr. J. M. Hodges a bill drawn on Signor C. Jerostatti for three hundred and eighty-six pounds, on account of the Hon. the Greek Committee, for carrying on the service at this place. But Count Delladecima sent no more than two hundred dollars until he should receive instructions from C. Jerostatti. Therefore I am obliged to advance that sum to prevent a positive stop being put to the laboratory service at this place, etc., etc.

I beg you will mention this business to Count Delladecima, who has the draft and every account, and that Mr. Barff, in conjunction with yourself, will endeavour to arrange this money account, and, when received, forward the same to Missolonghi.

I am, Sir, yours very truly.

So far is written by Captain Parry; but I see that I must continue the letter myself. I understand little or nothing of the business, saving and except that, like most of the present affairs here, it will be at a stand-still if monies be not advanced, and there are few here so disposed; so that I must take the chance, as usual.

You will see what can be done with Delladecima and Jerostatti, and remit this sum, that we [may] have some quiet; for the Committee have somehow embroiled their matters, or chosen Greek correspondents more Grecian than ever the Greeks are wont to be.

Yours ever,

NL. BN.

P.S.—A thousand thanks to Muir for his cauliflower,

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the finest I ever saw or tasted, and, I believe, the largest that ever grew out of Paradise, or Scotland. I have written to Dr. Kennedy about the newspaper[1] (with which I have nothing to do as a writer, please to recollect and say). I told the fools of conductors that their motto would play the devil; but, like all mountebanks, they persisted. Gamba, who is any thing but *lucky*, had something to do with it; and, as usual, the moment he had, matters went wrong. It will be better, perhaps, in time. But I write in haste, and have only time to say, before the boat sails, that I am ever

Yours,

N. Bn.

P.S.—Mr. Findlay[2] is here, and has received his money.

1. The *Greek Telegraph* was a weekly polyglot newspaper, bearing the motto from Homer's *Odyssey* (Book xvii. lines 322, 323)—

"Ημισυ γάρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
Ἀνέρος, εὖτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἦμαρ ἕλῃσιν."

The editors invited contributions in any language. The prospectus is printed by Gamba in his *Narrative* (pp. 305–307) in an amended form, and not as originally written by Stanhope. Writing to Bowring, March 30, 1824, he says (*Greece, etc.*, p. 157), "The "prospectus of the *Greek Telegraph* has appeared. When I wrote "it, I had no idea that the motto, 'The world our country, and "doing good our religion,' would have been objected to, or I would "(if I could) have selected a better." Gamba was one of the editors (Millingen, *Memoirs*, p. 113), and Kennedy quotes two letters from him, asking for contributions from him or Professor "Bamba," *i.e.* Vambas (see *Conversations*, p. 392). According to Parry (*Last Days*, p. 191), Byron said that he only "subscribed to "the paper to get rid of Stanhope's importunities, and, it may be, "keep Gamba out of mischief; at any rate, he can mar nothing "of less importance."

2. George Finlay (1799–1875), the historian of Greece, joined Byron at Cephalonia in November, 1823. Fresh from Germany, full of anecdotes of Goethe, he delighted his host. At Metaxata Finlay met Kennedy, and heard with astonishment the Doctor's lectures on Byron's life, vanity, and useless talents (Kennedy's *Conversations*, p. 232, and Stanhope's *Greece in* 1823 *and* 1824, p. 516). From

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1144.—To James Kennedy.[1]

Missolonghi, March 10, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—You could not disapprove of the motto to the Telegraph more than I did, and do; but this is a land of liberty, where most people do as they please, and few as they ought.

I have not written, nor am inclined to write, for that or for any other paper, but have suggested to them, over and over, a change of the motto and style. However,

Argostoli, Finlay made his way to Athens, and thence, at the end of February, 1824, to Mesolonghi. For the next month he was constantly with Byron, riding with him by day, and sitting in his room at night. Parry (*Last Days*, p. 259) speaks of Byron walking "backwards and forwards in his apartment for hours together, "talking rapidly and almost incessantly the whole time with Mr. "Findlay or Mr. Fowke, or some other person of the same light "and frivolous cast." Millingen (*Memoirs*, p. 95) says that Finlay was one of the Englishmen who refused to join Byron's artillery brigade, of which Parry was appointed Major, on account of Parry's ignorance of artillery. On March 20, 1824, he was sent by Byron with letters to Stanhope, Trelawny, and Odysseus. Though beaten back by storms, he started again when Byron's fatal illness had begun. Before Stanhope left Greece, Finlay had undertaken (*Greece in* 1823 *and* 1824, p. 185) to plead the Greek cause in America. But the plan was abandoned, and he joined Odysseus in the expedition to the Morea. With one short interval, he made Greece his home, and devoted his life to her service. His History was originally published in four sections (1844–61). After his death at Athens, in 1875, the work was republished (1877) under the title of *A History of Greece from its Conquest by the Romans to the Present Time*—B.C. 146 *to* A.D. 1864. To this edition is prefixed a short autobiography. The most interesting part of Stanhope's *Greece, etc.*, is Finlay's sketch of Byron as he knew him (pp. 510–529).

1. "About this time," writes Kennedy (*Conversations on Religion*, pp. 289, 290), "his boat, or felucca, came to Argostoli, on board "which was Mr. Hodges, who brought a prospectus of the *Greek* "*Telegraph*. As from the motto and style of the prospectus there "was an appearance of radicalism, and an air of irreligion, we all "expressed our apprehension to Mr. Hodges, and our regret at such "a proceeding. . . . Mr. Hodges said, if we thought so, I ought "to write to Lord Byron on the subject. . . . I complied with this "suggestion, and addressed a letter to his lordship, stating our "reasons for disapproving of the motto, and the prospectus." To this letter Byron replied.

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I do not think that it will turn out either an irreligious or a levelling publication, and they promise due respect to both churches and things, *i.e.* the editors do.

If Bambas[1] would write for the Greek Chronicle, he might have his own price for articles.

There is a slight demur about Hato's voyage, her mother wishing to go with her, which is quite natural, and I have not the heart to refuse it; for even Mahomet made a law, that in the division of captives, the child should never be separated from the mother.[2] But this may make a difference in the arrangement, although the poor woman (who has lost half her family in the war) is, as I said, of good character, and of mature age, so as to render her respectability not liable to suspicion. She has heard, it seems, from Prevesa, that her husband is no longer there. I have consigned your Bibles to Dr. Meyer;[3] and I hope that the said Doctor may justify

1. Neophytos Vambas, who had spent five years in Paris, was formerly one of the Professors at the College at Scio, afterwards a Professor at the College at Corfu, and at this time keeping a school in Cephalonia. Finlay speaks of him (*History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 173) as a scholar and patriot, but also a pedant and a visionary. Without knowledge of character and ignorant of active life, he was more fitted for a professorship than a politician. As a teacher, on the other hand, his career was "honourable to himself and useful "to his country, for he cultivated the moral and religious feelings as "well as the intellects of his pupils, and formed some of the best, "if not the ablest, men of his time." Vambas translated, with Kennedy's help, several pieces from the *Quarterly Review*, which were contributed to the *Greek Chronicle* (Kennedy's *Conversations*, p. 285). Stanhope wrote, inviting him to come to Athens, and conduct "a free press" there (*Greece, etc.*, p. 129). Vambas, who called upon Byron at Metaxata, had been refused admittance, Byron thinking, as he told Kennedy (*Conversations*, p. 304), that Vambas was "a common priest" and a "wild democrat." See also Gamba's *Narrative*, p. 109.

2. In Book XVI. chap. v. of the *Hedaya* (trans. Hamilton, p. 462) the following "declaration of the prophet" is quoted: "Whosoever "causes a separation between a mother and her children shall him-"self on the day of judgment be separated from his friends by God."

3. "The box," wrote Dr. Meyer to Kennedy, March 4, 1824

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your confidence; nevertheless, I shall keep an eye upon him. You may depend upon my giving the Society as fair play as Mr. Wilberforce himself would; and any other commission for the good of Greece will meet with the same attention on my part.

I am trying, with some hope of eventual success, to re-unite the Greeks, especially as the Turks are expected in force, and that shortly. We must meet them as we may, and fight it out as we can.

I rejoice to hear that your school prospers, and I assure you that your good wishes are reciprocal. The weather is so much finer, that I get a good deal of moderate exercise in boats and on horseback, and am willing to hope that my health is not worse than when you kindly wrote to me. Dr. Bruno can tell you that I adhere to your regimen, and more, for I do not eat any meat, even fish.

Believe me ever, etc.

P.S.—The mechanics (six in number) were all pretty much of the same mind. Brownbill was but *one*. Perhaps they are less to blame than is imagined, since Colonel Stanhope is said to have told them, "*that he could not* "*positively say their lives were safe.*" I should like to know *where* our life *is* safe, either here or any where else? With regard to a place of safety, at least such hermetically sealed safety as these persons appeared to desiderate, it is not to be found in Greece, at any rate;

(Kennedy's *Conversations*, p. 358), "with the religious and moral "tracts, are at present in the hands of Lord Byron, who will "consign them to me to day." Up to that time, according to Millingen (*Memoirs*, p. 19), Byron had himself acted "at Meso- "longhi as agent to the Bible Society; and, on his arrival there, "he piled up at the entrance of his receiving-room the numerous "Bibles and religious tracts that had been intrusted to his care, "and seldom neglected to offer copies to his visitors."

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but Missolonghi was supposed to be the place where they would be useful, and their risk was no greater than that of others.

1145.—To Signor Parucca.[1]

Marzo 11, 1824.

Illustrissimo Signore,—Ho l'onore di rispondere alla di Lei lettera. Io non bramo altro, ne ho mai bramato, se non di vedere prima di tutto i Greci in pace fra loro. Io mi son reso qua per ordine del Governo Greco, e fino che non ho un invito del suddetto Governo, non mi pare che debbo sortire dalla Rumelia per il Peloponneso, particolarmente come questa parte e più esposta al' inimico.[2]—Per altro, se la mia presenza può giovare quantunque poco a riconciliare i due o più partiti, son pronto di rendermi, o come mediatore, o, se fosse necessario, come ostaggio.

In questi affari io non ho ne mire personali ne odii

1. This letter is printed in facsimile in Gamba's *Narrative* (to face p. 208). Moore gives the following version :—

"March 10 (*sic*), 1824.

"Sir,—I have the honour of answering your letter. My first "wish has always been to bring the Greeks to agree among themselves. I came here by the invitation of the Greek Government, "and I do not think that I ought to abandon Roumelia for the "Peloponnesus until that Government shall desire it; and the more "so, as this part is exposed in a greater degree to the enemy. "Nevertheless, if my presence can really be of any assistance in "uniting two or more parties, I am ready to go any where, either "as a mediator, or, if necessary, as a hostage. In these affairs I "have neither private views, nor private dislike of any individual, "but the sincere wish of deserving the name of the friend of your "country, and of her patriots.

"I have the honour, etc."

2. Gamba (*Narrative*, p. 208, *note*) refers to "one grammatical "error, and that one of trifling importance," which the letter contains. He probably refers to *al' inimico*, which should be *all' inimico*. *Nè* is three times, and *è* once, written without the accent.

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particolari, ma il sincero desiderio di meritare il nome di amico di vostra patria e patrioti.

Ho l'onore di restare, etc.

1146.—To ——[1]

Missalonghi, March 12, 1824.

My dear ——,—I write without much certainty that this letter will reach you, for the plague[2] has broken out this morning in the town, and, of course, precautions will be taken in the islands and elsewhere. It has been supposed to be communicated from the Morea: be that as it may, a man from thence has just died of it, as my physician says, whom I have just seen, as well as the Prince Mavrocordato. What the event may be cannot of course be foreseen.

* * * * * *

I shall be most anxious to hear from you, as the communication may probably be interrupted for some time to come. Whatever may happen to me, believe me that I am, was, and will be (as long as I am at all),

Ever yours,

Most faithfully and affectionately,

Noel Byron.

1. Reprinted from *The Keepsake* for 1830, pp. 231, 232.

2. Gamba (*Narrative*, p. 215) notes in his diary for March 13: "All the shops were shut. A report of the plague was spread; a "Greek merchant arrived from Gastuni, 12 days ago, was attacked "the night before with violent vomitings, which killed him before "morning. After death, several black pustules appeared on his face, "arms, and back. . . . The greatest alarm prevailed in the town; "every one walked with a stick, to keep off the passengers." On March 15 appears the entry (p. 219): "All suspicion of the plague "had disappeared."

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1147.—To Colonel the Hon. Leicester Stanhope.[1]

Missolonghi, March 19, 1824.

MY DEAR STANHOPE,—Prince Mavrocordato and myself will go to Salona to meet Ulysses, and you may be very sure that P. M. will accept any proposition for the advantage of Greece. Parry is to answer for himself on his own articles:[2] if I were to interfere with him, it would only stop the whole progress of his exertion; and

1. Byron's letter is in answer to two letters from Stanhope, dated respectively, March 6 and March 8, 1824 (*Greece in* 1823 *and* 1824, pp. 124–129). To the first of these, which was to be forwarded to the Greek Committee in London, Byron has added notes. Stanhope urged Byron to attempt the capture of Lepanto at once. Byron's note is: "The Suliots declined marching against Lepanto, saying, "'that they would not fight against stone-walls,' Colonel Stanhope "also knows their conduct here in other respects lately.—N. B."

Stanhope mentioned that Odysseus had established two schools at Athens, and given him leave to set the press at work. On this Byron remarks, "I hope the press will succeed better there than it "has here. The Greek newspaper has done great mischief both in "the Morea and in the islands, as I represented both to Prince "Mavrocordato, and to Colonel Stanhope, that it would do in the "*present* circumstances, unless *great caution* was observed.—N. B."

Finally Stanhope implored Byron and Mavrocordatos, "as you "love Greece and her sacred cause, to attend at Salona." On the back of Stanhope's letter Byron wrote the letter to John Bowring (below), dated March 19, 1824.

Mavrocordatos replied to Stanhope's appeal as follows: "Si le "mauvais tems n'avait pas empêché le retour de Mr. Finlay vous "auriez sçu déjà que nous sommes décidés à venir à la rencontre du "général Ulysse jusqu' à Chrysso, ou à Salona même. Vous con- "naisses mieux que personne les difficultés qu'il y avait à surmonter "pour arriver à cette décision; mais vous êtes également persuadé "que Milord et moi ne laisserons jamais manquer une occasion qui "donne quelque chose d'avantageux à espérer pour les affaires de la "patrie."

Mavrocordatos suspected treachery on the part of Odysseus, and, as Finlay reported to Stanhope (*Grece, etc.*, p. 156), was unwilling to attend.

2. In his second letter, Stanhope, at the request of Odysseus, asked for stores from the laboratory at Mesolonghi. Mavrocordatos, however, and Byron decided not to weaken their means for defending Mesolonghi, and sent only a few barrels of powder.

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he is really doing all that can be done without more aid from the Government.

What can be spared will be sent; but I refer you to Captain Humphries's[1] report, and to Count Gamba's letter for details upon all subjects.

In the hope of seeing you soon, and deferring much that will be said till then,

Believe me ever, etc.

P.S.—Your two letters (to me) are sent to Mr. Barff, as you desire. Pray remember me particularly to Trelawney, whom I shall be very much pleased to see again.

1148.—To John Bowring.

March 19, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Preparations are making for the ensuing campaign. Col. S. and Capt. Parry's reports will have instructed the Committee. Means and money will be required: men are in plenty, if we have the former. I shall endeavour to do my duty.

Yours,
N. B.

Prince Mavrocordato and L. B. go to Salona. I (L. B.) require Mr. Bowring to urge the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird to send L. B. credits to the extent of L. B.'s resources. Here there are the greatest difficulties of every kind for the moment—but they have hope—and will fight it out.

N. B.

1. Humphreys, as Stanhope spells the name, had gone with him to Athens (*Grece, etc.*, p. 121). He was sent back to Mesolonghi with Stanhope's letters (*ibid.*, p. 126), arriving March 18 (Gamba's *Narrative*, p. 220), and left again, March 21, with the answers of Byron and Mavrocordatos (*ibid.*, p. 223).

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1149.—To Samuel Barff.

Missolonghi, March 19, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—As Count Mercati is under some apprehensions of a *direct* answer to him personally on Greek affairs, I reply (as you authorised me) to you, who will have the goodness to communicate to him the enclosed. It is the joint answer of Prince Mavrocordato and of myself, to Sig. G. Sisseni's propositions. You may also add, both to him and to Parrucca, that I am perfectly sincere in desiring the most amicable termination of their internal dissensions, and that I believe Prince Mavrocordato to be so also; otherwise I would not act with him, or any other, whether native or foreigner.

If Lord Guilford is at Zante, or, if he is not, if Sig. Tricupi[1] is there, presenting my respects to one or both, you would oblige me by telling them, that from the very first I foretold to Col. Stanhope and to P. Mavrocordato that a Greek newspaper (as indeed any other), in *the present state* of Greece, might and probably *would* lead to much mischief and misconstruction, unless under *some* restrictions; nor have I ever had anything to do with either, as a writer or otherwise, except as a pecuniary contributor to their support in the outset, which I could not refuse to the earnest request of the Projectors.

1. Spiridion Tricoupi (died 1873), son of a Primate of Mesolonghi, had been "educated by the means furnished by Lord Guildford, "and was acquainted with the French, English and Italian languages. "He was a young man not only well-informed, but of sound good "sense, and a right-judging patriotism; and had been selected as "deputy to the general Government to represent Western Greece" (Gamba's *Narrative*, p. 237). He delivered over Byron a funeral oration, which is printed in the original Greek in Felton's *Selections from Modern Greek Writers in Prose and Poetry*, pp. 98–108. He wrote a history of the Greek Revolution (*Ἱστορία τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς Ἐπαναστάσεως*), and played a distinguished part in the politics of liberated Greece.

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Col. Stanhope and myself had considerable differences of opinion on this subject, and (what will appear laughable enough) to such a degree, that he charged me with *despotic* principles, and I *him* with *ultra radicalism*. Dr. Meyer,[1] the Editor, with his unrestrained freedom of the press, and who has the freedom to exercise an unlimited discretion,—not allowing any articles but his own and those like them to appear,—and in declaiming against restrictions, cuts, carves, and restricts (as they tell me) at his own will and pleasure. He is the Author of an article against Monarchy, of which he may have the advantage and fame—but they (the Editors) will get themselves into a scrape, if they do not take care.

Of all petty tyrants, he is one of the pettiest, as are most demagogues, that ever I knew.

He is a Swiss by birth, and a Greek by assumption, having married a wife and changed his religion. I shall be very glad and am extremely anxious for some

1. Jean Jacques Meyer, a Swiss doctor, who had settled in Mesolonghi and married a Greek wife, impressed Stanhope as an "excellent" person, with the "good qualities of his countrymen" (*Greece, etc.*, p. 39). Gordon (*History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 109) calls him "a hot-headed republican." To the editorship of Meyer Stanhope entrusted his pet newspaper, the *Greek Chronicle*, for which he had chosen the motto "The happiness of the greatest "number." The *Chronicle* was to appear on January 1, 1824, and afterwards bi-weekly, at a cost of six dollars a year to subscribers. It was to have been printed in Greek and Italian, but as no Italian type was procurable, it appeared in Greek only. Mavrocordatos' attempt to establish a censorship failed, owing to Stanhope's "high and sturdy tone" (*Greece, etc.*, p. 56). On the 20th of March the weekly paper, the *Greek Telegraph*, also planned by Stanhope, was published. Byron subscribed to both, but under protest. He also insisted on altering the prospectus and motto of the *Telegraph*, and associating other editors with Meyer.

In the 20th number of the *Greek Chronicle* Meyer published so violent an attack on the Austrian Government, that Byron suppressed the whole edition. For Meyer he had a strong dislike, partly for his democratic opinions, partly for his assumption of ridiculous titles (Kennedy's *Conversations*, p. 300), partly, according to Millingen (*Memoirs*, p. 16, *note*), for his familiar manners.

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favorable result to the recent pacific overtures of the contending parties in the Peloponnesus.

Ev. yours very truly,

N. B.

1150.—To Samuel Barff.

Missolonghi, March 22nd, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Dunn has received in the course of my stay in Tuscany and the Genovese Territory some thousand dollars of mine, always paid without demur or delay, because I made it a rule to have no long accounts in Italy, however high the prices.—The *present* pretension to a much smaller sum is, however, of a different kind, being an affair (not very creditable to him, nor to the persons whom he recommended) of the letting of a House, the demand for which I told him, when I saw him at Leghorn, I would certainly not comply with, for some time to come at any rate, as I was neither satisfied with the *account* nor the *amount*. I then and there paid him a much larger sum on other accounts, which I conceived to be fairer, as I had frequently done before. I will not accept *this* Bill, and I request that you will say as much, and re-state what I have stated to you, as before to himself repeatedly. I will take care, however, that he shall be no sufferer eventually, but for the present he may wait as he can well afford. The transaction was one in which he involved me with a scoundrel, whom he well knew to be so and whom he ought to have made known as such to me. He never had to wait for any account of mine *before*, nor should he *now*, had he treated me well in the business; as it is, he must have patience; it will be a lesson to him how he allows men who have used him fairly, and dealt with him considerately (as I

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have), to be cheated through his intervention. You will in consequence remark that I have requested you not to make any advance to him for the present on my account. I appeal to himself to say, whether I have not always dealt with him honorably and readily, and I happen to have his book with me as a voucher. You will have heard that the alarm of the Plague has subsided here.

If the Greek deputies (as seem probable) have obtained the Loan, the sums I have advanced may perhaps be repaid; but it would make no great difference, as I should still spend that in the cause, and more to boot—though I should hope to better purpose than paying off arrears of fleets that sail away, and Suliotes that won't march, *which, they say*, what has hitherto been advanced has been employed in. But that was not my affair, but of those who had the disposal of affairs, and I could not decently say to them, "You shall do so and "so, because, etc., etc., etc."

In a few days P. Mavrocordato and myself, with a considerable escort, intend to proceed to Salona at the request of Ulysses and the Chiefs of Eastern Greece, to concert, if possible, a plan of union between Western and Eastern Greece, and to take measures, offensive and defensive, for the ensuing campaign.

Mavrocordato is *almost* recalled by the *new* Government to the Morea (to take the lead, I rather think), and they have written to propose to me to go either to the Morea with him, or to take the general direction of affairs in this quarter—with General Londo, and any other I may choose, to form a council.

A. Londo is my old friend and acquaintance, since we were lads in Greece together. It would be difficult to give a positive answer till the Salona meeting is

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over;[1] but I am willing to serve them in any capacity they please, either commanding or commanded—it is much the same to me, as long as I can be of any presumed use to them.

Excuse haste; it is late, and I have been several hours on horseback in a country so miry after the rains, that every hundred yards brings you to a ditch, of whose depth, width, colour, and contents, both my horses and their riders have brought away many tokens.

Yours ever,

N. B.

P.S.—I hope that you have received the answer for Sig. Parrucca, and also a reply through your medium to Sig. C. Mercati.

I also wrote on some business of P. Mavrocordato's. Some Bills of his, that is to say, on England, on which I have advanced him an order on you from the balance in your hands with some directions also to the rest which you can send here, or order some one to pay for you in this place.

P.S.—Tell Dr. Thomas I have not written to him, but you can tell him also all that I could. When anything very particular happens I will send him a detail.

Would you request my friend Dr. Thomas to obtain for me some good *English* Calcined Magnesia, I paying for it of course, and send it over.

1. "To this offer of the Government to appoint him Governor-"General of Greece (that is, of the enfranchised part of the continent, "with the exception of the Morea and the Islands), his answer was, "that 'he was first going to Salona, and that afterwards he would "be at their commands; that he could have no difficulty in accept-"ing any office, provided he could persuade himself that any good "would result from it'" (Moore).

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1151.—To Samuel Barff.

Missolonghi, March 26th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Since your intelligence with regard to the Greek loan,[1] P. Mavrocordato has shown to me an extract from some correspondence of his, by which it would appear that three commissioners are to be named to see that the amount is placed in proper hands for the service of the country, and that my name is amongst the number. Of this, however, we have as yet only the report.

This commission is apparently named by the Committee or the contracting parties in England. I am of opinion that such a commission will be necessary; but the office will be both delicate and difficult. The Weather, which has lately been equinoctial, has flooded the country, and will probably retard our proceeding to Salona for some days, till the road becomes more practicable.[2]

You were already apprized that P. Mavrocordato and myself had been invited to a conference by Ulysses and the Chiefs of Eastern Greece. Cap. Parry will write to

1. On February 21, 1824, at a dinner given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, Jean Orlando and Andreas Luriottis, the Greek deputies, signed a contract with Messrs. Lougham and O'Brien for a loan of £800,000. The terms were onerous, but in the circumstances not unreasonable. Greece was to receive £59 for every £100 of stock; interest was to be paid, as from January 1, 1824, at the rate of five per cent. All the national property of Greece generally, and the customs, fisheries, and salt-works specially, were assigned to the lenders as security. The money was to be lodged in the hands of Samuel Barff and Count Cæsar Logotheti, at Zante, and not paid over without the sanction of three Commissioners—Byron, Stanhope, and Konduriottes. On March 31 the first instalment of £40,000 was sent out in the *Florida*, which arrived, with Blaquiere on board, April 24. The second instalment followed in the *Little Sally*, which reached Zante, June 13.

2. March 27 was the day fixed for Byron's expedition to Salona. But the rivers were unfordable, and the roads impassable (Gamba, *Narrative*, p. 227).

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you himself on the subject of the artificers' wages, but with all due allowance for their situation, I cannot see a great deal to pity in their circumstances. They were well paid, housed and fed, expenses granted of every kind, and they marched off at the first alarm; were *they* more exposed than the rest? or *so much?* neither are they very much embarrassed, for Cap. Parry says that *he knows* all of them have money, and one in particular a considerable sum. He accuses them of having sold some things, and appropriated others, as also with mutiny, etc., etc., upon which charges, all and each, I pronounce nothing, but state them as stated to me by their master, so named by their employers the Committee.

I hear (and am indeed consulted on the subject) that in case the remittance of the first advance of the Loan should not arrive immediately, the Greek General Government mean to try to raise some thousand dollars in the islands in the interim, to be repaid from the earliest instalments on their arrival. What prospects of success they may have, or on what conditions, you can tell better than I: I suppose, if the Loan be confirmed, something might be done by them, but subject of course to the usual terms. You can let them and me know your opinion. There is an imperious necessity for some national fund, and that speedily; otherwise what is to be done? The Auxiliary Corps of about two hundred men, paid by me, are, I believe, the sole regularly and properly furnished with the money, due to them weekly, and the officers monthly. It is true that the Greek Government give their rations; but we have had three mutinies, owing to the badness of the bread, which neither native nor stranger could masticate (nor dogs either), and there is still great difficulty in obtaining them even provisions of any kind.

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There is a dissension among the Germans about the conduct of the agents of *their* Committee, and an examination amongst themselves instituted. What the result may be cannot be anticipated, except that it will end in *a row*, of course, as usual.

The English are all very amicable, as far as I know; we get on too with the Greeks very tolerably, always making allowance for circumstances; and *we* have no quarrels with the other foreigners.

March 28. I have had your order delivered to the Greeks with the Bill. You will please to recollect that I wish you to retain in hand from one to two thousand dollars to answer any expenses of mine in the Islands, and the rest of the balance can be remitted by Bills on this place or otherwise. I am not in any immediate want of cash tho' I have considerable expenses with the Brigade, etc.; besides the advance to Mavrocordato, the Town owes me three thousand dollars which *were to have been repaid* on the 1st inst. and I *wanted* them for the public service. I shall probably send you some more drafts on England soon to be negociated at leisure, and kept ready by you for me in case of any emergency.

My own personal expenditure does not form a fourth of what I have at present to lay out here. The account of the surrender of Lepanto *would* have been amusing had it been true. . . . but the Suliotes, instigated by Noti Botzari and Stornaris, had no mind to march against "stone walls" they said, and were impracticable besides from their private dissentions. They went towards Arta, but have hitherto done little that we hear of; but we expect better things by and bye.

Ever and truly yours,

N. B.

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P.S.—I have received Sig. Parrucca's second letter. If my presence is really required in the Morea by both parties, as a step towards mediation between them, *why* do not Colocotroni's party write me as well as the Gov. of Cranidi?[1] Were I to interfere without their sanction it would be deemed officious and useless, but you can see what they really mean from the Sig. M. and Parruccas.

1152.—To the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird.

Messalonghi, March 30th 1824.

MY DEAR DOUGLAS,—Signor Zaimi,[2] the third Greek Deputy, will present this to you; and in his behalf I bespeak good hospitality and usual kindness. The other Deputies here can, could or should have presented an introductory epistle to you, as well as to others, on their arrival. The same letter enclosed also a copy of the paper signed by themselves and drawn up in their own way—on my advancing 4000£ Sterling to the Greek Govt, which was (by their own express wish) to be repaid in the event of their obtaining a national loan in London, which it should seem that they have accomplished. I have also to apprize you that I have cashed for P. Mavrocordato bills to the amount of 550£ Sterling,

1. See Appendix V.

2. "Signor Zaimi" may perhaps be identified with Andreas Zaimes, who, with Londos, was the principal author of the second Greek civil war (November, 1824). At this time, though he was one of the five members of the old Executive, he supported the Senate, and was elected a member of the new Executive, which was now at war with Kolokotrones and Petrobey.

"In appearance and manners Andreas Zaimes was a perfect "gentleman. His disposition was generous, and his private con- "duct upright; but his position as a hereditary primate made him "ambitious, while nature had made him neither energetic nor "courageous. He thrust himself forward as a statesman and military "chief, but he was too weak for a political leader, and utterly unfit "for a soldier" (Finlay, *History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 334).

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which bills are drawn on Mr. Bowring and directed to you. P. Mavrocordato says that SS. Orlando and Luriotti have assets to supply the needful to the said Mr. Bowring, a fact which you will duly ascertain, or otherwise the 550£ Sterling, monies advanced by me on the specified bills may be in some sort likely to hitch in their progress to payment.

The Greek Cause up to this present writing hath cost me of mine own monies about thirty thousand Spanish dollars *advanced*, without counting my own contingent expences of every kind. It is true, however, that every thing would have been at a stand still in Messalonghi if I had not done so. Part of this money, more particularly the 4000£ advanced, and guaranteed by the G.ᵏ Deputies is, or ought to be, repaid. To this you will look, but I shall still spend it in the Cause, for I have some hundred men under my command, regularly paid and pretty men enough.

I have written to you repeatedly, imploring you to sell out of the Funds while they are high, and to take four per cent.—or any per cent.—on landed security for the monies.

I have also been, and am, anxious to hear how you have succeeded with Rochdale, the Kirkby Arrears, the new publications, the settling the lawsuits, etc., etc., etc., and always concluding by a request for all possible credits to the extent of my resources, for I must do the thing handsomely.

I have been very unwell, but am supposed to be better, and almost every body else has been ill too—Parry and all, tho' he is a sort of hardworking Hercules. We have had strange weather and strange incidents—natural, moral, physical, martial and political, all which you will hear of perhaps, truly or falsely, from other

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quarters—I can't gossip just now. I am called to a Congress at Salona with P. Mavrocordato to meet Ulysses and the Eastern Chiefs on State affairs, and on the opening Campaign. What the result is likely to be I cannot say. The General Gov^t have assured me the direction of this province, or to join them in the Morea. I am willing to do anything that may be useful.

We were to have besieged Lepanto, but the Suliotes did not like the service "against Stone walls," and have had a row besides with some foreigners, in which blood was spilt on both sides, so that that scheme was postponed. Capt Parry is doing all that circumstances will permit in his department, and indeed in many others, for he does *all* that is done here, without any aid except the Committee's and mine, for the G^k local Gov^t have not a *sou*, *they* say, and are in debt besides. I have two hundred and twenty five regulars and irregulars in my pay—and had five hundred of the latter, but when they quarrelled amongst themselves, and tried to heighten their pretensions besides, I boomed them off; and by dint of so doing, and turning restive when fair means would not do, the rest are reduced to very good order, and the *regulars* have all along behaved very well, upon the whole—as well as any other troops anywhere. Six Guns belong to this auxiliary Corps of Artillery, which, by the way, is the only *regularly paid* corps in Greece. The Gov^t only give them rations—and those reluctantly: they have mutinied twice on account of bad bread, and really with cause, for it was quite unmasticable; but we have gotten a new Commissary, and a Baker, instead of the Bricklayer who furnished the former loaves, apparently, —and with not very good bricks neither. Yesterday there was a Court Martial on a man for stealing; the

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German Officers wanted to flog, but I positively prohibited anything of the kind: the culprit was dismissed the service—publicly, and conducted through the town to the Police Office to have him punished according to the Civil law.[1] Same day, one amicable officer challenged two others; I had the parties put under arrest until the affair was accommodated: if there is any more challenging, I will call them all out and wafer one half of them.

Matters, however, go on very tolerably, and we expect them to mend still further now that the Greeks have got their loan, and may be organized. Believe me,

Ever yours and truly,

N^L. B^N.

1. One of the artillery-men robbed a peasant in the market-place of twenty-five piastres. The thief, a native of Ancona, was tried and condemned by court-martial. The German officers voted for the bastinado; but Byron "declared that, as far as he was concerned, no "barbarous usages, however adopted even by some civilised people, "should be introduced into Greece; especially as such a mode of "punishment would disgust rather than reform. We hit upon an "expedient which favoured our military discipline: but it required "not only all Lord Byron's eloquence, but his authority, to prevail "upon our Germans to accede to it. The culprit had his uniform "stripped off his back, in presence of his comrades, and was afterwards marched through the town with a label on his back, "describing, both in Greek and Italian, the nature of his offence; "after which he was given up to the regular police. This example "of severity, tempered by a humane spirit, produced the best effect "upon our soldiers, as well as upon the citizens of the town. But "it was very near causing a most disagreeable circumstance; for, in "the course of the evening, some very high words passed on the "subject between three Englishmen, two of them officers of our "brigade, in consequence of which cards were exchanged, and two "duels were to have been fought the next morning. Lord Byron "did not hear of this till late at night: but he immediately ordered "me to arrest both parties, which I accordingly did; and, after "some difficulty, prevailed on them to shake hands."—Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 229, 230.

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1153.—To the Earl of Clare.[1]

Missolonghi, March 31, 1824.

MY DEAREST CLARE,—This will be presented to you by a live Greek deputy, for whom I desiderate and solicit your countenance and goodwill. I hope that you do not forget that I always regard you as my dearest friend and love you as when we were Harrow boys together; and if I do not repeat this as often as I ought, it is that I may not tire you with what you so well know.

I refer you to Signor Zaimie, the Greek deputy, for all news, public and private. He will do better than an epistle in this respect.

I was sorry to hear that Dick had exported a married woman from Ireland, not only on account of morals but monies. I trust that the jury will be considerate. I thought that Richard looked sentimental when I saw him at Genoa, but little expected what he was to land in. Pray who *is* the lady? The papers merely inform us by dint of asterisks that she is somebody's wife and has children, and that Dick (as usual) was the intimate friend of the confiding husband. It is to be hoped that the jury will be bachelors.

Pray take care of *yourself* Clare, my dear, for in some of your letters I had a glimpse of a similar intrigue of yours. Have a care of an *éclat*. Your Irish juries lay

1. Reprinted from the *Daily Chronicle* for April 19, 1900. For the Earl of Clare, see *Letters*, vol. i. p. 116, *note* 1, and vol. v. p. 455. His brother, "Dick," Richard Hobart Fitzgibbon (1793–1864), succeeded him as third, and last, Earl of Clare, in 1851. The lady to whom Richard Fitzgibbon was attached was Mrs. Diana Moore, whose marriage with Mr. Crosbie Moore was dissolved in 1825. The Dublin jury gave £6000 damages against Fitzgibbon, June 3, 1824. She married Mr. Fitzgibbon at Dunkirk in 1825, and again (January 9, 1826) in London. Their only son, Viscount Fitzgibbon, was killed in the Balaclava charge.

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it on heavy; and then besides you would be fixed for life with a *second-hand épouse*, whereas I wish to see you lead a virgin heiress from Saville Row to Mount Shannon.

Let me hear from you at your best leisure, and believe me ever and most truly, my dearest Clare,

Yours,

NOEL BYRON.

P.S.—The Turkish fleet are just bearing down to blockade this port; so how our deputy is to get by is a doubt, but the island boats frequently evade them.

The sight is pretty, but much finer for a limner than a lodger. It is the Squadron from the Gulf of Corinth (Hooke-Gulf of Lepanto); they (the Greeks, I mean) are all busy enough, as you may suppose, as the campaign is expected to commence next month. But as aforesaid I refer you for news to the bearer.

1154.—To —— ——[1]

April 1, 1824.

SIR,—I have the honour to reply to your letter of this day. In consequence of an urgent, and, to all appearance, a well-founded complaint, made to me yesterday evening, I gave orders to Mr. Hesketh to proceed to

1. Reprinted from Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 234, 235. The letter was written in the following circumstances to a Russian, or, as Byron says, a Prussian, serving in Byron's brigade. At midnight, March 31, a Greek inhabitant of Mesolonghi implored Byron's protection against one of the foreign auxiliaries. According to the Greek's statement, the man, being quartered in his house, returned home drunk, broke open the door, drew his sword, and frightened the family. Byron sent an officer and a file of soldiers to arrest their comrade, who complained of the time and manner of his arrest. Byron's reply to the protest is given above.

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your quarters with the soldiers of his guard, and to remove you from your house to the Seraglio; because the owner of your house declared himself and his family to be in immediate danger from your conduct; and added, that that was not the first time that you had placed them in similar circumstances. Neither Mr. Hesketh nor myself could imagine that you were in bed, as we had been assured of the contrary; and certainly such a situation was not contemplated. But Mr. Hesketh had positive orders to conduct you from your quarters to those of the artillery brigade; at the same time being desired to use no violence; nor does it appear that any was had recourse to. This measure was adopted because your landlord assured me, when I proposed to put off the inquiry until the next day, that he could not return to his house without a guard for his protection, and that he had left his wife and daughter, and family, in the greatest alarm; on that account putting them under our immediate protection; the case admitted of no delay. As I am not aware that Mr. Hesketh exceeded his orders, I cannot take any measures to punish him; but I have no objection to examine minutely into his conduct. You ought to recollect that entering into the auxiliary Greek corps, now under my orders, at your own sole request and positive desire, you incurred the obligation of obeying the laws of the country, as well as those of the service.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

N. B.

1155.—To Samuel Barff.

[April 3.]

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter by Sig. Tricupi. By the Sciot you will or ought to receive a long letter,

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and one also from Cap. Parry. I trust that you have also received my letter explaining *why* I have declined accepting Mr. Dunn's Bill, as I wish the statement to be repeated to him. We have the Turkish Squadron blockading the Port. A third Greek Deputy, Sig. Zaimi, is in the Town on his way to England, and a quarrel (not yet settled), between the citizens and some of Kariascachi's people,[1] which has already produced some rows.

I keep my people quite neutral; but have ordered them to be on their guard. Some days ago we had an Italian private soldier drummed out for *thieving*. The German officers wanted to *flog* him; but I flatly refused to permit the use of the stick or whip, and delivered him over to the Police. Since then a Prussian *Officer* rioted in his lodgings; and I put him under arrest, according to the code. This, it appears, did not please the German Confederation: but I stuck by my intent, and have

1. Karaiskaki, the Greek leader in districts round Agrafa, who had been (Finlay, *History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 322) receiving medical help in Cephalonia, left Argostoli, December 8, 1823, to cross with Millingen (*Memoirs*, pp. 34–37) to Mesolonghi. In Ithaca they parted company, Karaiskaki remaining on the island (*ibid.*, p. 43), while Millingen crossed over alone. Subsequently Karaiskaki established himself at Anatolikon. His nephew was wounded in a quarrel with some Mesolonghiot boatmen (*ibid.*, p. 122), and, on April 1, 1824, Karaiskaki, to obtain redress, seized two of the primates of Mesolonghi and the island of Vasiladi. In this demand for vengeance he was supported by Giavella's clan of Suliots. Mavrocordatos suspected him of a plot to deliver the islands and Mesolonghi to the Turks, and letters found on Volpiotti, a Greek and intimate friend of Karaiskaki, seemed to confirm the charge. Vigorous measures were adopted. Vasiladi was retaken; the primates were rescued: a number of troops were marched into Mesolonghi; and a military commission was appointed to try Karaiskaki, who was found guilty and ordered to leave Anatolikon. It is probable that Karaiskaki's plans did not go beyond an intrigue with Kolokotrones, and a design for the overthrow of Mavrocordatos (see Parry's *Last Days*, p. 102; Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 236–247; and Millingen's *Memoirs*, pp. 125, 126).

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given them plainly to understand, that those who do not choose to be amenable to the laws of the country and service, may retire; but that in all that I have to do, I will see them obeyed by Foreigners or Natives.

I wish something was heard of the arrival of part of the Loan, for there is a plentiful dearth of every thing at present.

Yours ever,

N. B.

P.S.—The Weather has been, and is such that neither Mavrocordato nor anyone else could go to Salona. The roads are quite impassable and the rivers too.

1156.—To Samuel Barff.

Missolonghi, April 6th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed are some Bills of Mr. Millingen which I guarantee by request of the Committee, as far as I understand their directions. Since I wrote, we have had some tumult here with the citizens and Kariascachi's people, and all are under arms, our boys and all. They nearly fired on me and fifty of my lads,[1] by

1. A corps of fifty Suliots which Byron, almost ever since his arrival at Mesolonghi, kept about him as a body-guard. A large outer room of his house was appropriated to these troops; and their carbines were hung along the walls. "In this room," says Parry (*Last Days*, p. 74), "and among these rude soldiers, Lord Byron "was accustomed to walk a great deal, particularly in wet weather, ". . . accompanied by his favourite dog, Lyon."

When he rode out, these fifty Suliots attended him on foot; and though they carried their carbines, they were always able to keep up with the horses at full speed. "The captain, and a certain number, "all on foot, preceded his Lordship. Then came Lord Byron on "horseback, accompanied one side by Count Gamba, and on the "other by the Greek interpreter. Behind him rode two attendants; "generally these were his black groom, and Tita, both dressed "like the *chasseurs* usually seen behind the carriages of ambassadors,

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mistake, as we were taking our usual excursion into the country. To-day matters seem settled or subsiding; but, about an hour ago, the father-in-law [1] of the landlord of the house where I am lodged (one of the Primates the said landlord is) was arrested for high treason.

They are in conclave still with Mavrocordato; and we have a number of new faces from the hills, come to *assist*, they say. Gunboats and batteries all ready, etc.

The row has had one good effect—it has put them on the alert. What is to become of the father-in-law, I do not know: nor what he has done, exactly: but

> "'T is a very fine thing to be father-in-law
> To a very magnificent three-tail'd bashaw,"

as the man in *Bluebeard* [2] says and sings.

I wrote to you upon matters at length, some days ago; the letter, or letters, you will receive with this. We are desirous to hear more of the Loan; and it is some time since I have had any letters (at least of an interesting description) from England, excepting one of 4th February, from Bowring (of no great importance). My latest dates are of 9bre, or of the 6th 10bre, four months exactly. I hope you get on well in the Islands: here most of us are, or have been, more or less indisposed,

"and another division of his guard closed the cavalcade."—*Ibid.*, p. 76.

1. Constantine Volpiotti, the father-in-law of Byron's landlord, and lodging in the same house, was suspected of intriguing with Kolokotrones and Karaiskaki. Byron had him arrested and consigned to the custody of the town guard (Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 241–243).

2. *Bluebeard; or, Female Curiosity!* by G. Colman the Younger, was represented, for the first time, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, January 16, 1798. In act ii. sc. 3 Ibrahim sings a song, of which Byron quotes the refrain.

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natives as well as foreigners, Cap. Parry included; but the fine weather may bring them about again.

Yours ever,

N. B.

1157.—To Samuel Barff.

April 7th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—The Greeks here of the Government have been boring me for more money. As I have the Brigade to maintain, and the Campaign is apparently soon to open, and as I have already spent 59,000 dollars in three months upon them in one way or another, and more especially as their public Loan has succeeded, so that they ought not to draw from individuals at that rate, I have given them a refusal, and—as they would not take *that*,—*another* refusal in terms of considerable sincerity.

They wish now to try in the Islands for a few Thousand Dollars on the ensuing Loan. If you can help them, perhaps you will, (in the way of information, at any rate,) and I will see that you have fair play; but still I do not advise you, except to act as you please. Almost every thing depends upon the arrival, and the speedy arrival, of a portion of the Loan to keep peace amongst themselves. If they can but have sense to do this, I think they will be a match, and better, for any force that can be brought against them for the present. We are all doing as well as we can.

I am, yours very truly,

N. B.

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1158.—To Samuel Barff.

April 9, 1824.

DEAR SIR,—The above is a copy of a letter[1] from Messrs. Ransom received this morning.—I have also to acknowledge yours and one from Mr. Barry of Genoa (Partner of Messrs. Webb and Co. of Genoa and Leghorn) who had forwarded the same to you for my address. I agree with you in opinion, and shall continue to draw directly on England as the safest (and perhaps least expensive method) instead of having dollars up from Genoa or Leghorn. This will be the preferable course as long as the exchange is fair in the Islands.

Will you instruct me how to regulate myself about the order of firsts and seconds, etc., of Exchange as indicated in the second paragraph of the letter copied, as I am not very accurate or intelligent in *technical* matters of business of this sort and wish to be quite correct.

1. The following is the copy of the letter to which Byron refers:—

"London, 10th Febry., 1824.

"MY LORD,—In compliance with your Lordship's directions "communicated to our Mr. Kinnaird by Mr. Barry of Genoa, a "copy of whose letters we herewith annex, we this day open a "credit in your Lordship's favor for four thousand pounds sterling, "to which, we have no doubt, they will attend.

"We request your Lordship will be pleased henceforth in drawing "upon us one and the same date, to divide the Bills into sums of "different amounts, so that no two of such Bills may be for the same "sum, or so number them that we may run no risk of accepting for "more than your Lordship intends us to pay. We have already "accepted £3100 stg. part of your Lordship's Drafts upon us for "£4000 stg. in favor of I. Hamilton Brown, Esqre., *all dated* 28 "*November* last at 60 days, some firsts, some seconds, and some "thirds of Exchange, of which six are for £250 stg. each, 2 of "£500 stg., 1 of £400, and 1 of £200 stg., but we have done this "at the risk of having accepted firsts and seconds of the same set of "Bills, not thinking it right to put your Lordship to the very heavy "expense attending our refusing to accept.

"We have the honor to be, etc.,

"RANSOM AND CO."

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Have you any further news of the Greek Loan? Is it really settled and how? for my advices are not recent enough to treat of this fully. Some say one thing, and some another *here*. Bowring's letter to me is sanguine, but others are less decisive, though not discouraging to the Greeks. I hope that you have received various letters of mine, as you do not state having received any since the 30th, I mention this accordingly. Lega will state the various dates of the expedition of letters.

The Letter of Credit for 4 instead of £3,000 stg (as mentioned in your letter of this morning, perhaps by mistake) but the number is of no material difference (as you are sufficiently aware) when I draw direct on my London Correspondents.

Ever and truly yours,

N. B.

1159.—To Charles F. Barry.

April 9th 1824.

DEAR BARRY,—The Account up to 11th July was 40,541, etc., Genoese livres in my favour: since then I have had a letter of Credit of Messrs. Webb for 60,000 Genoese livres, for which I have drawn; but how the account stands *exactly*, you do not state. The balance will of course be replaced by my London Correspondent, referring more particularly to the Honble Douglas Kinnaird, who is also my Agent and trustee, as well as banker, and a friend besides since we were at College together—which is favourable to business, as it gives confidence, or ought to do so.

I had hoped that you had obtained the price of the Schooner from Ld Blessington: you must really tell him that I must make the affair public, and take other steps

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which will be agreeable to neither, unless he speedily pays the money, so long due, and contracted by his own headstrong wish to purchase. You *know* how fairly I treated him in the whole affair.

Every thing except the best (*i.e.* the Green travelling Chariot) may be disposed of, and that speedily, as it will assist to balance our accompt. As the Greeks have gotten their loan, they may as well repay mine, which they no longer require: and I request you to forward a copy of the agreement to Mr. Kinnaird, and direct him from me to claim the money from the Deputies. They were welcome to it in their difficulties, and also for good and all, supposing that they had not got out of them; but, as it is, they can afford repayment, and I assure you that, besides *this*, they have had many "a strong and "long pull" at my purse, which has been (and still is) disbursing pretty freely in their cause: besides, I shall have to *re-expend* the same monies, having some hundred men under orders, at my own expense, for the Gk. Government and National service.

Of all their proceedings here, health, politics, plans, acts, and deeds, etc.—good or otherwise, Gamba or others will tell you—truly or not truly, according to their habits.

Yours ever,

N. B^n.[1]

1. This is, apparently, one of Byron's last two letters. On Friday, April 9, the day on which the letter was written, Byron rode out with Gamba. He came home wet, and, in the evening, complained of rheumatic pains and feverishness. On Saturday, April 10, he was, however, able to ride as usual. The following day, Sunday, April 11, Parry thought him so ill, that he persuaded him (*Last Days*, pp. 116, 117), "to go immediately to Zante, and try "change of air and change of scene." Byron consented to go: all was prepared for his departure; but the gale which sprang up on Monday, April 12, prevented him from leaving Mesolonghi. On the 15th he was for the first time unable to get up (*ibid.*, p. 118).

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He never left his bed again. From the 16th onwards he was often delirious. On Sunday, April 18, towards six in the evening, he became insensible, and did not recover consciousness. Twenty-four hours later, on Monday, April 19, 1824, in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm, he died.

Accounts of Byron's last illness are given by those who were present; by Millingen (*Memoirs*, pp. 128–134); by Fletcher (*Westminster Review* for July, 1824, vol. ii. pp. 253–257, contradicted by Dr. Bruno in *The Examiner*, for August 22, 1824, p. 530); by Parry (*Last Days*, pp. 115–128); and by Gamba (*Narrative*, pp. 251–266). See also Appendix VII.

Funeral honours were paid to Byron at Mesolonghi, at Salona, and at other places in Greece. His body was embalmed, conveyed (May 2) to Zante, and there, in charge of Colonel Stanhope, placed on board the *Florida*, which sailed for England May 25, 1824. She arrived in the Downs on the 30th of June. Hobhouse, the last person who had shaken hands with Byron when he left Dover, April 25, 1816, took a boat at Sandgate Creek, boarded the *Florida*, and came up with her to Gravesend (July 2). Byron's body lay at the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, in Great George Street, Westminster, till Monday, July 12. On that day the funeral procession started for Hucknall Torkard. Among the Murray MSS. are two papers in Hanson's handwriting—one suggesting the line of streets to be followed in leaving London, the other indicating the most convenient stopping-places between London and Nottingham. The coffin reached Nottingham on July 15. The next day, July 16, 1824, in the village church of Hucknall Torkard, near Nottingham, Byron was buried.

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[illegible] From the [illegible] onwards [illegible] towards six in the [illegible] did not recover consciousness. [illegible] day, April 19, 1824, at the hour of [illegible]

[illegible] last illness are given by those who [illegible] (*Narrative* [illegible], by [illegible] pp. 253–259) [illegible], 22, 1824. [illegible] Gamba (*Narrative* [illegible]

[illegible] Personal Memoirs [illegible]. His body was [illegible] for England [illegible] of [illegible] On that day the [illegible] Among the [illegible] Nottingham [illegible] Hucknall Torkard, near Nottingham [illegible]

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Hucknall Torkard Church.

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APPENDIX I.

QUARREL BETWEEN BYRON AND SOUTHEY.

(See p. 10, *note* 1.)

IN *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (see *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 313–315, lines 199–234) Byron attacked Southey—

> "Not so with us, though minor Bards, content,
> On one great work a life of labour spent;
> With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,
> Behold the Ballad-monger Southey rise!
> To him let Camoëns, Milton, Tasso yield,
> Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field.
> First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,
> The scourge of England and the boast of France!
> . . . . . .
> Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,
> Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son;
> . . . . . .
> Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails,
> Cacique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales;
> Tells us strange tales, as other travellers do,
> More old than Mandeville's, and not so true.
> Oh, Southey! Southey! cease thy varied song!
> A bard may chaunt too often and too long;
> As thou art strong in verse, in mercy, spare!
> A fourth, alas! were more than we could bear.
> But if, in spite of all the world can say,
> Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way;
> If still in Berkeley-Ballads most uncivil,
> Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,
> The babe unborn thy dread intent may rue:
> 'God help thee,' Southey, and thy readers too."

The satire did not prevent the two men from meeting at Holland House (Sunday, September 26, 1813) on friendly terms. Southey struck Byron as "the best-looking bard I "have seen for some time," as "a person of very *epic*

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"appearance," with "a fine head—as far as the outside goes, "and wants nothing but taste to make the inside equally "attractive" (*Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 266, 269, 270, 331). In a letter to Mrs. Southey, dated September 28, 1813 (*Life and Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 44), Southey gives his impression of Byron—

"I dined on Sunday at Holland House, with some eighteen or twenty persons. Sharp was there, who introduced me with all due form to Rogers and to Sir James Mackintosh, who seems to be in a bad state of health. In the evening Lord Byron came in. He had asked Rogers if I was 'magnanimous,' and requested him to make for him all sorts of amends honourable for having tried his wit upon me at the expense of his discretion; and in full confidence of the success of the apology, had been provided with a letter of introduction to me in case he had gone to the Lakes, as he intended to have done. As for me, you know how I regard things of this kind; so we met with all becoming courtesy on both sides, and I saw a man whom in voice, manner, and countenance, I liked very much more than either his character or his writings had given me reason to expect. Rogers wanted me to dine with him on Tuesday (this day): only Lord Byron and Sharp were to have been of the party, but I had a pending engagement here, and was sorry for it."

From this meeting till the publication of *Don Juan*, that is, from September, 1813, to July, 1819, Southey rarely refers to Byron, and his son states (*Life, etc.*, vol. v. p. 69) that he has printed every allusion to Byron contained in his father's correspondence. Only three references occur. The first is April 29, 1814. In a letter to Neville White, speaking of the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, Southey says, "Thank "you for Lord Byron's Ode; there is in it, as in all his "poems, great life, spirit, and originality; though the mean- "ing is not always brought out with sufficient perspicuity. "The last time I saw him he asked me if I did not think "Bonaparte a great man in his villany. I told him, no,— "that he was a mean-minded villain. And Lord Byron has "now been brought to the same opinion" (*Life, etc.*, vol. iv. p. 73). The second allusion is suggested by Byron's admiration for *Roderick* (*Letters*, vol. iii. p. 169). Southey's comment is cold. "I have heard," he says to Dr. Southey, February 16, 1815 (*Life, etc.*, vol. iv. p. 105), "from many "quarters of Lord Byron's praise, and regard it just as much "as I did his censure." The third reference occurs in a

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letter to Ebenezer Elliott, January 30, 1819 (*ibid.*, p. 335), where Southey refers to the popularity of Byron and Scott as a possible argument against the correctness of his own views of poetry.

Meanwhile Byron, from 1818 onwards, repeatedly refers to Southey with bitterness and contempt. His reasons were religious, political, and, above all, personal. He believed that he had a grudge against him on private grounds, and he came to regard him as the personification of successful cant in religion and politics. He also attributed to Southey a criticism on Leigh Hunt's *Foliage* in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. xviii. pp. 324–335), with an "oblique and shabby" attack on Shelley. In this temper he wrote the Dedication to *Don Juan*, Canto I. "I have given it to Master Southey," he writes to Murray, November 24, 1818 (*Letters*, vol. iv. p. 271), "and he shall have more before I have done with him. "I understand the scoundrel said, on his return from Switzer- "land two years ago, that 'Shelley and I were in a league "of Incest,' etc., etc. He is a burning liar!" (see also *ibid.*, pp. 276, 282, 298, 299). The Dedication was not published till after Byron's death. But it is plain that Southey knew of its existence, if not of the precise terms in which it spoke of him. Even without the Dedication, *Don Juan*, Canto I. (published July 15, 1819), contained irritating references to Southey. To one of these (stanza ccv.) he refers in his correspondence—

"Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope:
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey;
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,
The second drunk, the third so quaint and mouthy."

Southey's comment on the lines is contained in the following extract from a letter written to C. H. Townshend, and dated July 20, 1819 (*Life, etc.*, vol. iv. p. 352):—

"I have not seen more of *Don Juan* than some extracts in a country paper, wherein my own name is coupled with a rhyme which I thought would never be used by any person but myself when kissing one of my own children in infancy, and talking nonsense to it, which, whatever you may think of it at present as an exercise for the intellect, I hope you will one day have occasion to practise, and you will then find out its many and various excellencies.

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I do not yet know whether the printed poem is introduced by a dedication to me, in a most hostile strain, which came over with it, or whether the person who has done Lord Byron the irreparable injury of sending into the world what his own publisher and his friends endeavoured, for his sake, to keep out of it, has suppressed it. This is to me a matter of perfect unconcern. Lord Byron attacked me when he ran amuck as a satirist; he found it convenient to express himself sorry for that satire, and to have such of the persons told so whom he had assailed in it as he was likely to fall in with in society; myself among the number. I met him three or four times on courteous terms, and saw enough of him to feel that he was rather to be shunned than sought. Attack me as he will, I shall not go out of my course to break a spear with him; but if it comes in my way to give him a passing touch, it will be one that will leave a scar."

See also Southey's letters to Grosvenor C. Bedford, July 31, 1819; and to the Rev. Herbert Hill, August 13, 1819 (*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, vol. iii. pp. 137 and 141), in both of which he refers to the dedication of *Don Juan*.

Don Juan, Cantos I. and II., was severely criticized in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for August, 1819. The review goaded Byron to write his *Reply* (*Letters*, vol. iv. Appendix IX. pp. 474–495), which contains a fierce attack upon Southey (*ibid.*, pp. 482, 483). But, like the Dedication, the *Reply* remained unpublished. To the same period probably belongs the following fragment, now printed for the first time, the original of which exists in Byron's handwriting:—

"In some observations appended to a poem by Mr. William Wordsworth, which I read a few days ago on my portmanteau (made by Mr. Eyre of Cockspur Street, London) the reader is desired to suppose it to be recited by 'the Captain of a Merchantman or small trading vessel, retired on a small annuity to a country town, etc., etc.' I am prevented from quoting further by the pertinacity with which the sheet adhered to the place where it had been pasted, so that I tore away the page in attempting to turn it. From such parts of the poetry as here and there had rescued itself from Mr. Eyre's principal duty to his Customers, and presented one side of a sheet to the proprietor of the Valise, I was enabled to ascertain that this poem is that which refers (as far as I could make it out) to the remorse of an unnatural mother for the destruction of a natural Child. It begins with the description of a thorn, represented as being so old, that it was difficult to conceive its ever having been young at all; and there is an accurate mensuration of a pond—

"'I measured it from side to side—
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide.'

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"PREFACE.

"In a note or preface (I forget which) by Mr. W. Wordsworth to a poem, the Subject of which, as far as it is intelligible, is the remorse of an unnatural mother for the destruction of a natural child, the courteous Reader is desired to extend his usual courtesy so far as to suppose that the narrative is narrated by 'the Captain of a Merchantman or small trading vessel, lately retired upon a small annuity to some inland town, etc., etc.' I quote from memory, but conceive the above to be the sense, as far as there is Sense, of the note or preface to the aforesaid poem—as far as it is a poem.

"The poem, or production, to which I allude, is that which begins with—'There is a thorn, it is so old'—and then the Poet informs all who are willing to be informed, that its age was such as to leave great difficulty in the conception of its ever having been young at all—which is as much as to say, either that it was Coeval with the Creator of all things, or that it had been *born Old*, and was thus appropriately by antithesis devoted to the Commemoration of a child that died young. The pond near it is described, according to mensuration,

"'I measured it from side to side:
'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.'

"Let me be excused from being particular in the detail of such things, as this is the Sort of writing which has superseded and degraded Pope in the eyes of the discerning British Public; and this Man is the kind of Poet, who, in the same manner that Joanna Southcote found many thousand people to take her Dropsy for God Almighty re-impregnated, has found some hundreds of persons to misbelieve in his insanities, and hold him out as a kind of poetical Emanuel Swedenborg—a Richard Brothers, a Parson Tozer—half Enthusiast and half Impostor.

"This rustic Gongora and vulgar Marini of his Country's taste has long abandoned a mind capable of better things to the production of such trash as may support the reveries which he would reduce into a System of prosaic raving, that is to supersede all that hitherto by the best and wisest of our fathers has been deemed poetry, and for his success—and what mountebank will not find proselytes? (from Count Cagliostro to Madame Krudener)—he may partly thank his absurdity, and partly his having lent his more downright and unmeasured prose to the aid of a political party, which acknowledges its real weakness, though fenced with the whole armour of artificial Power, and defended by all the ingenuity of purchased Talent, in liberally rewarding with praise and pay even the meanest of its advocates. Amongst these last in self-degradation, this Thraso of poetry has long been a Gnatho in Politics, and may be met in print at some booksellers and several trunk-makers, and in person at dinner at Lord Lonsdale's.

"The Reader, who has acquiesced in Mr. W. Wordsworth's supposition that his 'Misery oh Misery' is related by the 'Captain of a small, etc.,' is requested to suppose, by a like exertion of

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Imagination, that the following epic Narrative is told by a Spanish Gentleman in a village in the Sierra Morena in the road between Monasterio and Seville, sitting at the door of a Posada, with the Curate of the hamlet on his right hand, a Segar in his mouth, a Jug of Malaga, or perhaps 'right Sherris,' before him on a small table containing the relics of an Olla Podrida: the time, Sunset: at some distance, a groupe of black-eyed peasantry are dancing to the sound of the flute of a Portuguese servant belonging to two foreign travellers, who have, an hour ago, dismounted from their horses to spend the night on their way to the Capital of Andalusia. Of these, one is attending to the story; and the other, having sauntered further, is watching the beautiful movements of a tall peasant Girl, whose whole Soul is in her eyes and her heart in the dance, of which she is the Magnet to ten thousand feelings that vibrate with her own. Not far off a knot of French prisoners are contending with each other, at the grated lattice of their temporary confinement, for a view of the twilight festival. The two foremost are a couple of hussars, one of whom has a bandage on his forehead yet stained with the blood of a Sabre cut, received in the recent skirmish which deprived him of his lawless freedom: his eyes sparkle in unison, and his fingers beat time against the bars of his prison to the sound of the Fandango which is fleeting before him.

"Our friend, the Story-teller, at some distance with a small elderly audience, is supposed to tell his story without being much moved by the musical hilarity at the other end of the village Green. The Reader is further requested to suppose him (to account for his knowledge of English) either an Englishman settled in Spain, or a Spaniard who had travelled in England—perhaps one of the Liberals, who have subsequently been so liberally rewarded by Ferdinand of grateful memory for his restoration.

"Having supposed as much of this as the utter impossibility of such a supposition will admit, the reader is requested to extend his supposed power of supposing so far as to conceive, that the dedication to Mr. Southey and several stanzas of the poem itself are interpolated by the English Editor. He may also imagine various causes for the tenor of the dedication. It may be presumed to be the production of a present Whig, who, after being bred a transubstantial Tory, apostatized in an unguarded moment, and, incensed at having got nothing by the exchange, has, in utter envy of the better success of the Author of *Walter Tyler*, vented his renegado rancour on that immaculate person, for whose future immortality and present purity we have the best authority in his own repeated assurances. Or it may be supposed the work of a rival poet, obscured, if not by the present ready popularity of Mr. Southey, yet by the Post obits he has granted upon Posterity and usurious self-applause, in which he has anticipated, with some profusion perhaps, the opinion of future ages, who are always more enlightened than cotemporaries—more especially in the eyes of those, whose figure in their own times has been disproportioned to their deserts. What Mr. Southey's deserts are, no one knows better than Mr. Southey: all his latter writings have displayed the

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writhing of a weakly human creature, conscious of owing its worldly elevation to its own debasement (like a man who has made a fortune by the Slave-trade, or the retired keeper of a Gaming house or Brothel), and struggling convulsively to deceive others without the power of lying to himself.

"But to resume: the dedication may be further supposed to be produced by some one who may have a cause of aversion from the said Southey, for some personal reason—perhaps a gross calumny invented or circulated by this Pantisocratic apostle of Apostasy, who is sometimes as unguarded in his assertions as atrocious in his conjectures, and feeds the cravings of his wretched Vanity disappointed in its nobler hopes, and reduced to prey upon such Snatches of fame as his contributions to the *Quarterly Review*, and the consequent praise with which a powerful Journal repays its assistants, can afford him, by the abuse of whosoever may be more consistent or more successful than himself, and the provincial gang of scribblers gathered round him."

This fragment, together with the unpublished Dedication to *Don Juan*, and *Reply* to *Blackwood*, show Byron's feeling towards the poet laureate. But it was from Southey that the first sustained and public attack proceeded. His motives, like those of Byron, were mixed, and, like Byron's, partly personal.

To Southey *Don Juan* appeared to be the pollution of English poetry. Writing to Landor, February 20, 1820 (*Life, etc.*, vol. v. p. 21), he says, "A fashion of poetry has "been imported which has had a great run, and is in a fair "way of being worn out. It is of Italian growth,—an adap- "tation of the manner of Pulci, Berni, and Ariosto in his "sportive mood. Frere began it. What he produced was "too good in itself and too inoffensive to become popular; "for it attacked nothing and nobody; and it had the fault "of his Italian models, that the transition from what is "serious to what is burlesque was capricious. Lord Byron "immediately followed; first with his *Beppo*, which implied "the profligacy of the writer, and, lastly, with his *Don Juan*, "which is a foul blot on the literature of his country, an act "of high treason on English poetry."

At the same time, the political feeling against George IV., which found expression in sympathy with Queen Caroline, seemed to Southey to threaten dangers to Church and State. In a letter to the Rev. N. White, dated December 14, 1820 (*Life, etc.*, vol. v. p. 53), he explains his reasons for finishing

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and printing *The Vision of Judgment*. "The prevailing "madness," he says, "has reached Keswick, as well as all "other places; and the people here, who believe, half of "them, that the King concealed his father's death ten years "for the sake of receiving his allowance, and that he "poisoned the Princess Charlotte (of which, they say, there "can be no doubt; for did not the doctor kill himself? "And why should he have done that if it had not been for "remorse of conscience?), believe, with the same monstrous "credulity, that the Queen is a second Susannah." *The Vision* was, in fact, a literary and political challenge, and the purpose was made plainer by the introductory prose. Southey's third motive—personal feeling against Byron—is revealed in a letter to G. C. Bedford, dated January 5, 1821 (*ibid.*, pp. 55, 56). The Preface to the poem, he says, "has led me (which you will think odd till you see the con-"nection) to pay off a part of my obligations to Lord Byron "and ——, by some observations upon the tendency of their "poems (especially *Don Juan*), which they will appropriate "to themselves in what proportion they please. If —— "knew how much his character has suffered by that trans-"action about *Don Juan*, I think he would hang himself. "And if Gifford knew what is said and thought of the Q. R. "for its silence concerning that infamous poem, I verily "believe it would make him ill." See also Southey's letters to the Rev. Herbert Hill, January 8, 1821 (*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, vol. iii. p. 224); and to C. W. Williams Wynn, March 23, 1821 (*ibid.*, p. 238).

The Preface to the *Vision of Judgment*, published April 11, 1821, contains the following passage (Southey's *Poetical Works*, ed. 1838, vol. x. pp. 202–207):—

"I am well aware that the public are peculiarly intolerant of such innovations; not less so than the populace used to be of any foreign fashion, whether of foppery or convenience. Would that this literary intolerance were under the influence of a saner judgement, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition; the spirit rather than the form! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted! For more than half a century English literature had been distinguished by its moral purity, the effect, and in its

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turn, the cause of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the brothel. There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so; and woe to those by whom the offence cometh! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws are in themselves unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity, individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither be published nor written, if they were discouraged as they might, and ought to be, by public feeling; every person, therefore, who purchases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abettor of the crime.

"The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences that can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

"These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings, who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favourite vices, and deceive themselves. What then should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood and with deliberate purpose? . . . Men of diseased * hearts and depraved

* "Summi poetæ in omni poetarum sæculo viri fuerunt probi: in nostris id vidimus et videmus; neque alius est error a veritate longiùs quàm magna ingenia magnis necessario corrumpi vitiis. Secundo plerique posthabent primum, hi malignitate, illi ignorantiâ; et quum aliquem inveniunt styli morumque vitiis notatum, nec inficetum tamen nec in libris edendis parcum, eum stipant, prædicant, occupant, amplectuntur. Si mores aliquantulum vellet corrigere, si stylum curare paululum, si fervido ingenio temperare, si morsæ tantillum interponere, tum ingens nescio quid et verè epicum, quadraginta annos natus, procuderet. Ignorant verò febriculis non

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imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul! The school which they have set up may properly be called the Satanic school; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterised by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.

"This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest* reasoners, that 'the destruction of governments may be proved and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects' manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in the mathematics.' There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long subsist, . . . a truth which all history exemplifies; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused, as by poisoning the waters of literature.

"Let rulers of the state look to this, in time! But, to use the words of South, if 'our physicians think the best way of *curing* a disease is to *pamper* it, . . . the Lord in mercy prepare the kingdom to suffer, what He by miracle only can prevent.'

"No apology is offered for these remarks. The subject led to them; and the occasion of introducing them was willingly taken, because it is the duty of every one, whose opinion may have any influence, to expose the drift and aim of those writers who are labouring to subvert the foundations of human virtue and of human happiness."

Byron answered Southey's Preface partly with the

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indicari vires, impatientiam ab imbecillitate non differre; ignorant a levi homine et inconstante multa fortasse scribi posse plusquam mediocria, nihil compositum, arduum, æternum."—Savagius Landor, *De Cultu atque Usu Latini Sermonis*, p. 197.

This essay, which is full of fine critical remarks and striking thoughts felicitously expressed, reached me from Pisa, while the proof of the present sheet was before me. Of its author (the author of *Gebir* and *Count Julian*) I will only say in this place, that, to have obtained his approbation as a poet, and possessed his friendship as a man, will be remembered among the honours of my life, when the petty enmities of this generation will be forgotten, and its ephemeral reputations shall have passed away.—*R. S.*

* South.—*R. S.*

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passages in *Don Juan* (Canto III. stanzas lxxix.-lxxxi. and stanzas xciii., xciv., published August 8, 1821) on Southey as a "turncoat," a Pantisocrat, and a renegade; partly by a note in the Appendix to *The Two Foscari* (published December 11, 1821, 1st ed., pp. 325-329)—

"In Lady Morgan's fearless and excellent work upon 'Italy,' I perceive the expression of 'Rome of the Ocean' applied to Venice. The same phrase occurs in the 'Two Foscari.' My publisher can vouch for me that the tragedy was written and sent to England some time before I had seen Lady Morgan's work, which I only received on the 16th of August. I hasten, however, to notice the coincidence, and to yield the originality of the phrase to her who first placed it before the public. I am the more anxious to do this as I am informed (for I have seen but few of the specimens, and those accidentally) that there have been lately brought against me charges of plagiarism. I have also had an anonymous sort of threatening intimation of the same kind, apparently with the intent of extorting money. To such charges I have no answer to make. One of them is ludicrous enough. I am reproached for having formed the description of a shipwreck in verse from the narratives of many *actual* shipwrecks in *prose*, selecting such materials as were most striking. Gibbon makes it a merit in Tasso 'to have copied the minutest details of the Siege of Jerusalem from the Chronicles.' In *me* it may be a demerit, I presume; let it remain so. Whilst I have been occupied in defending *Pope's* character, the lower orders of Grub-street appear to have been assailing *mine:* this is as it should be, both in them and in me. One of the accusations in the nameless epistle alluded to is still more laughable: it states seriously that I 'received five hundred pounds for writing advertisements for Day and Martin's patent blacking!' This is the highest compliment to my literary powers which I ever received. It states also 'that a person has been trying to make acquaintance with Mr. Townsend, a gentleman of the law, who was with me on business in Venice three years ago, for the purpose of obtaining any defamatory particulars of my life from this occasional visitor.' Mr. Townsend is welcome to say what he knows. I mention these particulars merely to show the world in general what the *literary* lower world contains, and their way of setting to work. Another charge made, I am told, in the 'Literary Gazette' is, that I wrote the notes to 'Queen Mab;' a work which I never saw till some time after its publication, and which I recollect showing to Mr. Sotheby as a poem of great power and imagination. I never wrote a line of the notes, nor ever saw them except in their published form. No one knows better than their real author, that his opinions and mine differ materially upon the metaphysical portion of that work; though in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admire the poetry of that and his other publications.

"Mr. Southey, too, in his pious preface to a poem whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler, because it

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is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the 'legislature to look to it,' as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: *not* such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the 'Satanic School.' This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastille, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was *not* occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French revolution, and the French revolution to every thing but its real cause. That cause is obvious—the government exacted too much, and the people could neither *give* nor *bear more*. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the *English* revolution—(the first, I mean)—what was it occasioned by? The *puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer? Acts—acts on the part of government, and *not* writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

"I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist: I wish to see the English constitution restored and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have *I* to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley*? One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again: but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theo-philanthropy. The church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the sectarians and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt. There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water in the pale sunbeam of human reason, but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes—unless, indeed, they are persecuted—*that*, to be sure, will increase any thing.

"Mr. S., with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated 'death-bed repentance' of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant 'Vision of Judgment,' in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. S.'s sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, *I* have not waited for a 'death-bed' to repent

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of many of my actions, notwithstanding the 'diabolical pride' which this pitiful renegado in his rancour would impute to those who scorn *him*. Whether upon the whole the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate is not for me to ascertain; but, as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion (easily proved, if necessary,) that I, 'in my degree,' have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the only *act* of *my* life of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connexion of his own, did no dishonour to that connexion nor to me.

"I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey's calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others: they have done him no good in this world; and, if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What *his* 'death-bed' may be, it is not my province to predicate: let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all work sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apotheosis of George the Third, and the Elegy on Martin the regicide, all shuffled together in his writing desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of a Mr. Landor, the author of 'Gebir,' whose friendship for Robert Southey will, it seems, 'be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten.' I for one neither envy him 'the friendship,' nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelusson's fortune in the third and fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in 'English Bards') Porson said 'would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, and not till then.' For the present I leave him."

Southey met Byron's note in *The Two Foscari* with his letter to *The Courier*—

"*To the Editor of the Courier.*

"Keswick, Jan. 5, 1822.

"SIR,—Having seen in the newspapers a note relating to myself, extracted from a recent publication of Lord Byron's, I request permission to reply through the medium of your journal.

"I come at once to his lordship's charge against me, blowing away the abuse with which it is frothed, and evaporating a strong acid in which it is suspended. The residuum, then, appears to be, that 'Mr. Southey, on his return from Switzerland (in 1817),

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scattered abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against Lord Byron and others.' To this I reply with *a direct and positive denial.*

"If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk, or monk of La Trappe,—that he had furnished a *harem*, or endowed an hospital, I might have thought the report, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly, passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation, for no more than it was worth. In this manner I might have spoken of him as of Baron Gerambe, the Green Man, the Indian Jugglers, or any other *figurante* of the time being. There was no reason for any particular delicacy on my part in speaking of his lordship; and, indeed, I should have thought anything which might be reported of him would have injured his character as little as the story which so greatly annoyed Lord Keeper Guilford,—that he had ridden a rhinoceros. He may ride a rhinoceros, and though every one would stare, no one would wonder. But making no inquiry concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no curiosity, I heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat. When I spoke of wonders to my friends and acquaintances on my return, it was of the flying-tree at Alpnach, and the eleven thousand virgins at Cologne,—not of Lord Byron. I sought for no staler subject than St. Ursula.

"Once, and only once, in connection with Switzerland, I have alluded to his lordship; and as the passage was curtailed in the press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the Quarterly Review, speaking incidentally of the 'Jungfrau,' I said 'it was the scene where Lord Byron's *Manfred* met the Devil and bullied him, though the Devil must have won his cause before any tribunal, in this world or the next, if he had not pleaded more feebly for himself than his advocate, in a cause of canonization, ever pleaded for him.'

"With regard to the others, whom his lordship accuses me of calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his friends, whose names I found written in the album at Mont Anvert, with an avowal of atheism annexed, in Greek, and an indignant comment, in the same language, underneath it. Those names, with that avowal and the comment, I transcribed in my note-book, and spoke of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, the gentleman in question would not have thought himself slandered by having that recorded of him which he has so often recorded of himself.

"The many opprobrious appellations which Lord Byron has bestowed upon me, I leave as I find them, with the praises which he has bestowed upon himself.

> "'How easily is a noble spirit discern'd
> From harsh and sulphurous matter that flies out
> In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks.'
>
> *Ben Jonson.*

But I am accustomed to such things; and, so far from irritating me are the enemies who use such weapons, that when I hear of their attacks, it is some satisfaction to think they have thus employed the

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malignity which must have been employed somewhere, and could not have been directed against any person whom it could possibly molest or injure less. The viper, however venomous in purpose, is harmless in effect while it is biting at the file. It is seldom, indeed, that I waste a word or a thought upon those who are perpetually assailing me. But abhorring as I do the personalities which disgrace our current literature, and averse from controversy as I am, both by principle and inclination, I make no profession of non-resistance. When the offence and the offender are such as to call for the whip and the branding-iron, it has been both seen and felt that I can inflict them.

"Lord Byron's present exacerbation is evidently produced by an infliction of this kind, not by hearsay reports of my conversation four years ago, transmitted him from England.

"The cause may be found in certain remarks upon the Satanic School of Poetry, contained in my preface to the Vision of Judgment. Well would it be for Lord Byron if he could look back upon any of his writings with as much satisfaction as I shall always do upon what is there said of that flagitious school. Many persons, and parents especially, have expressed their gratitude to me for having applied the branding-iron where it was so richly deserved. The Edinburgh Reviewer, indeed, with that honourable feeling by which his criticisms are so peculiarly distinguished, suppressing the remarks themselves, has imputed them wholly to envy on my part. I give him, in this instance, full credit for sincerity: I believe he was equally incapable of comprehending a worthier motive, or inventing a worse; and, as I have never condescended to expose, in any instance, his pitiful malevolence, I thank him for having in this stript it bare himself, and exhibited it in its bald, naked, and undisguised deformity.

"Lord Byron, like his encomiast, has not ventured to bring the matter of those animadversions into view. He conceals the fact that they are directed against authors of blasphemous and lascivious books; against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labour to make others the slaves of sensuality like themselves; against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals.

"His lordship has thought it not unbecoming in him to call me a scribbler of all work. Let the word *scribbler* pass; it is an appellation which will not stick like that of *the Satanic School*. But, if a scribbler, how am I one of *all work*? I will tell Lord Byron what I have *not* scribbled, what kind of work I have *not* done:—

"I have never published libels upon my friends and acquaintances, expressed my sorrow for those libels, and called them in during a mood of better mind, and then reissued them when the evil spirit, which for a time had been cast out, had returned and taken possession, with seven others more wicked than himself. I have never abused the power, of which every author is in some degree possessed, to wound the character of a man or the heart of a

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woman. I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not dare affix my name, or which I feared to claim in a court of justice, if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller. I have never manufactured furniture for the brothel. None of *these things* have I done; none of the foul work by which literature is perverted to the injury of mankind. My hands are clean! There is no damned spot upon them!—no taint, which all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten!

"Of the work which I *have* done it becomes me not here to speak, save only as relates to the Satanic School, and its Coryphæus, the author of Don Juan. I have held up that school to public detestation, as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals of the country. I have given them a designation *to which their founder and leader answers*. I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliath in the forehead. I have fastened his name upon the gibbet for reproach and ignominy, as long as it shall endure. Take it down who can!

"One word of advice to Lord Byron before I conclude. When he attacks me again let it be in rhyme. For one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper should be obliged to *keep tune*.

"And while he may still indulge in the same rankness and violence of insult, the metre will, in some degree, seem to lessen its vulgarity.

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Byron at once challenged Southey, through Douglas Kinnaird. But the challenge was not delivered. Writing to Walter Savage Landor, May 27, 1822 (*Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*, vol. iii. p. 312), Southey says, "You have, I suppose, seen or heard of the decorous manner "in which Lord Byron resented my comments upon the "Satanic school of poetry, and of the manner in which he "introduced your name. I believe he will take the advice I "gave him in reply, and not meddle with me again in prose." Of Byron's *Vision of Judgment*, published in *The Liberal*, No. I. (October, 1822), Southey took no public notice. "I "have only seen," he wrote to Dr. Southey, October 30, 1822, "some newspaper extracts from this journal, among them "the description of myself. He may go on with such satire "till his heart aches, before he can excite in me one uncom- "fortable emotion" (*Life, etc.*, vol. iv. p. 126). Finally, in a letter to the Rev. N. White, November 16, 1822 (*ibid.*), he says, "Lord Byron has rendered it quite unnecessary for me "to resent his attacks any farther. This last publication is "so thoroughly infamous that it needs no exposure."

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There the controversy rested till after Byron's death. On May 14, 1824, Henry Taylor wrote to Southey, telling him of the event, and asking whether he did not feel some "personal commiseration." Southey replied, May 26, 1824 (*Life, etc.*, vol. v. pp. 178, 179)—

"I am sorry Lord Byron is dead, because some harm will arise from his death, and none was to be apprehended while he was living; for all the mischief which he was capable of doing he had done. Had he lived some years longer, he would either have continued in the same course, pandering to the basest passions, and proclaiming the most flagitious principles, or he would have seen his errors and sung his palinodia,—perhaps have passed from the extreme of profligacy to some extreme of superstition. In the one case he would have been smothered in his own evil deeds. In the other he might have made some atonement for his offences.

"We shall now hear his praises from all quarters. I dare say he will be held up as a martyr to the cause of liberty, as having sacrificed his life by his exertions in behalf of the Greeks. Upon this score the liberals will beatify him, and even the better part of the public will for some time think it becoming in them to write those evil deeds of his in water, which he himself has written in something more durable than brass. I am sorry for his death therefore, because it comes in aid of a pernicious reputation which was stinking in the snuff.

"With regard to the thought that he has been cut off in his sins, mine is a charitable creed, and the more charitable it is the likelier to be true. God is merciful. Where there are the seeds of repentance in the heart, I doubt not but that they quicken in time for the individual, though it be too late for the world to perceive their growth. And if they be not there, length of days can produce no reformation."

The controversy was revived by the following passage in Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron* (vol. i. pp. 212–216). After describing Byron's anxiety to read a copy of Southey's letter to *The Courier*, Medwin continues thus—

"He had left the Guiccioli earlier than usual, and I found him waiting with some impatience. I never shall forget his countenance as he glanced rapidly over the contents. He looked perfectly awful: his colour changed almost prismatically; his lips were as pale as death. He said not a word. He read it a second time, and with more attention than his rage at first permitted, commenting on some of the passages as he went on. When he had finished, he threw down the paper, and asked me if I thought there was any thing of a personal nature in the reply that demanded satisfaction; as, if there was, he would instantly set off for England and call Southey to an account,—muttering something about whips, and

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branding-irons, and gibbets, and wounding the heart of a woman,—words of Mr. Southey's. I said that, as to personality, his own expressions of 'cowardly ferocity,' 'pitiful renegado,' 'hireling,' were much stronger than any in the letter before me. He paused a moment, and said:

"'Perhaps you are right; but I will consider of it. You have not seen *my* "Vision of Judgment." I wish I had a copy to shew you; but the only one I have is in London. I had almost decided not to publish it, but it shall now go forth to the world. I will write to Douglas Kinnaird by to-morrow's post, to-night, not to delay its appearance. The question is, whom to get to print it. Murray will have nothing to say to it just now, while the prosecution of 'Cain' hangs over his head. It was offered to Longman; but he declined it on the plea of its injuring the sale of Southey's Hexameters, of which he is the publisher. Hunt shall have it.'

"Another time he said:

"'I am glad Mr. Southey owns that article on "Foliage," which excited my choler so much. But who else could have been the author? Who but Southey would have had the baseness, under the pretext of reviewing the work of one man, insidiously to make it a nest-egg for hatching malicious calumnies against others?

"'It was bad taste, to say the least of it, in Shelley to write Αθεος after his name at Mont Anvert. I knew little of him at that time, but it happened to meet my eye, and I put my pen through the word, and Μαρος too, which had been added by some one else by way of comment—and a very proper comment too, and the only one that should have been made on it. There it should have stopped. It would have been more creditable to Mr. Southey's heart and feelings if he had been of this opinion; he would then never have made the use of his travels he did, nor have raked out of an album the silly joke of a boy, in order to make it matter of serious accusation against him at home. I might well say he had impudence enough, if he could confess such infamy. I say nothing of the critique itself on "Foliage;" with the exception of a few sonnets, it was unworthy of Hunt. But what was the object of that article? I repeat, to vilify and scatter his dark and devilish insinuations against me and others. Shame on the man who could wound an already bleeding heart,—be barbarous enough to revive the memory of a fatal event that Shelley was perfectly innocent of,—and found scandal on falsehood! Shelley taxed him with writing that article some years ago; and he had the audacity to admit that he had treasured up some opinions of Shelley's, ten years before, when he was on a visit at Keswick, and had made a note of them at the time. But his bag of venom was not full; it is the nature of the reptile. Why does a viper have a poison-tooth, or the scorpion claws?'"

To the charges contained in this passage, Southey replied with his second letter to *The Courier*:—

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"*To the Editor of the Courier.*

"Keswick, Dec. 8, 1824.

"Sir,—On a former occasion you have allowed me, through the channel of your journal, to contradict a calumnious accusation as publicly as it had been preferred; and though, in these days of slander, such things hardly deserve refutation, there are reasons which induce me once more to request a similar favour.

"Some extracts from Captain Medwin's recent publication of Lord Byron's Conversations, have been transmitted to me by a friend, who, happening to know what the facts are which are there falsified, is of opinion that it would not misbecome me to state them at this time. I wish it, however, to be distinctly understood, that in so doing I am not influenced by any desire of vindicating myself; that would be wholly unnecessary, considering from what quarter the charges come. I notice them for the sake of laying before the public one sample more of the practices of the Satanic School, and showing what credit is due to Lord Byron's assertions. For that his lordship spoke to this effect, and in this temper, I have no doubt: Captain Medwin having, I dare say, to the best of his recollection, faithfully performed the worshipful office of retailing all the effusions of spleen, slander, and malignity which were vented in his presence. Lord Byron is the person who suffers most by this; and, indeed, what man is there whose character would remain uninjured, if every peevish or angry expression, every sportive or extravagant sally, thrown off in the unsuspicious and imagined safety of private life, were to be secretly noted down and published, with no notice of circumstances to show how they had arisen, and when no explanation was possible? One of the offices which has been attributed to the Devil, is that of registering every idle word. There is an end of all confidence or comfort in social intercourse, if such a practice is to be tolerated by public opinion. When I take these Conversations to be authentic, it is because, as far as I am concerned, they accord, both in matter and spirit, with what his lordship himself had written and published; and it is on this account only that I deem them worthy of notice—the last notice that I shall ever bestow upon the subject. Let there be as many 'More last Words of Mr. Baxter' as the 'reading public' may choose to pay for, they will draw no further reply from me.

"Now, then, to the point. The following speech is reported by Captain Medwin as Lord Byron's:—'I am glad Mr. Southey owns that article * on "Foliage," which excited my choler so much. But who else could have been the author? Who but Southey would have had the baseness, under pretext of reviewing the work of one man, insidiously to make it a nest-egg for hatching malicious calumnies against others? . . . I say nothing of the critique itself on

* A volume of poems by Mr. Leigh Hunt. The reader who may be desirous of referring to the article, will find it in vol. xviii. of the Quarterly Review, p. 324.—*R. S.*

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"Foliage;" but what was the object of that article? I repeat, to vilify and scatter his dark and devilish insinuations against me and others. Shame on the man who could wound an already bleeding heart,—be barbarous enough to revive the memory of an event that Shelley was perfectly ignorant of, and found scandal on falsehood! Shelley taxed him with writing that article some years ago; and he had the audacity to admit that he had treasured up some opinions of Shelley, ten years before, when he was on a visit to Keswick, and had made a note of them at the time.'

"*The reviewal in question I did not write.* Lord Byron might have known this if he had inquired of Mr. Murray, who would readily have assured him that I was not the author; and he might have known it from the reviewal itself, wherein the writer declares in plain words that he was a contemporary of Shelley's, at Eton. I had no concern in it, directly or indirectly; but let it not be inferred that in thus disclaiming that paper, any disapproval of it is intended. Papers in the Quarterly Review have been ascribed to me (those on Keats's Poems, for example), which I have heartily condemned both for their spirit and manner. But for the one in question, its composition would be creditable to the most distinguished writer; nor is there anything either in the opinions expressed, or in the manner of expressing them, which a man of just and honourable principles would have hesitated to advance. I would not have written that part of it which alludes to Mr. Shelley, because, having met him on familiar terms, and parted with him in kindness (a feeling of which Lord Byron had no conception), would have withheld me from animadverting in that manner upon his conduct. In other respects, the paper contains nothing that I would not have avowed if I had written, or subscribed, as entirely assenting to, and approving it.

"It is not true that Shelley ever inquired of me whether I was the author of that paper, which purporting, as it did, to be written by an Etonian of his own standing, he very well knew I was not. But in this part of Lord Byron's statement there may be some mistake, mingled with a great deal of malignant falsehood. Mr. Shelley addressed a letter to me from Pisa, asking if I were the author of a criticism in the Quarterly Review, upon his Revolt of Islam, not exactly, in Lord Byron's phrase, *taxing* me with it, for he declared his own belief that I was not, but adding, that he was induced to ask the question by the positive declaration of some friends in England, that the article was mine. Denying, in my reply, that either he or any other person was entitled to propose such a question upon such grounds, I, nevertheless, assured him that I had not written the paper, and that I had never, in any of my writings, alluded to him in any way.

"Now for the assertion, that I had the audacity to admit having treasured up some of Shelley's opinions, when he had resided at Keswick, and having made notes of them at the time. What truth is mixed up with the slander of this statement, I shall immediately explain, premising only, that, as the opinion there implied concerning the practice of noting down familiar conversation, is not

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applicable to me, I transfer it to Captain Medwin for his own especial use.

"Mr. Shelley having, in the letter alluded to, thought proper to make some remarks upon my opinions, I took occasion, in reply, to comment upon his, and to ask him (as the tree is known by its fruits) whether he had found them conducive to his own happiness, and the happiness of those with whom he had been most nearly connected? This produced a second letter from him, written in a tone, partly of justification, partly of attack. I replied to this also, not by any such absurd admission as Lord Byron has stated, but by recapitulating to him, as a practical illustration of his principles, the leading circumstances of his own life, from the commencement of his career at University College. The earliest facts I stated upon his own authority, as I had heard them from his own lips; the latter were of public notoriety. Here the correspondence ended. On his part it had been conducted with the courtesy natural to him; on mine, in the spirit of one who was earnestly admonishing a fellow-creature.

"This is the correspondence upon which Lord Byron's misrepresentation has been constructed. It is all that ever passed between us, except a note from Shelley, some years before, accompanying a copy of his *Alastor* and one of mine in acknowledgment of it. I have preserved his letters, together with copies of my own; and, if I had as little consideration for the feelings of the living as Captain Medwin has displayed, it is not any tenderness towards the dead * that would withhold me now from publishing them.

"It is not likely that Shelley should have communicated my part of this correspondence to Lord Byron, even if he did his own. Bearing testimony, as his heart did, to the truth of my statements in every point, and impossible as it was to escape from the conclusion which was then brought home, I do not think he would have dared produce it. How much or how little of the truth was known to his lordship, or with which of the party at Pisa the insolent and

* In the preface to his Monody on Keats, Shelley, as I have been informed, asserts that I was the author of the criticism in the Quarterly Review upon that young man's poems, and that his death was occasioned by it. There was a degree of meanness in this (especially considering the temper and tenour of our correspondence) which I was not then prepared to expect from Shelley, for that he *believed* me to be the author of that paper, I certainly do not believe. He was once, for a short time, my neighbour. I met him upon terms, not of friendship indeed, but, certainly, of mutual good will. I admired his talents; thought that he would outgrow his errors (perilous as they were); and trusted that, meantime, a kind and generous heart would resist the effect of fatal opinions which he had taken up in ignorance and boyhood. Herein I was mistaken. But when I ceased to regard him with hope, he became to me a subject for sorrow and awful commiseration, not of any injurious or unkind feeling; and when I expressed myself with just severity concerning him, it was in direct communication to himself.—*R. S.*

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calumnious misrepresentations conveyed in his lordship's words originated, is of little consequence.

"The charge of scattering dark and devilish insinuations is one which, if Lord Byron were living, I would throw back in his teeth. Me he had assailed without the slightest provocation, and with that unmanliness, too, which was peculiar to him; and in this course he might have gone on without giving me the slightest uneasiness, or calling forth one animadversion in reply. When I came forward to attack his lordship, it was upon public, not upon private, grounds. He is pleased to suppose that he had mortally offended Mr. Wordsworth and myself many years ago, by a letter which he had written to the Ettrick Shepherd. 'Certain it is,' he says, 'that I did not spare the Lakists in it, and he told me that he could not resist the temptation, and had shown it to the fraternity. It was too tempting; and as I could never keep a secret of my own (as you know), much less that of other people, I could not blame him. I remember saying, among other things, that the Lake poets were such fools as not to fish in their own waters. But this was the least offensive part of the epistle.' No such epistle was ever shown to Mr. Wordsworth or to me; but I remember (and this passage brings it to my recollection) to have heard that Lord Byron had spoken of us in a letter to Hogg, with some contempt, as fellows who could neither vie with him for skill in angling nor for prowess in swimming. Nothing more than this came to my hearing; and I must have been more sensitive than his lordship himself could I have been offended by it. But if the contempt which he then expressed had equalled the rancour which he afterwards displayed, Lord Byron must have known that I had the *flocci* of his eulogium to balance the *nauci* of his scorn, and that the one would have *nihili-pilified* the other, even if I had not well understood the worthlessness of both.

"It was because Lord Byron had brought a stigma upon English literature that I accused him; because he had perverted great talents to the worst purposes; because he had set up for pander-general to the youth of Great Britain as long as his writings should endure; because he had committed a high crime and misdemeanour against society, by sending forth a work in which mockery was mingled with horrors, filth with impiety, profligacy with sedition and slander. For these offences I came forward to arraign him. The accusation was not made darkly, it was not insinuated, nor was it advanced under the cover of a review. I attacked him openly in my own name, and only not by his, because he had not then publicly avowed the flagitious production by which he will be remembered for lasting infamy. He replied in manner altogether worthy of himself and his cause. Contention with a generous, honourable opponent leads naturally to esteem, and probably to friendship; but, next to such an antagonist, an enemy like Lord Byron is to be desired,—one who, by his conduct in the contest, divests himself of every claim to respect; one whose baseness is such as to sanctify the vindictive feeling that it provokes, and upon whom the act of taking vengeance is that of administering justice. I answered him as he deserved to be answered, and the effect which that answer produced upon his

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lordship has been described by his faithful chronicler, Captain Medwin. This is the real history of what the purveyors of scandal for the public are pleased sometimes to announce in their advertisements as 'Byron's Controversy with Southey!' What there was 'dark and devilish' in it belongs to his lordship; and had I been compelled to resume it during his life, he who played the monster in literature, and aimed his blows at women, should have been treated accordingly. 'The Republican Trio,' says Lord Byron, 'when they began to publish in common, were to have had a community of all things, like the Ancient Britons,—to have lived in a state of nature, like savages, and peopled some island of the blest with children in common, like ——. A very pretty Arcadian notion!' I may be excused for wishing that Lord Byron had published this himself; but though he is responsible for this atrocious falsehood, he is not for its posthumous publication. I shall only observe, therefore, that the slander is as worthy of his lordship as the scheme itself would have been. Nor would I have condescended to have noticed it even thus, were it not to show how little this calumniator knew concerning the objects of his uneasy and restless hatred. Mr. Wordsworth and I were strangers to each other, even by name, at the time when he represents us as engaged in a Satanic confederacy, and we never published anything in common.

"Here I dismiss the subject. It might have been thought that Lord Byron had attained the last degree of disgrace when his head was set up for a sign at one of those preparatory schools for the brothel and the gallows, where obscenity, sedition, and blasphemy are retailed in drams for the vulgar. There remained one further shame,—there remained this exposure of his private conversations, which has compelled his lordship's friends, in their own defence, to compare his oral declarations with his written words, and thereby to demonstrate, that he was as regardless of truth, as he was incapable of sustaining those feelings suited to his birth, station, and high endowments, which sometimes came across his better mind.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

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APPENDIX II.

BYRON AT PISA.

(See p. 43, *note* 2.)

IN the *Nuova Antologia* for July, 1874, Sig. Felice Tribolati, Librarian of the Reale Università of Pisa, published an article on "Lord Byron a Pisa," treating in full detail the affray with the dragoon Stefano Masi. This article was reprinted, with other articles, by Sig. Tribolati, under the title of *Saggi Critici e biografici*, Pisa, Enrico Spoerri, 1891. On this work is based an account of the Pisan affray, published in the *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1891, by Mrs. Ross.

As was shown in *Letters*, vol. iv. Appendix VI., Byron's movements were carefully watched by Austrian agents, and Sig. Tribolati has discovered a curious Diary, *Arcana politica anticarbonaria*, which contains numerous references to him and his friends. The Diary was kept by Cavaliere L. Torelli, "la spia delle spie," who lived at Pisa from 1819 to 1822, and corresponded direct with the Emperor of Austria and Metternich. On the contents of this Diary, the documents relating to the legal proceedings, and contemporary letters, Signor Tribolati founds his interesting study of Byron's residence at Pisa. The Diary, contained in seven packets, is now in the Archivio di Stato at Florence (No. 415 Quinto; Serie Manoscritti; Acquisti diversi).

In August, 1821, Count Rugiero Gamba, his son Pietro, and his daughter Teresa, arrived in Pisa. Exiled for their share in the abortive insurrection at Ravenna, where, as Torelli notes, Byron had flown the tricolor flag from the balcony of his house, the family were under police supervision. Their permission to reside in Pisa was only granted

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for two months. When Byron was expected at Pisa the local police communicated the fact to head-quarters at Florence. They received the following reply (the translation is by Mrs. Ross): "The Government is well aware that "Byron goes to Pisa solely for the beautiful daughter of "Count Gamba, so you may expect him; you are to see "that the permission for residence in Pisa granted to that "family is renewed in proper time; at present it stands "good for two months. The cook, Tabanelli, who has gone "from Florence to serve Count Gamba, *ha il biglietto delle* "24 (the ticket for twenty-four)." That is to say, Tabanelli was under police supervision, and not allowed to leave the house after sunset.

Torelli seems to have been better informed as to Byron's hesitation. "The famous poet, Lord Byron," he says, "who, "if he had not the reputation of being mad, ought to be "watched by the whole police of Europe, has taken the "Palazzo Lanfranchi for a year, at a rent of 200 zecchini, "paying six months' rent in advance. But many people "thought this strange being would change his mind and not "come." However Byron came, "with a large train of "attendants, all of them from Bologna or the Romagna, "except one English servant and a groom. He brought "with him fourteen horses, all his carriages bearing his "arms, and the motto *Crede Byron.*"

The Governor of Pisa, the Marchese Niccolò Viviani, was himself a man of letters, and the author of a poem *Ero e Leandro*. Though literature and the Hellespont might predispose him in Byron's favour, Viviani found himself obliged to refuse his first request. Torelli notes that, through his secretary, Antonio Lega Zambelli, Byron asked leave to practise pistol-shooting in the garden of the Palazzo Lanfranchi. Viviani replied that he regretted his inability to grant permission, as the use of firearms was strictly forbidden, and had been denied to other residents. The Diarist tells another anecdote of Byron, which is at least characteristic. According to the spy, he requested Mr. Taaffe to wait on the Grand-Duke Ferdinand, and make his excuses for not presenting himself at Court, on the ground that, as he had never been presented to any other prince

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during his sojourn in Italy, he was obliged to forego his wish to kiss the Grand-Duke's hand (*Saggi*, pp. 162, 163).

For the first few months Byron led a retired life; the only persons he visited, besides the Gambas and his English friends, being Madame Kemstein and her four daughters, and the Canon Daniello Girolamo, of the Church of San Pierino (*ibid.*, p. 164). Meanwhile, however, he was carefully watched. A letter (quoted in the *Saggi*, pp. 158, 159) was written by the Royal Commissioner at Volterra to the Buongoverno at Florence, February 9, 1822, warning the President that copies of the Italian version of *The Prophecy of Dante* had reached that city. "The work," says the Commissioner, "is certainly not written in the spirit of our "Government or of any Italian Government. It seems to "me intended to rouse still further the animosities of a "populace already sufficiently excited. Lord Byron makes "Dante his spokesman, and the prophet of democratic in-"dependence, as if this were the salvation of Italy," etc., etc.

It was not till March 21, 1822, that the quiet of Byron's life at Pisa was interrupted. The Diarist, as translated by Mrs. Ross (*Nineteenth Century* for November, 1891, p. 755), thus describes what happened—

"At length Lord Byron, with his company of assassins, gave us a taste of the temper he had shown in other places. The Government expected he would, and he had been watched from the day he arrived in Pisa. On the 24th of March, at twenty-three o'clock P.M. (about sunset), a certain Masi, a Pisan, serjeant-major of the mounted dragoons, who were quartered here, had been dining in the country outside Porta alle Piagge, and was returning to the town. Afraid of being late for the muster-roll, he rode fast, and near the gate saw Lord Byron with several friends and servants on horseback, who took up the whole road. He pushed through them in order to get on, when Taafe, a friend of Byron's, exclaimed against his insolence. Whereupon Byron, or one of the servants, hit his horse. The serjeant abused them, and so they all surrounded him and tried to force him to go back. He answered that the road was free, and wanted to go about his business, at the same time putting his hand to his sword to defend himself. Byron asked his name, and threw him his visiting-card, which was picked up by an artilleryman near. Masi reached the gate before the party, and ordered the two old soldiers who were on duty not to let any of them pass until they had given their names. He put himself across the gateway, sword in hand, and the whole company tried to push through. In the confusion he sliced the nose of an Englishman,

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said to be a captain, who passes for a poet, and, among other eccentricities, prides himself, as though it were an heroic action, on having had the epithet *atheist* added to his name in his passport. He and his family live in Pisa.

"The Turkish Egyptian, who was living in Pisa, and used to go every evening to see Byron shoot with a pistol at a silver 'scudo' on the threshing-floor of a contadino, was also at the gate when the row took place. But not wishing to be compromised, he did as though he had nothing in common with them, and came into town at a gallop, with the blackamoor, who looked after his horse, running in front like a flash of lightning."

The English account of the affair is given in the joint deposition signed by Byron, Shelley, Trelawny, and Hay, confirmed by the deposition of an independent witness, Dr. Crawford. The depositions and the translations are given below from Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*. The depositions were sent in duplicate, one to Mr. Dawkins at Florence, the other to the Governor of Pisa.

"COPIA DEL RAPPORTO.

"*Fatto a sua Eccellenza il Sig. Governatore di Pisa, sopra l'accaduto al Nobile Lord Noel Byron, ed altri, come dalle sottoscrizioni qui appiedi, il giorno 24 Marzo*, 1822.

"Lord Byron, con i suoi compagni qui sottoscritti, tornava cavalcando dalla sua solita passeggiata, ed era forse lungi un quarto di miglio dalla Porta *le Piaggie*, quando un uomo a cavallo in uniforme di Ussero passò a tutta carriera in mezzo alla compagnia, urtando villanamente uno dei cavalieri. Lord Byron, adontato di tale villania, gli mosse dietro il suo cavallo, e tutti gli altri lo seguirono. Passati innanzi a costui, ognuno s'arrestò, e Milord lo richiese perchè avesse fatto quell' insulto. L'Ussero, per prima e tutta risposta, cominciò a gridare con urli, con bestemmie, e con parole ingiuriose. Allora il nobile Lord, ed un altro suo compagno gli presentarono un biglietto, dov'era scritto il suo nome e la sua direzione. Quegli seguitò, gridando e minacciando che poteva trar la sciabola; che l'avrebbe ben tirata, ed anche vi pose la mano.

"Erano prossimi di dieci passi alla porta. In mezzo all'alterco si meschiò un semplice soldato in uniforme, credesi, da Cannoniere; e gridò all' Ussero, 'Comanda alla guardia della porta—arrestateli, arrestateli'—e sempre con modi e con parole le più villane e le più insultanti.

"Ciò udendo il nobile Lord, spinse il suo cavallo, e un suo compagno di seguito, e in mezzo alle guardie che mettevano mano ai fucili e baionette, gli riuscì di varcare la porta e prendere la Strada del Corso verso Casa Lanfranchi. Gli altri tre col corriere venivan dietro, allorchè il Signor Trelawney, che era il primo, si trovò il

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cavallo afferrato alla briglia da due soldati con le spade sguainate, e assalito forsennatamente da quell' Ussero che gli scagliò molti colpi di sciabola, mentre quei soldati lo percuotevano sulla coscia. Egli e i suoi compagni erano tutti inermi, e chiedevano a quel furibondo ragione di una tale infame condotta. Ma egli rispondeva con i colpi. Il Signor Shelley s'interpose per farsi scudo all' amico, e fu percosso gravemente sul capo col pomo della sciabola, per cui cadde rovesciato da cavallo. Il Capitano Hay volle pure parare un colpo al compagno con un bastoncello che aveva ad uso di *fouet*, ma il colpo tagliò il bastone e giunse a ferirlo sul naso. Il corriere fu anche mal concio con molte percosse dall' Ussero e dagli altri soldati—Dopo ciò l'Ussero spronò il cavallo e prese la via di Lung' Arno. Il nobile Lord giunto a casa, fece ordinare al suo segretario che corresse subito a dar conto di ciò alla Polizia; poscia, non vedendo i compagni, tornò verso la porta, e per via incontrò l'Ussero che gli si indirizzò dicendo, 'Siete voi soddisfatti?' Il nobile Lord come che ignaro della zuffa accaduta sotto la porta, gli rispose 'Non sono soddisfatto—ditemi il vostro nome.' Costui rispose 'Masi, Sergente Maggiore.' Un servo di Milord giunse in quell'istante dal Palazzo, e afferrò la briglia al cavallo del Sergente. Milord gli comandò di lasciarlo. Il Sergente allora spronò il cavallo e si lanciò Lung' Arno, in mezzo ad un' immensa folla che innanzi al Palazzo Lanfranchi erasi adunata. Ivi, come ci si riportò, fu ferito; ma noi ignoriamo come e da chi, poichè ognuno di noi trovavasi o in casa o indietro. Solamente fu recato in casa di Milord il *bonnet* di questo Sergente.

"È da notare inoltre, che il Capitano Hay si trova confinato in casa per la ferita ricevuta, e che il corriere ha sputato sangue per i colpi avuti nel petto, come si puo assicurare dalla relazione dei Chirurghi.

"Questo è il rapporto preciso di ciò che è passato fra noi e il Sergente Maggiore Masi, coi soldati, etc. In fede di che noi sottoscritti comproviamo, etc., etc.

(Signed) "Noel Byron.
"H. Hay.
"Percy Bysshe Shelley.
"Edward Trelawney.
"Count Pietro Gamba.

"Pisa, 25 Marzo, 1822."

"Secondo Rapporto.

"Io osservai Lord Byron venir Domenica sera cavalcando Lung' Arno verso la sua casa, e appena giuntovi ritornare senza esser smontato: poscia dirimpetto alla Chiesa di S. Matteo incontrò un Dragone, col quale cavalcò lungo la strada. Lord Byron aveva in mano una canna. Il Dragone minacciò di trarre la sciabola. Giunti sotto le nostre finestre, Lord Byron stese la mano al Dragone, e gli domandò il nome e l'indirizzo suo. Vennero stringendosi le mani per pochi passi, quando uno dei domestici di Lord Byron s'intromise e respinse il Dragone dal suo padrone. Il Dragone allora spronò

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al galoppo, e traversando innanzi alla casa di Lord Byron fu ferito sul destro fianco da un bastone lungo sei piedi circa, che quasi lo rovesciò dal cavallo. In quell' istante Lord Byron e il suo domestico si trovavano ad una considerabile distanza dal Dragone.

(Signed) "GIACOMO CRAWFORD, Inglese,
"Casa Remediotti, No. 666 Lung' Arno.
"Pisa, 27 Marzo, 1822."

Medwin's translation is as follows (*Conversations of Lord Byron*, vol. ii. pp. 93-98):—

"Lord Byron, in company with Count Gamba, Captain Hay, Mr. Trelawney, and Mr. Shelley, was returning from his usual ride, on the 21st March, 1822, and was perhaps a quarter of a mile from the Piaggia gate, when a man on horseback, in a hussar uniform, dashed at full speed through the midst of the party, violently jostling (*urtando*) one of them. Shocked at such ill-breeding, Lord Byron pushed forward, and all the rest followed him, and pulled up their horses on overtaking the hussar. His Lordship then asked him what he meant by the insult? The hussar, for first and only answer, began to abuse him in the grossest manner; on which Lord Byron and one of his companions drew out a card with their names and address, and passed on. The hussar followed, vociferating and threatening, with his hand on his sabre, that he would draw it, as he had often done, effectually. They were now about ten paces from the Piaggia gate. Whilst this altercation was going on, a common soldier of the artillery interfered, and called out to the hussar, 'Why don't you arrest them? Command us to arrest them!' Upon which the hussar gave the word to the guard at the gate, 'Arrest—arrest them!' still continuing the same threatening gestures, and using language, if possible, more offensive and insulting.

"His Lordship, hearing the order given for their arrest, spurred on his horse, and one of the party did the same; and they succeeded in forcing their way through the soldiers, who flew to their muskets and bayonets, whilst the gate was closed on the rest, together with the courier, who was foremost.

"Mr. Trelawney now found his horse seized by the bridle by two soldiers, with their swords drawn, and himself furiously assaulted by the hussar, who made several cuts at him with his sabre, whilst the soldiers struck him about the thighs. He and his companions were all unarmed, and asked this madman the reason of his conduct; but his only reply was blows.

"Mr. Shelley received a sabre-stroke on the head, which threw him off his horse. Captain Hay, endeavouring to parry a blow with a stick that he used as a whip, the edge of the weapon cut it in two, and he received a wound on his nose. The courier also suffered severely from several thrusts he received from the hussar and the rest of the soldiers. After all this, the hussar spurred on his horse, and took the road to the Lung' Arno.

"When his Lordship reached the palace, he gave directions to

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his secretary to give immediate information to the police of what was going on; and, not seeing his companions come up, turned back towards the gate. On the way he met the hussar, who rode up to him, saying, 'Are you satisfied?' His Lordship, who knew nothing, or hardly anything, of the affray that had taken place at the gate, answered, 'No, I am not! Tell me your name!'—'Serjeant-Major Masi,' said he. One of his Lordship's servants came up at the moment, and laid hold of the bridle of the Serjeant's horse. His Lordship commanded him to let it go, when the Serjeant spurred his horse, and rushed through an immense crowd collected before the Lanfranchi palace, where, as he deposes, he was wounded and his *chaco* found, but how, or by whom they knew not, seeing that they were either in the rear or in their way home. They had further to depose that Captain Hay was confined to his house by reason of his wound; also that the courier had spit blood from the thrust he received in the breast, as might be proved by the evidence of the surgeons.

"There was also another deposition from a Mr. James Crawford. It stated that 'the dragoon would have drawn his sabre against Lord Byron, in the Lung' Arno, had it not been for the interposition of the servant; and that Sergeant-Major Masi was knocked off his horse as he galloped past the Lanfranchi Palace, Lord Byron and his servants being at a considerable distance therefrom at the time.'"

With Dr. Crawford's deposition Byron sent an autograph letter to the Governor of Pisa, which is given by Signor Tribolati (*Saggi*, p. 179)—

"*Eccellenza*,

"Mi è stato recato questo documento, che io credo doversi aggiungere al rapporto da me presentato; e perciò mi pregio di farlo presente a V. E. Il relatore è pronto a confermare in ogni modo ciò che ha veduto e qui descritto.

"Sono di V.E.

"Umilissimo Devmo. Servitore,

"NOEL BYRON, *Pair d'Angleterre*."

Byron was not himself present during the squabble in the gateway. His movements are thus noted by Torelli in his *Diary* (*Saggi*, pp. 172–174)—

"During the brawl at the gate, Byron galloped back to the palace, dismounted, and rushed upstairs either to get arms or to give some orders to his servants. He was back again immediately, flung himself on his horse, and rode to meet the Sergeant, who was coming up the street, followed by the whole party abusing him from a safe distance. When Byron reached the Piazza della Fontina, he stopped, waited till the Sergeant came close, and then,

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riding up to him, insulted him grossly. The others took courage, and imitated Byron's insolence. The Sergeant exclaimed that his rank entitled him to give them all satisfaction, provided they came one at a time, addressing himself specially to Taafe, who made no reply, but made off from the rest of the party by a by-street into the city. After the Sergeant's protest, a glove was thrown at him by way of challenge. He said that he accepted the challenge for the next day, but that they must come against him one at a time, and not as a crowd against one man. Some say that Byron threw the glove, others that it was the Captain whose nose was scratched (Hay). As a matter of fact, when the Sergeant reached the door of Byron's place, the latter took his hand, and said, 'If you are a soldier and a man of honour, we understand each other.' Meanwhile Byron's door-porter had taken hold of the bridle of Masi's horse, and, as soon as the Sergeant had accepted the challenge, a servant, rushing out of the house, struck him, with some triangular weapon, a treacherous blow in the side, which broke one of his ribs. At the same time another servant ran out of the stables with a pitchfork, so that it looked as if they meant to assassinate Masi. The poor Sergeant rode on about a hundred yards, dismounted at the Caffé Lung' Arno, kept by a Neapolitan, Don Beppe, passed through the shop to the house of Barletti, the jeweller in the Via dei Mercanti, and thence was carried by the Misericordia to the hospital. Byron's door-porter was a well-known figure from his richly braided French-cut dress and his huge black beard. He had been twice in the galleys. Luckily the barracks were some distance away, and the attempted murder was not known till they were closed."

In a letter quoted by Sig. Tribolati (p. 169 and p. 181), an eye-witness, then a student at Pisa, described the scene. The writer was Francesco Guerazzi, afterwards a well-known writer and a leader in the Italian insurrection of 1848. Guerazzi says, writing in 1872—

"I saw Masi, reeling in the saddle, ride as far as Don Beppe's *Caffè*. There, unable to sit his horse, he tumbled down; his helmet fell off, revealing his ghastly, deathlike face, surmounted by a shock of hair standing erect. As he came to the ground, he cried out, 'I am killed!' This I heard him say, and I shall never forget the horror of his terrible face, made more fearful by a mass of flaming red hair. . . . I also saw—and the impression which it made on me was lasting—all the English inhabitants of Pisa, whether they were Byron's friends or not, gather armed to defend the palace of their great national poet. I thought, if he had been an Italian, his fellow-countrymen would have assembled to stone him, and then I began to understand why the English are a great nation, and why the Italians are a bundle of rags in the store of a second-hand dealer —*at all events, up till now*."

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Under the care of Vacca, the celebrated surgeon, Masi recovered. But meanwhile legal proceedings had begun against the persons suspected of the crime.

On March 27 Tita and another of Byron's servants were arrested.

"They were examined," says Torelli (*Saggi*, pp. 179, 180), "by the Coadjutor Carloni, in the presence of the 'Auditore,' which is only the practice in cases of capital crime, and both were imprisoned in separate cells. The fellow with the beard (the door-porter) had on him two pistols and a long dagger. It was a matter of surprise that he should have been allowed to retain these arms during his examination. On the following day another man was arrested. He was in the service of Count Guiccioli, and by all accounts seems to have been the man who actually struck the Sergeant. . . . Byron meanwhile, contrary to his custom, distributed alms in front of his palace in order to conciliate public opinion. A native of Ravenna, who had known him in that country, told me that Byron had pursued the same tactics during the Neapolitan revolution, for the purpose of gaining a following when he had instigated the best families in the city to compromise themselves with the Government."

Byron must have spent over the case, so the Diarist notes, 3000 *scudi*. On the day on which Tita was arrested, he sent him a dinner of twelve courses, and feasted all his other fellow-prisoners as well. He had tried to secure the services of a famous advocate, Carmignani; but Carmignani, though he belonged "to the same detestable school "of liberal thought," was a professor at the University of Pisa. He therefore declined to undertake a case over which the feelings of his fellow-townsmen were so strongly excited. Byron then retained Collini, an equally famous criminal lawyer from Florence, and lodged him in the Palazzo Lanfranchi.

The proceedings lasted many weeks. Mrs. Shelley, the Countess Guiccioli, Shelley, and numerous witnesses, seventy in all, were examined. For Mrs. Shelley's account of the affray, see her letter to Mrs. Gisborne, dated April 6, 1822 (*Life and Letters of M. W. Shelley*, ed. Mrs. Julian Marshall, vol. i. pp. 337–339). Byron's own examination, given by Signor Tribolati, took place on the 27th of April. It was originally fixed for the 24th; but, owing to the death of

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Allegra, Byron asked to have it postponed. Torelli's note is amusing (*Saggi*, pp. 185, 186)—

"Lapini, the Master, before undertaking the examination, had read the *Biography of Celebrated Men*, the publication of which had recently begun at Paris, and of which the first volume included the letter *B* and the article on *Byron*. The author, after tracing Byron's descent from the Scottish Kings, drew a terrible picture of his character. Among other extraordinary deeds, he mentioned his atrocious murder of one of his mistresses, whose skull he had mounted as a drinking-cup. He also described his purchase from the Sultan of Turkey of an uninhabited rock, on which he built a palace, where he lived for two years, with a few followers, in order to avoid contact with mankind after his separation from his wife. Thus forewarned, the examining magistrate expected to find in Byron 'the enemy of the human race,' as his biographer had described him. He was agreeably surprised at the courteous and high-bred manner of his reception. On the other hand, Byron had already shown the stuff of which he was made by the precautions which he took in case of a tumult after his affray with the soldier. He mounted two field-pieces at the door of his room, and kept on his table a number of pistols, guns, and daggers. These warlike preparations terrified out of his wits a hunchback employed as the carrier from Piombino to Pisa, and charged to deliver to Byron a letter and a small wild boar from the Maremma. No sooner did he see the weapons than he threw the beast on the ground, gave the letter to a servant, and ran for his life from the palace without waiting to be paid."

The proceedings ended with the judgment of the court, delivered May 22, 1822. The court decided that there was no evidence for criminal proceedings against Tita Falcieri, Antonio Maluccelli, Guiseppe Strauso, and Papi; but, considering the suspicious circumstances alleged against them, Falcieri, Maluccelli and Strauso, were recommended to the attention of the civil authorities. Falcieri was further condemned to be escorted by the police to the frontiers and banished from the grand-duchy. During part of the proceedings Tita seems to have been imprisoned at Florence. "There," says Torelli, "he was ordered to shave off his long "Asiatic beard. At first he thought it was to be given to "his master, Lord Byron. But when he found that this was "not the case, he wrapped up the hair very carefully in a "sheet of paper." When the sentence of exile was passed upon him, he asked, "Where can I go? I cannot leave "Lord Byron, because he has bought me. He paid a sum of

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"money down for me to my father, and still pays him a pen-"sion." Tita found a temporary refuge with Shelley at Lerici.

At the same time, the Gambas were told that their presence in Pisa was disagreeable to the Government. In consequence of the hint, Byron and the Gambas hired the villa Dupuy at Montenero from a banker and merchant at Leghorn named Dupuy.

For years afterwards, foreigners, says Tribolati, used to come to Pisa to see Masi, and question him as to the affair. In Poujoulat's *Toscane et Rome*, published at Paris in 1840 (Lettre v. "Séjour de Lord Byron à Pise—Destinée de Lord "Byron," pp. 60–65), Masi tells his story to Poujoulat in 1838. The letter is not quoted by Signor Tribolati, or by Mrs. Ross, and an extract is therefore given here—

"La vie de Byron s'écoulait donc paisiblement à Pise, lorsque, le 21 Mars de cette année 1822, un événement fâcheux vint jeter le trouble dans ses jours; je veux parler de l'affaire du Sergent Masi, qu'on a diversement racontée en Angleterre, et que je puis vous donner dans toute sa vérité.

"Étienne Masi, Toscan d'origine, était Sergent-Major dans la Compagnie des Chasseurs à cheval, et se trouvait alors en garnison à Pise; il n'est pas chevalier de notre Légion d'honneur, comme on l'a dit, mais il a combattu avec distinction sous les bannières françaises, au temps de Napoléon. Masi vit encore; il habite Pise. J'ai demandé à voir cet homme, qui, par le hasard des choses de la vie, a exercé une grave influence sur le destin d'un grand poëte; on nous l'a amené; c'est un homme de quarante-six ans; sa physionomie est ouverte; elle respire la bonté et la loyauté. Masi nous a raconté l'événement du 21 Mars, je vais le laisser parler:

"'C'était vers le coucher du soleil, nous dit le sergent; je revenais à cheval d'une partie de compagne, et je me trouvais à un quart d'heure de Pise, du côté de la porte *d'alle Piagge;* devant moi, je vois la route occupée, envahie par une cavalcade qui regagnait lentement la ville; c'était lord Byron, accompagné de ses amis, ainsi que je l'ai su depuis; auparavant je n'avais jamais entendu prononcer son nom; dans mon humble vie de garnison, je n'étais guère au courant des renommées. Il m'importait de rentrer à Pise le plus tôt possible; j'avais à commander, pour le soir, quinze soldats de faction au Théâtre. Je cherchais donc à m'ouvrir un passage à travers la cavalcade, mais le chemin restait toujours fermé, et pas un des cavaliers ne se dérangeait; je m'aperçus, au contraire, que ces Messieurs avaient envie de se jouer de moi. A la fin je perdis patience; mon cheval, qui était fougueux et que j'avais eu de la peine à retenir jusque-là, passa rapidement, au bord du chemin, sur un tas de pierres destinées à l'entretien des routes. Aucun des cavaliers n'avait eu l'air de prendre garde au

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bruit des pas de mon cheval sur les pierres ; toutefois, en passant rapidement, je touchai un de ces Messieurs, je ne sais si ce fut lord Byron, et la secousse lui fit tomber son chapeau. Je continuais ma route, lorsque tout à coup le courrier de lord Byron, lançant son cheval, me touche à dessein assez fortement les jambes ; je feignis de ne pas comprendre son intention, et je ne dis mot.

"'Un instant après, toute la cavalcade m'entourait ; ces messieurs me demandent raison de l'insulte qu'ils ont reçue, disent-ils ; lord Byron et un colonel à grosses moustaches me donnent leurs cartes et me demandent la mienne ; je réponds que je n'ai pas de carte, que je m'appelle Masi, sergent-major à la compagnie des chasseurs à cheval, et que je n'ai jamais reculé devant un duel. Mais lord Byron et le colonel s'obstinaient à vouloir ma carte, ou au moins mon nom par écrit ; moi je répondais toujours que je m'appelais 'Masi' et que cela devait suffire. J'avais alors trente ans, j'étais vigoureux et je n'avais pas peur. Tout à coup un des cavaliers me donne un coup de cravache, qui pourtant m'atteignit à peine ; mais le coup était donné, et l'injure était faite : mon sang bouillonnait ; je tirai mon sabre, et, à coups de plat de sabre, je les démontai tous, tant qu'ils étaient.

"'*Cet homme-là est un diable*, disaient les Anglais déconcertés. Une dame qui était en voiture, et qui avait l'air de connaître ces messieurs (c'était madame Guiccioli) en voyant Lord Byron démonté, s'écriait : '*Ciel ! ayez pitié de nous.*'

"'J'entrai dans la ville ; je prévins les gardes de la porte *d'alle Piagge*, et leur fis dresser procès-verbal. Tandis que je m'avançais seul sur le quai de l'Arno, on vient me prévenir que mes jours sont en danger ; on m'engage à ne pas suivre le quai de la rive droite, mais à passer sur le pont *d'alle Piagge*.

"'Je n'écoutai point ce qu'on me disait, et je poursuivis ma marche vers le palais Lanfranchi, ignorant que c'était là l'habitation de lord B. Soudain plusieurs Anglais m'entourent ; je leur fais croire que j'ai une paire de pistolets à ma selle, je feins d'y porter la main, et je menace de brûler la cervelle du premier qui s'approchera de moi : cette ruse produit d'abord son effet. Peu de temps après, un Anglais se précipite vers moi avec un pistolet, mais je l'enlace dans mes bras, et je l'empêche de lâcher son coup. Pendant ce temps, la ville était en mouvement ; la population de Pise s'ameutait vers le palais Lanfranchi, au milieu du désordre, un homme, sorti du Palais de lord B., me perça le côté avec une canne à dard à deux tranchants : je ne vis point cet homme, et, dans mon trouble et dans la situation violente où j'étais alors, je ne fus en quelque sorte averti du coup que par le sang qui coulait. On m'emporta à l'hôpital le plus voisin : le chirurgien Vacca, que nous avons perdu depuis, et dont vous avez pu voir le tombeau au Campo Santo, fut appelé ; il déclara la blessure mortelle, et annonça qu'il me restait à peine vingt-quatre heures à vivre.

"'Le lendemain, lord Byron m'envoya son chirurgien[1] et cent

1. In Byron's examination, April 27–28, 1822, the name of the English doctor is given as "Jood" (? Judd).

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louis en or, me faisant dire qu'il déplorait ce malheur, et qu'il ne connaissait pas le meurtrier. Je ne voulus pas voir le chirurgien anglais, et je renvoyai à lord B. son or ; je lui fis répondre que je n'avais pas besoin de ses secours, que ma solde me suffisait ; que, si je ne mourais pas de la blessure, j'irais lui en demander raison, et que si je mourais, d'autres se chargeraient de me venger. Lord Byron ignorait, disait-il, quel était celui qui m'avait percé le flanc ; il l'ignorait peut-être, mais c'était pourtant un homme de sa maison. Je vous ai dit que la ville de Pise avait été en mouvement ; cela devint en effet une grande affaire ; les étudiants s'étaient rassemblés, et voulaient chercher le coupable ; le commandant de Pise eut beaucoup de peine à contenir la compagnie de chasseurs, qui brûlait de venger son sergent. Le gouverneur de la ville mit en prison tous les serviteurs de lord B. et signifia à tous ses compagnons l'ordre de quitter Pise ; il accordait à lord B. un délai. Ma convalescence fut bien longue, mais, comme vous voyez, je ne suis pas mort, malgré l'arrêt du célèbre Vacca ; toutefois, mon malheur a été grand, car ma carrière militaire s'est trouvée interrompue, et je suis père de famille. Le grand duc de Toscane, qui m'a fait plusieurs fois raconter cette aventure, est venu a mon secours par une pension de cinquante francs par mois. Souvent des voyageurs anglais me prient de leur raconter tout cela ; ils me disent qu'on parle plus de moi à Londres, qu'on ne parle du pape à Rome.' Pendant que Masi nous redisait cette histoire, sa physionomie s'animait ; toutes les impressions de ces moments-là, déjà si lointains, se peignaient dans ses yeux ; de temps en temps, il essuyait des larmes. J'ai remarqué que pas une parole amère contre lord B. n'est sortie de la bouche du pauvre sergent. 'Mon portrait a couru à Londres,' nous a dit Masi, 'et voici comment il a été fait. Deux ans après mon malheur, je m'étais fait marchand de tabac : un jour un Anglais entre dans ma boutique et achète un paquet de cigares ; il paye le paquet, mais il désire le laisser chez moi, et se réserve de venir prendre les cigares l'un après l'autre à mesure qu'il en aura besoin. Chaque fois que cet Anglais entrait dans ma boutique, il me regardait avec une attention extraordinaire. Le paquet de cigares tirait à sa fin, lorsqu'on vint m'annoncer qu'on avait vu mon portrait, et qu'il était fort ressemblant.'

"Au rapport de '*Masi*,' les serviteurs de lord B. furent mis en liberté, sans qu'on eût pu découvrir le nom du meurtrier ; ce nom est resté un mystère, on a insinué que *Masi* pouvait bien avoir été frappé par ordre de Byron ; nous pensons que cette insinuation est une des nombreuses calomnies dont on a chargé la mémoire du poëte, qui, malheureusement, ne fut pas toujours sans reproche. Les torts de Byron dans cette affaire peuvent donc se réduire à ceux qui résultent du récit simple et vrai du sergent toscan."

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APPENDIX III.

BYRON AT LEGHORN.

(See p. 92, *note* 2.)

IN the *Nuova Antologia* for July, 1874 (p. 147, *et seq.*), reprinted in his *Saggi* (pp. 211–224), Signor Tribolati gives an account of a civil action instituted by Byron against his landlord, Francesco Dupuy. The story throws some light on the state of Byron's mind, when he received Hunt at Leghorn, and the circumstances in which he decided upon his expedition to Greece.

On April 9, 1822, Byron hired from Francesco Dupuy a furnished house, with stables, coach-house, and garden, at a rent of 100 francesconi the month, from May 1 to October 31. One of the conditions of the lease was a continuous supply of good water to the house and stables, and the quality of the water had been the subject of correspondence between Dupuy and Zambelli, who stated that Byron was particularly careful that the water which he drank was absolutely pure. The supply, it was alleged, proved inadequate in quantity and bad in quality. Byron, therefore, offered Dupuy 50 scudi to take the remainder of his term off his hands, and, this offer being refused, claimed to rescind the contract. Frederigo del Rosso, a well-known advocate of Leghorn, assisted by Collini of Florence, conducted Byron's case.

Dupuy claimed that Byron, being a foreigner, could not appear in an action, unless he gave security for costs, etc. The law was clear in the banker's favour. But Byron absolutely refused to make the required deposit. Matters seemed at a deadlock, until his pride was saved by Henry Dunn (see p. 69, *note* 1) undertaking to deposit the required security. Another characteristic incident occurred. Through

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Zambelli, Byron desired his advocate to protest against his opponent speaking of him as "Signore," instead of using his proper title of "Lord." But Del Rosso declined to raise the point, on the ground that all ranks of persons were spoken of by the Italian title.

The legal proceedings dragged on for months, the delay being mainly caused by Byron's refusal to discuss the details of the matter with his advocate. Once, in April, 1823, a compromise seems to have been arranged between the lawyers. But one of the principals refused to consent to it, and finally, in July, 1823, Byron was condemned to pay 300 francesconi, being three months' rent, together with interest.

The lawsuit with Dupuy was not, however, the only cause of Byron leaving Montenero. The story is completed by Torelli (*Saggi*, p. 201, and *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1891, p. 761. See also Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*, ed. 1850, vol. iii. pp. 7–10). On the 28th of June, 1822, a scuffle took place in the gardens of the Villa Dupuy between the servants of Count Gamba and of Byron, in which Byron's coachman, Vincenzo Papi, and his cook, Gaetano Forestieri, took part. Knives were drawn and used. Though Byron appeared on the balcony with his pistols in his hand, and threatened to shoot the whole party if they did not drop their knives, the police had to be called in to quell the disturbance. The Government were already anxious to be rid of Byron, who had recently made the inconvenient request that his yacht, the *Bolivar*, should be allowed to embark and disembark persons along the Tuscan coast without hindrance from the authorities. They therefore took advantage of the riot at the Villa Dupuy. Byron's courier and Gamba's valet were sent over the frontier of the grand-duchy under the charge of the police, and the Gambas were warned that, unless they left the country within three days, formal sentence of banishment would be passed upon them. As soon as Byron heard the news, he wrote a letter to the Governor of Leghorn, of which Torelli gives the following translation (*Saggi* pp. 201, 202):—

"SIGNORE,—Vi scrivo in inglese, perchè so che ci fate l'onore d'intendere la nostra lingua. È uscito per parte vostra un ordine di arresto e d'esilio pel mio corriere, e una intimazione alla famiglia

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del conte Gamba di lasciare la Toscana dentro il termine di tre giorni. Io mi preparo a partire con loro perchè non voglio più stare in un paese ove si perseguitano i miei amici, e dove si nega asilo agli sventurati. Siccome ho da sistemare qualche interesse, così vi prego di accordare ad essi una dilazione, acciò io possa partire con loro."

A respite of a few days was granted to the Gambas. On the 8th of July they took passports for Genoa, intending to go first to the Baths of Lucca, whence they hoped to make interest for permission to return to Pisa. For this purpose a letter from Mr. Dawkins, addressed to the Marquis Mansi, Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Grand-Duke of Lucca, was presented by Count Gamba to the Minister (*Nineteenth Century*, November, 1891, pp. 761, 762). "Lord Byron," writes Dawkins, "wishes to know whether the Government "of Lucca would permit the Counts Gamba, father and son, "to reside in its territory, depositing any caution it might "please to impose." The question was one which Mansi could not solve without reference to the Grand-Duke; but in the end the request was granted. Meanwhile Byron returned to Pisa.

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APPENDIX IV.

AMERICAN EDITIONS OF BYRON'S POEMS BETWEEN 1811 AND 1822.

(See p. 72, *note* 2.)

BYRON, in 1822, was delighted to find that his poetry was widely read in the United States. His popularity was proved by the numerous editions already published in that country. For the following list of early editions, most of which are to be found in the Boston Public Library, the Boston Athenæum, or the Library of Harvard College, I am indebted to Professor Charles Norton :—

English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers; a Satire. Philadelphia and Charleston, 1811, 86 pp. 8vo.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Philadelphia, 1812, 174 pp. 24mo.

The Giaour. Boston, 1813, 72 pp. 24mo.

The Giaour. Philadelphia, 1813, 53 pp. 24mo.

The Bride of Abydos; a Turkish Tale. Philadelphia, 1814, 72 pp. 24mo.

The Bride of Abydos; a Turkish Tale. Boston, 1814, 72 pp. 32mo.

The Corsair. New York, 1814, xi., 108 pp. 24mo.

The Corsair. Philadelphia, 1814, 16mo.

Lara. Boston, 1814, iv., 8–98 pp. 12mo.

Lara. New York, 1814, 136 pp. 24mo.

English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers. Boston, 1814, 72 pp. small 12mo.

Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte. Boston, 1814, 13 pp. 8vo.

Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte. New York, 1814, 13 pp. 8vo.

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Hebrew Melodies. Boston, 1815, 43 (2) pp. 24mo.
Hebrew Melodies. New York, 1815, 39 pp. small 12mo.
Hebrew Melodies. Philadelphia, 1815, 16mo.
Ode: Napoleon's Farewell. New York, 1816, 8vo.
Manfred. New York, 1817, 70 pp. 24mo.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto the Third. Boston, 1817, 72 pp. 16mo.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto III., with *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and other Poems. Philadelphia, 1817, 16mo.
Beppo; a Venetian Story. Boston, 1818, 36 pp. small 12mo.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto the Fourth. New York, 1818, 177 (1) pp. 24mo.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto 4th. To which are added *Beppo*, and other Poems. Philadelphia, 1818, 270 pp. 24mo.
Maseppa. Boston, 1819, 24mo.
The Prophecy of Dante. Philadelphia, 1821, 48 pp. small 12mo.
Marino Faliero. Philadelphia, 1821, 179 pp. 24mo.
Sardanapalus, a Tragedy; The Two Foscari, a Tragedy; Cain, a Mystery. Boston, 1822, 309 pp. 16mo.
The Two Foscari. New York, 1822, 114 pp. 24mo.
Cain, a Mystery. New York, 1822, 100 pp. 24mo.

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APPENDIX V.

THE GREEK REVOLUTION, 1821-24.

(See pp. 227, *note* 2, and 240, *note* 2.)

IN this Appendix the state of political parties during the first three years of the Revolution is sketched, in order to show the difficulties by which Byron was confronted when at Cephalonia and Mesolonghi. The spelling of Greek names adopted by Finlay has been followed in almost all cases.

The first stage of the Greek Revolution ended with the defeat of Alexander Hypsilantes at Dragashan (June 19, 1821), and his flight across the Austrian frontier (*Letters*, vol. v. pp. 306, 307, *note* 1). But the Turks, concentrating their efforts upon the destruction of Ali Pasha at Janina, were obliged to withdraw their forces from the Morea. Janina did not fall into the hands of Kurshid Pasha till January, 1822, and, on February 5 Ali was murdered. Meanwhile the national movement for the independence of Greece had gained a firm hold of the country south of Thermopylæ and Actium. Breaking out towards the end of March, 1821, the Revolution spread rapidly. The Mussulman population of the country was everywhere practically exterminated. In the Morea, Petrobey of Maina and Theodore Kolokotrones made themselves masters of the country; Monemvasia, Navarin, and Tripolitza were taken or capitulated, and the Turks—men, women, and children—butchered. Only a few fortified places, of which Patras and Nauplia were the most important, held out with the courage of despair. In Eastern Greece, Panourias, Diakos, and other leaders pushed northwards to the valley of the Spercheus,

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capturing Livadea and Salona, and closely besieging Athens. In Western Greece, Mesolonghi and Anatolikon joined the revolution; Vrachori was taken, and the Jewish and Mussulman inhabitants massacred. The islands of Psara, Spetzas, and Hydra declared themselves independent; their brigs patrolled the coasts of Greece, prevented the Turks in Asia Minor from relieving their countrymen in the Morea, and destroyed with their fire-ships the Turkish vessels of war.

The military successes of the Greeks in the year 1821 were considerable; but, politically, affairs remained in a state of anarchy. No leader had yet appeared whose abilities and character commanded confidence. Each party pursued its selfish ends. The military chieftains, the primates and the higher clergy, the politicians,—all sought their own interests. Petros Mavromichales, Bey of Maina, commonly called Petrobey, was the representative of the Moreot primates. Like others of his class, he had acted as an agent for the Turkish Government in collecting and apportioning the taxes, and he was ready to use the insurrection as a means of enriching himself. From his personal influence he was the natural leader of the movement. But he was a man of little capacity, reckless in expenditure, always in want of money, lazy, and self-indulgent (Finlay's *History of Greece*, vol. vi. pp. 148, 149). Kolokotrones, the commander-in-chief of the Peloponnesian army, was a brigand by lineage and profession, and a cattle-dealer by trade—cunning, ferocious, avaricious, personally courageous, and occasionally magnanimous. His athletic appearance, strength, tremendous voice, and iron constitution, combined with his boisterous gaiety, rough wit, and ready tongue, marked him out as a popular leader. (For the leading points in his career, see *ibid.*, pp. 153–157; and Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. i. pp. 221–223.) Outwardly and in character, Demetrius Hypsilantes, the brother of Alexander Hypsilantes, was a striking contrast to Kolokotrones. Physically feeble, diminutive in stature, awkward in manner, insignificant in appearance, he had none of the external gifts which seize the popular imagination. But, though tactless, inexperienced, apathetic, and dull, he was a man of honour, courage, and patriotism. When he

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arrived in the Greek camp before Tripolitza, June 22, 1821, he was welcomed with enthusiasm. But he frittered away his influence by intriguing with the primates and the military leaders; his pretensions to act as his brother's viceroy were ridiculed; his claim to absolute sovereignty alienated the primates and the military party; and the dream of Russian interference, which he represented, was repudiated by the Greek nationalists. Before the close of the year he had lost the confidence of the people (see Finlay, vol. vi. pp. 233, 234; and Gordon, vol. i. pp. 220, 221).

His rival was Alexander Mavrocordatos, who had held an important post at the court of Karadja, Hospodar of Wallachia, and had followed him into exile. In 1818 he settled himself at Pisa. There, in 1821, Shelley and his wife became acquainted with him, and were fascinated by his gaiety, learning, and enthusiasm. He was Mary Shelley's teacher in Greek, and her pupil in English. To him, in November, 1821, Shelley dedicated *Hellas*. At that time Mavrocordatos had already joined the revolutionary movement. Sailing from Leghorn to Marseilles, where he took on board some French and Italian officers and arms, he landed at Mesolonghi on August 3, crossed the gulf, and joined the Greek camp before Patras. There he at once recognized that political affairs were in a state of chaos, and military operations directed by a host of petty chieftains. He therefore sought and obtained a separate sphere in Western Greece. Returning to Mesolonghi, he organized a provincial constitution, and by his prudence gathered round him a political party. Learned, pleasing in manners, and an admirable linguist, personally honest among a crowd of peculators, Mavrocordatos has some claim to be considered the statesman of the Revolution, and, in 1821, had every prospect of directing its course. Millingen (in his *Memoirs on the Affairs of Greece*, pp. 65, 66) sketches his personal appearance (see also Finlay, vol. vi. p. 246; and Gordon, vol. i. pp. 230, 232)—

"The *ensemble* of his head was excessively fine, being very large in proportion to his body, and its bulk was not a little increased by his bushy jet-black hair and prodigious whiskers. His thick eyebrows and huge mustachios gave a wild, romantic expression

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to his features, which could not but produce a striking effect on a stranger. The expression of his physiognomy was that of a clever, penetrating, ambitious man. His large Asiatic eyes, full of fire and wit, were tempered by an expression of goodness. His looks had not, perhaps, sufficient dignity; for they had a kind of indecision and timid flutter, which prevented him from looking any one stedfastly in the face. His stature was much below the usual size, and his carriage altogether too unmartial to impart much confidence to a half-civilized people, who prize external appearance so much, and are more, perhaps, than others influenced by an awe-commanding countenance. The prince also paid too little regard to his dress."

While Mavrocordatos was establishing a provincial constitution for Western Greece at Mesolonghi, Theodore Negris was engaged in the same work for Eastern Greece at Salona. In the early months of the war, the four great divisions of the country—the east, the west, the Morea, and the islands—had acted independently, and without concert. But, though the primates and the military chieftains were satisfied with conditions which preserved their local powers, the people desired a central government. It was as a bid for popular support that Demetrius Hypsilantes convened, in November, 1821, a National Assembly at Tripolitza. The Assembly met in the following December, not at Tripolitza, but at Piada, a small town three miles from Epidaurus. Mavrocordatos acted as its President, and the Constitution of Epidaurus, which was promulgated on the Greek New Year's Day (our January 13), 1822, was his work and that of Theodore Negris. (For an outline of the constitution, see Finlay's *History of Greece*, vol. vi. pp. 243, 244; and Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. i. pp. 323–325.) It created a republican form of government, carried on by an Executive consisting of five members, and a Legislature, or Senate, composed of seventy members. Each body had a President, Mavrocordatos being elected to the presidency of the Executive, and Hypsilantes to that of the Senate.

The existence in the Morea, as well as in Eastern and Western Greece, of provincial constitutions which excluded the authority of the central Government, from the first rendered the Constitution of Epidaurus practically a dead letter. But its promulgation was an epoch in the history

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of the Revolution. It was the first attempt to centralize independent Greece, and it marked the definite abandonment of that reliance on Russian interference which inspired the Hetairists and the earlier stages of the movement.

The military events of 1822 were, on the whole, favourable to the cause of Greek independence; but, politically, the year destroyed the reputation of Mavrocordatos. As President and head of the civil Government, it was his duty to remain at Corinth. But his vanity and ambition induced him to leave the central Government to take care of itself, in order to direct affairs in Western Greece,—to cling to his civil office lest it should fall into the hands of a rival, and, at the same time, to seek political capital from military success. The attempt ruined his position as a statesman; the result marked his failure as a soldier.

The fall of Janina in January, 1822, set free the Turkish forces. One army was directed against the Suliots, Mesolonghi, and Western Greece; the other was to force its way through Eastern Greece and reconquer the Morea. To support the Suliots, who were hard pressed, Mavrocordatos advanced from Mesolonghi upon Petta. There, July 16, 1822, the Philhellenes, the only disciplined body in the Greek service, were cut to pieces; the Greek forces were routed, and Mavrocordatos retreated upon Mesolonghi. The results of the battle of Petta, both direct and indirect, were important. The immediate effects were that the Suliots were crushed, and the Turkish forces, moving slowly southwards, arrived before the mud walls of Mesolonghi in November, 1822. The remoter consequences were that the Greeks lost all faith in political organization and military discipline; war became brigandage, and central government lapsed into anarchy or faction.

In Eastern Greece, the efforts made by Mavrocordatos to extend the central authority were singularly ill-timed. In that province Odysseus had acquired an independent influence which the Executive was anxious to check. With that object, two emissaries were sent to take over the civil and military power. Both were murdered by Odysseus, who, in June, 1822, strengthened his position by the capture of Athens. But he did not forget the attempt made by the

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Executive, and made no effort to check the advance of the Turkish forces under Dramali. Leaving Zeituni early in July, Dramali entered Corinth on the 17th, and pressed forward to Argos in order to relieve Nauplia. In the mountain districts between Corinth and Argos his army was practically destroyed by the Greeks under Niketas and Kolokotrones—a success which balanced the defeat of Petta, and was followed by the fall of Nauplia.

Odysseus was the hero of Trelawny and of Stanhope. But the historians of Greece take a very different view of his character.

"Bloodthirsty, vindictive, and treacherous as an Arnaut," says Gordon (*History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. i. p. 405), "Odysseus surpassed in subtilty and falsehood the most mendacious Greek; he was endowed with an uncommon share of finesse and sagacity, and could at pleasure put on the semblance of virtue. His personal courage was doubtful, and his mistrust excessive, insomuch that he did not dare to disclose where he intended to sleep."

Finlay (*History of Greece*, vol. vi. p. 249) is equally severe.

"He pursued his own interest . . . without submitting to any restraint from duty, morality, or religion. His character was a compound of the worst vices of the Greeks and Albanians. He was false as the most deceitful Greek, and vindictive as the most bloodthirsty Albanian. To these vices he added excessive avarice, universal distrust, and ferocious cruelty."

At the end of 1822, Odysseus was the undisputed master of Eastern Hellas; in the Peloponnesus, Kolokotrones was the popular hero; in Western Hellas, Mavrocordatos was regaining some of his lost reputation by the defence of Mesolonghi, the siege of which was raised January 12, 1823. The Executive, deserted by its President, had moved the seat of government now on shipboard, now to Thyrea, now to Kastri, and finally to Hermione. With each change its authority declined, and its year of office was rapidly expiring. Its last act (December 3, 1822) was to convoke the new Congress at Astros. The second National Assembly met in February and March, 1823, and Petrobey was elected President. A struggle at once began between the military chieftains headed by Kolokotrones and Odysseus, and the

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primates led by Petrobey, Zaimes, and Londos. Matters were at a deadlock, when Mavrocordatos, arriving from Mesolonghi, threw his influence on the side of the primates. Kolokotrones suffered a political defeat. Petrobey was elected President of the Executive for the year 1823, and Mavrocordatos accepted the subordinate post of Secretary. The seat of government was removed from Nauplia to Tripolitza. There Kolokotrones reasserted his power, coerced the Executive into electing him Vice-President, and delegating to him full control in the Peloponnesus. Petrobey and the three remaining members then withdrew to Salamis, leaving Kolokotrones master of the Morea. The Senate tried to make head against him, and elected Mavrocordatos as their President, in opposition to the candidate whom he favoured. But Mavrocordatos, in fear of his life, did not dare to take office. The Senate insisted, summoned him to its bar (July 23, 1823), threatened him with a prosecution, and, in the end, forced him to accept the Presidency. He had no sooner done so than, alarmed by renewed threats of assassination, he resigned his office and fled to Hydra (August). The Senate, giving up the struggle, reluctantly followed the Executive to Salamis.

In the following months the breach between the two governing bodies widened. Influenced by Kolokotrones, the Executive, in October, 1823, had left Salamis for Nauplia. The Senate, unwilling to shut themselves up in a fortress, where they would be at the mercy of the military chieftain, moved to Argos. The position is thus summed up by Gordon (*History of the Greek Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 72)—

"With, perhaps, the exception of Zaimis, the members of the Executive were no better than public robbers, while the majority of the legislators, clinging to Mavrocordato's system, gave proofs (at least in their collective capacity) of patriotism and a love of order. It must, notwithstanding, be confessed that the powerful adherents of the Senate showed, in their respective provinces, as much rapacity as their adversaries; thus every corner of the peninsula was torn to pieces by obscure civil contests; hardly any revenue came into the treasury, and nothing of importance could be undertaken against the enemy."

The people of Greece began to turn their thoughts to some foreign prince as their ruler, and the names of Jerome

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Bonaparte and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg were mentioned. It is even possible that Byron may have thought that he might be the chosen ruler of Greece.

In November, 1823, the Senate took advantage of a technical breach of the Constitution of Epidaurus, and passed a decree removing Count Metaxa from his place on the Executive, and Parucca from the Ministry of Finance. The Executive retaliated by sending troops, under the young Kolokotrones, to dissolve the Senate and seize its archives. The Senators, with their archives, escaped to Kranidi, whence they invited Konduriottes of Hydra to assist them in putting down the military tyranny. He accepted the invitation. Thus, when Byron landed at Mesolonghi, the Greek insurgents were engaged in civil war. At Kranidi, supported by Zaimes, the Senate elected a new Executive body, appointing Konduriottes President, and Byron's friend, Andreas Londos, one of the members. The old Executive prepared to resist; Tripolitza was garrisoned by Petrobey and Kolokotrones, and besieged by the constitutional party under Londos and Zaimes. After several skirmishes, in which the combatants seem generally to have fired in the air, the news of the English loan secured peace. On June 5, 1824, Kolokotrones made terms, and agreed to recognize the new Executive.

Throughout the struggle, it is obvious that Byron took the wisest course in holding aloof. Odysseus, in Eastern Greece, had done the same. Disliking Mavrocordatos, and in sympathy with Kolokotrones, he was yet prudent enough not to declare himself on the side of either party. He used all his efforts to win over Stanhope, attract Byron to the Congress of Continental Greece at Salona, and deprive Mavrocordatos of Philhellenic support. Whether he would have succeeded or not cannot be proved, for Byron's death took place before he left Mesolonghi. There can, however, be little question that any intervention on Byron's part, as factions were at that time constituted, would have injured his prospect of serving the cause of Greek independence, and that his prudence is strikingly contrasted with Trelawny's romantic irresponsibility and Stanhope's enthusiastic credulity.

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APPENDIX VI.

BYRON IN CEPHALONIA.

(See p. 238, *note* 1.)

CHARLES HANCOCK (1793–1858), born in London, but belonging to a Quaker family at Wisbech, joined Samuel Barff in 1816 as a banker and merchant at Zante and Argostoli. The firm of Barff and Hancock acted as Byron's bankers in the Ionian Islands and in Greece.

When Byron, in December, 1823, was leaving Cephalonia for Greece, he stayed at Hancock's house in Argostoli before embarking for Mesolonghi. Hancock was generally present at the religious discussions with Dr. Kennedy (*Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron*), many of which took place at the house of Dr. Muir, to whom the letter printed below is addressed. Hancock had prepared a detailed account of Byron's stay in Cephalonia, for the use of Moore in his *Life*. But the document was unfortunately lost. Byron's letters to Hancock, now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Arthur Robinson, of Liverpool, are printed from the originals under her revision.

Hancock's recollections of Byron in Cephalonia, printed in this Appendix, are in the form of a letter addressed to Henry Muir, for twenty years a resident in Cephalonia, and for the greater part of that period Medical Officer of Health at Argostoli. When the letter was written, Muir was about to visit England (1829), and expected to see Moore, then engaged on the *Life*. But he missed seeing Moore, and does not appear to have sent him Hancock's letter or his own notes. Extracts from these were published in 1883–84 in *Notes and Queries*, 6th Series, vol. vii. p. 81, and vol. ix.

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p. 81, by Dr. Muir's son, Surgeon-Major-General Henry Skey Muir, in whose possession the originals are preserved.

1. *Letter from Charles Hancock to Henry Muir.*

"Argostoli, 1st June, 1824.

"MY DEAR MUIR,—On the occasion of your approaching visit to England, I have prepared extracts of the most interesting portion of the letters I received from the late lamented Lord Byron, during the short period of little more than two months. My correspondence with His Lordship had, as you are aware, the arrangement of pecuniary affairs for its ostensible object, but he had the happy art of relieving the formality of a mere letter of business, with the same playful and graceful variety that pervaded his conversation. To me these letters will always be an invaluable treasure; they will be carefully laid up amongst things sacred, a precious and sad memento of the condescension of one of the greatest men of our time, and of the indescribable loss we so suddenly and so unexpectedly sustained. To your friends and mine, to those who admired and who now lament him, these Extracts, how unimportant so ever in themselves, cannot fail to be highly interesting as some of the latest productions of the pen which for years past has fixed the attention of our country and of Europe.

"As you were in the habit of seeing his Lordship very frequently during his stay in this island, and as most of the interviews I enjoyed with him were in company with yourself, I can offer you but little in the way of anecdotes of what passed here. This period may be illustrated by you better than by any one else, and I look to you some day for a collection of these pleasing sad remembrances. Never certainly shall I part with the impression made on me by his society: the affability of his manners, the brilliancy and variety of his conversation, the fascination of his wit were all irresistible claims on our admiration and esteem.

"It is the singular fortune attributed to the period of his stay in Cephalonia, as well by his friends who accompanied him hither, as by others who had opportunity of observing it, that he associated much more with his countrymen than he had done of late years; something no doubt is to be placed to the score of living in a circle composed of so few individuals that they necessarily became known to each other; but more, I think, to his finding by the reception he met with that he was a general favorite in fact, though, possibly, the asperity with which he had been attacked in the literary world had induced him to form a different conclusion.

"After losing such a character from amongst us, we love to busy our recollection in dwelling on every little event until it becomes a matter of importance: with such a feeling as this, you will describe to our friends the residence he chose for himself, retired from the town in the pretty and picturesque village of Metaxata, with his habits and mode of living there. On more than one occasion when taking a morning ride I observed that he sent

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his groom forward with his orders, in consequence of which dinner was already served when he and his party alighted; this was about one o'clock, and as he lived in the country (and *en voyageur*) the ceremonials of dress were dispensed with. At table he was much more prodigal towards his guests than to himself; but it must be remarked that, although he invariably set out with professing a system of diet and abstemious living, he never adhered strictly to it when he had his friends about him—he had a soul for conviviality.

"His remarks on literature, literary men and politics, I must also leave chiefly to you, as anything I could say would be meagre and imperfect compared with what you can report.

"At the period of his stay here we were receiving accounts by the Public Prints of the war in Spain, and some of our zealous advocates for the cause of liberty were just then making rather a sorry figure. His Lordship repeatedly asked me, I know not why, if I were a 'Radical,' to which I replied that I did not profess political opinions of so decided a cast. He said he was not one, and that some of them had brought it into disrepute of late, alluding apparently to the most conspicuous of the Volunteers in the Spanish cause. On one of these occasions when he put the same question to me, I named two relatives of mine who had exhibited enough of radicalism to visit Mr. Lee Hunt when he was in Cold Bath Fields Prison. His Lordship repeated, '*when* he was in prison'—adding '*when* is he ever out'? He was very fond of the Novels 'by the Author of Waverley' or in less mysterious language by Sir Walter Scott, for his Lordship, like everybody else, gave him the merit of them, and you will have observed they were always scattered about his rooms at Metaxata. The day before he left the island I happened to receive a copy of *Quentin Durward*, which I put into his hands, knowing that he had not seen it and that he wished to obtain the perusal of it. He immediately shut himself in his room, and in his eagerness to indulge in it, refused to dine with the Officers of the 8th Regt at their Mess or even to join us at table, but merely came out once or twice to say how much he was entertained, returning to his chamber with a plate of figs in his hand. He was exceedingly delighted with *Quentin Durward*, said it was excellent, especially the 1st Vol. and part of the 2d, but that it fell off towards the conclusion, like all the more recent of these Novels. It might, he said, be owing to the extreme rapidity with which they were written, being admirably conceived and as well executed in the outset, but hastily finished off. This was the day before he left, and he used much diligence to get through the work before he went away, but, not having time, took it with him, and apparently placed it to be turned over and over again with the rest of the set.

"With regard to his short residence in Missolonghi, I have only to offer you the accompanying Extracts—His noble and extended views with regard to Greece, his munificent public contributions and his acts of private benevolence will be the theme of other pens. Upon the fatal illness, the termination of which we can never cease to deplore, much has been said and much will yet be said. For me, I will close these remarks with the mention of the period when

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we took our final leave of him. It was on the 29th day of December last, that, after a slight repast, you and I accompanied him in a boat, gay and animated at finding himself once more embarked on the element he loved, and put him on board the little vessel that conveyed him to Zante and Missolonghi. He mentioned the poetic feeling with which the sea always inspired him, rallied you on your grave and thoughtful looks, me on my bad steering; quizzed Dr. B[runo], but added in English (which the doctor did not understand) 'he is the most sincere Italian I ever met with,' and laughed at Fletcher, his valet, who was getting well ducked by the spray that broke over the bows of the boat. The vessel was lying sheltered from the wind in the little creek that is surmounted by the Convent of St. Constantino; but it was not until she had stood out and caught the breeze, that we parted from him to see him no more.

"That little convent is become a monumental pile in my view, and I never cast my eye upon it but it fills me with sad and melancholy reflections.

"Wishing you a prosperous voyage, I remain,

"My dear Muir,

"Yours most faithfully,

"C. HANCOCK."

2. *Notes on Byron's Conversations in Cephalonia*, by Dr. Henry Muir.

"Oct. 19th 1823.

"To-day I rode and dined with Lord Byron. Speaking of Moore, he said he had received a letter from him, when about to publish his *Angels*, telling him that he intended to *castrate* them; that he found the style would not do—it was too warm—too much of the Houri; that he meant to alter his style of writing—the world was not yet ready for such luscious fruit. Lord B. added, 'I told him he was wrong, that he would get no credit by it: but, on the contrary, do what he would with them, he would not please; that mutilated Angels could only make Mahometans at best, and never Christians, so that it was better to leave them Angels as they were.' Speaking of Hazlitt, Lord B. expressed himself in the most bitter terms, and would not allow that he could write good English. Leigh Hunt, he said, was a poor helpless creature, but the brother was really a clever fellow.

"The same day he told me he would write a hundred Cantos of *Don Juan* at least, now that they had attacked him. He had not yet begun the work; the sixteen Cantos already written were only a kind of introduction. He was quite astonished, he said, to hear people talk in the manner they did about the book. *He* thought he was writing a most moral book. That women did not like it he was not surprised; he knew they could not bear it because it *took off the veil;* it showed that all their d—d sentiment was only an excuse to cover passions of grosser nature; that all platonism

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only tended to *that*, and they hated it because it showed and exposed their hypocrisy.

"Speaking of *Beppo*, he told me he had composed *Beppo* in two days. He was dining in a house at Venice one day, when the host recounted the story as having happened in a Palazzo near by (or in the one they were in, I forget which). 'The story was told with a good deal of naïveté, and it pleased me. That night I went home to my house on the Brenta, and on the third morning after, I presented *Beppo* to Hobhouse, who was with me, to read.'

"Lord B. seemed pleased when telling this.

"Lord Byron said one day to me, 'I began to keep a journal too when I first came here, but I have left it off—I found I could not help abusing the Greeks in it, so I thought it was as well to give up. Gamba, I believe, keeps one.' Gamba after that told me he had kept one from the day they left Italy for Greece.

"To-day I went out to Lord Byron's. The first thing he said to me was, 'Well, I have had another visit from Dr. Kennedy, and I believe I *will* be converted. The fact is, Muir, Kennedy has had a great deal of trouble with us all, and it would be a pity he should lose his time. And, besides, he says we are all to be Christians some time or other, so it is just as well that we should give in.' After this he clasped his hands, and, looking upwards, exclaimed, 'Oh! I shall begin the 17th Canto of *Don Juan a changed man!*' He then went on repeating different portions of the conversations that had taken place between himself and Kennedy."

The following letter annexed to the Notes was given to Muir by Byron, as a specimen of Moore's handwriting :—

"My dear Byron,—Why don't you answer my letter? It was written just before the publication of my last catch-penny, and gave you various particulars thereof; such as its being dedicated to you, the Longmans' alarm at its contents, Denman's opinion, etc., etc. Notwithstanding all which, nothing could have gone off more quietly, and tamely, and I rather think my friends in the Row, (like Lydia Languish, when she thought 'she was coming to the prettiest distress imaginable') were rather disappointed at the small quantum of sensation we made. The fact is, the Public expects personality, as usual, and were disappointed not to find it; and, though I touched five hundred pounds as my share of the first Edition, the thing is 'gone dead' already, like Risk's dog that snapped at the halfpenny and died of it.

"This cursed Public tires of us all, good and bad, and I rather think (if I can find out some other more gentlemanly trade) I shall cut the connexion entirely. How *you*, who are not *obliged*, can go on writing for it, has long, you know, been my astonishment. To be sure, you have all Europe (and America too) at your back, which is a consolation we poor insular wits (whose fame, like Burgundy, suffers from crossing the ocean) have not to support us in our reverses. If England doesn't read us, who the Devil will?

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"I have not yet seen your new Cantos, but Christian seems to have shone out most prosperously, and the truth is that *yours* are the only 'few, fine flushes' of the 'departing day' of Poesy on which the Public can now be induced to fix their gaze. My 'Angels' I consider as a failure—I mean in the impression it made —for I agree with a 'select few' that I never wrote anything better. Indeed, I found out from Lady Davy the other day that it was the first thing that ever gave Ward (now Lord Dudley) any feeling of respect for my powers of writing.

"I am just setting out on a five weeks' tour to Ireland—to see, for the first time, 'my own romantic Lakes of Killarney.' The Lansdownes, Cunliffes, and others are to be there at the same time. If I but *hear* that a letter has arrived from you, while I am away, I will write to you from the very scene of enchantment itself a whole account of what I feel and think of it—but if I find that you still 'keep never minding me,' why, I must only wait till I am again remembered, and in the mean time, assure you of the never-ceasing cordiality with which I am,

"My dear Byron, faithfully yours,
"THOMAS MOORE.

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes,
"July 17th 1823."

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APPENDIX VII.

BYRON'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

(See p. 375, *note* 1.)

IN this Appendix are printed three papers referring to Byron's death or the place of his interment.

The first is a letter from Fletcher to John Murray (Murray MSS.), announcing Byron's death. The second is a translation of an account, sent by Count Pietro Gamba to Mrs. Leigh (Brit. Mus. MSS. 31,037, f. 76). The third is a letter from Mavrocordatos to Mrs. Leigh, asking her to support his request that Byron or some portion of his remains might be buried at Mesolonghi (Brit. Mus. MSS. 31,037, f. 45).

1.—William Fletcher to John Murray.

"Messolonghi, April 21st, 1824.

"SIR,—Forgive Me for this Intrusion which I now am under the Painfull Nessistey of wrighting to you to Inform you of the Malloncolly News of My Lord BYRON whom his No More he Departed This Miserable Life on the 19 of April after an Illness of onley 10 Days his Lordship Began by a Nervious Feavour and Terminated with an Inflamation on the Brains For want of being Bled in time which his Lordship Refused till it was Too Late I have Sent The Honble Mrs. Leighs Letter Inclosed in yours which I think would Be Better for you to open and Explain to Mrs. Leigh For I fear the Contents of the Letter will be too much For her And You will Please to Inform Lady Byron and Honble Miss Byron whom I am wished to See when I Return with My Lords Effects and his Dear and Noble Remains Sir you will Please Mannage in the Most Mildest way Possable or I am much affraid Of the Consequences Sir you will Please Give my Duty To Lady Byron Hoping She will allow me to see Her by My Lords Pertickeler wish and Miss Byron Likewise Please to Excuse all Deffects for I Scearseley Now what I either Say or Do for after 20 Years Service To My Lord he was More to me than a father and I am too much Distressed to now Give

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a Correct accompt Of every Pertickeler which I hope to Do at My arival in England Sir you will Likewise have the Goodness to Forward the Letter To The Honble Capt George Byron whom Has the Representative of the familey and Title I thought it my duty To Send him a Line But You Sir will Please to Explain To him all Pertickelers has I have not time has the Express his now Ready to Make his voyage Day and night Till he arives In London I Must Sir Praying forgivness and Hopeing at the Same time that you will So far Oblige me has to Execute all my wishes which I am well Convinced you will Not Refuse I Remain Sir

"Your Most Ob^t^ and Verry Hum^ble^ Servant,

"W. FLETCHER,

"Valet To the Late L. B. For 20 years.

"P.S.—I Mention My Name and Capacitey that you may Remember and forgive this when You Remember the Quantitey of times I have been at your house in Albermarle Street."

2.—Count Pietro Gamba to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

"Aug. 17, 1824.

"HONORABLE LADY,—After the ever to be lamented loss of your illustrious brother, with whose friendship I was so long honored, my sole aim was to fulfill my duties towards his memory and towards those whom I knew were nearest and dearest to him when alive. Would that my information on this subject were such as to satisfy your wishes; but it will be difficult for me to tell you anything with which you are not already acquainted. I kept note of every word uttered by him in his last solemn moments; but my narrative will make it clear to you that his disorder was so sudden as to take us all by surprise—and himself more than all.

"If you chose it, I could give you a minute and exact account of his manner of life and of every thing concerning his state of body and mind from the beginning of his fatal expedition to Greece, for I was not only constantly with him, but I kept a regular journal. But at present I will speak only of the last part of that period—after his attack of epilepsy.

"On the 15th of February, about seven o'clock in the evening, he was taken with a sudden seizure, as you will have been informed. After that he lived with the utmost abstinence—vegetables and a little fish were his only food. But he took too much medicine, as indeed he was accustomed at all times to do.

"He persuaded himself that diet and exercise were the best preventatives against a relapse. He took therefore, every day that the weather permitted, long rides; nor did he think that enough; for every evening, and sometimes twice a day, he played at single-stick or at the sword exercise. The continued demands of the Greeks for money were become insupportable to him; attempts were made to keep them at a distance, but who can defend himself from the importunities of these people?

"When the turbulent conduct and the unreasonable pretensions

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of the Suliotes (a warlike tribe of Albania) had induced him to free himself from all connexion with them and to abandon his favorite enterprize against Lepanto, he employed himself in the organization of a Greek Brigade to be officered by Franks and payed and commanded by himself: I was his second in command. We were on the point of having every thing ready, and he counted upon leaving as soon as possible the marshes of Messolonghi.

"18th of March.

"A messenger arrived from Colonel Stanhope from Athens, inviting my lord and Maurocordato to a congress to be held at Salona. He hoped that journey would be good to his health and to his spirits, as had been the case the last year in Ithaca. In two or three days every thing was ready for his departure, but the weather was against us—the roads were impracticable. For fifteen days it was impossible to attempt the passage across the mountains. In the mean time My lord, by persevering in the same mode of life, had become very thin; but he was glad of it, being much afraid at all times of the contrary habit of body. His temper was more irritable; he was frequently angry about trifles—more so, indeed, than about matters of importance: but his anger was only momentary. Frequently he complained of not feeling himself well—of vertigoes in the head—of a disposition to faint—and occasionally he told me that he experienced a sort of alarm without any apparent cause. He wrote little or nothing, except now and then a private letter—all his letters on public business or from the various Greek leaders, who annoyed him from all quarters, were handed to me.

"The 9th of April.

"In the morning of that fatal day he received letters from the Ionian islands and from England, full of the most gratifying intelligence—particularly one of yours containing an account of the health of his daughter Ada, together with her profile cut in black. He came out of his chamber early with the portrait in his hand. He talked about it a great deal, and he remarked to me that his daughter [just as was the case with him when a child] preferr'd tales and stories in prose to poetry; and he then observed that it was very singular that his sister should have had a severe illness at the very time of his fit.

"As he had not ridden for three or four days he was determined, notwithstanding it threaten'd rain, to go out on horseback. Three or four miles from the town we were caught in a heavy rain. Messolonghi lies in a low flat—on one side covered by a wide ditch, on the other washed by the salt marshes. Our house was on the marshes. The entrance into the town and the streets themselves are so muddy that both going and returning he was always ferried in a little boat to and from the place of his ride. When he came back to the town wall he was very wet and in a perspiration. I wanted him to go home on horseback, instead of sitting still in a boat whilst in that state: but he would not, and he replied, 'I should make a fine soldier if I did not know how to stand such a trifle as this.'

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"Two hours after his return he found himself shivering all over; he had a little fever and rheumatic pains. About 8 o'clock I came into his room. He was lying on a sofa restless and melancholy. He said to me, 'I am in great pain; I should not care for dying, but I cannot bear these pains.'

"The doctor proposed bleeding: he refused, saying, 'Is there no remedy but bleeding?'

"I am afraid that one of the physicians complied too much with his prejudice against bleeding, and told him that there was no necessity for it. But at that time there was not the slightest suspicion of danger—nor was there any danger then.

"10th April.

"He was always shivering: he did not go out of doors, but got up at his usual hour. He transacted some business.

"11th April.

"At ten o'clock in the forenoon he would go out on horseback an hour earlier than usual, for fear that it might rain later in the day. He rode a long time in the olive woods a mile from the town. He talked a great deal, and seemed in better health and spirits.

"In the evening the Police acquainted My Lord that a Turkish spy had taken refuge in his house. He was a relation of the master of the house. Byron himself gave orders for his arrest. The discovery of these disgraceful and vile plots had little effect upon him, if I may judge by what he said and did.

"12 April.

"My Lord kept his bed with a rheumatic fever—he thought that his saddle had been wet when he rode the day before; but it was more probably the effect of the wetting he had had on the former day.

"13 April.

"He got out of bed, but not out of his house; his fever was allayed, but his pains still continued: he was out of spirits and irritable.

"14 April.

"He rose at twelve o'clock: he appear'd calmer: the fever was diminished, but he was weak and had pains in the head. He wished to ride, but the weather was threat'ning and his doctors advised him not to go out.

"It was thought that his complaint was got under, and that in a few days he would be quite recovered; there was no suspicion of danger. He was pleased at having a fever, for he thought it might counteract the tendency to epilepsy. He received many letters, and he told me to answer many of them.

"15th April.

"The fever continued, but his rheumatic pains and his headaches were gone. He seemed easier. He wished to ride, but the weather prevented him.

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"He received many letters, and amongst them one from a Turkish Governor to whom he had sent some prisoners that he had set at liberty. The Turk thanked him, and asked him to liberate others. This letter pleased him much.

"16 April.

"I was confined to my bed all day with a sprained leg. I could not see him; but they brought me word that his disorder was taking a regular course, and that there was no alarm. He himself wrote a letter to the Turk, and sent it to me to get it translated into Greek.

"17 April.

"I contrived to walk to his room. His look alarmed me much. He was too calm. He talked to me in the kindest way, but in a sepulchral tone. I could not bear it. A flood of tears burst from me and I was obliged to retire.

"This was the first day on which dreadful suspicions were awakened. He suffer'd himself to be bled for the first time. During the night he could get no sleep. He perspired violently on his neck and head. It was fear'd that the inflammation would reach his brain. It was only then that it was proposed to send for Doctor Thomas—but he could not come in time. Fletcher says that he had proposed it to him two or three days before, and that he had refused. But I am not aware that any one suspected his danger until the 17th of April—nay more—it was thought the day before that he was better.

"He had not been able to sleep for some nights, and then it was that he said to Doctor Millingen, 'I know that without sleep one must either die or go mad—I would sooner die a thousand times.'

"He said the same thing to Fletcher afterwards. In the night between the 17th and 18th he had some moments of delirium, in which he talked of going to battle; but neither that night nor in the whole of the forenoon of the next morning was he ever aware of his danger.

"18th of April.

"On the morning of the 18th it was feared that there was an inflammation of the brain. The Doctors proposed another bleeding; but he refused.

"At twelve o'clock I was standing near his bed. He asked me if there were any letters come for him. There was one from a Greek bishop, but fearing to agitate him I said there were none. 'I know,' he said, 'there is one to Maurocordato and Zuriottis'—'It is true, My Lord'—'Well, I want to see it.'

"In five minutes I returned with the letter. He opened it himself; it was partly in French, partly in Modern Greek. He translated the French into English without hesitation. He tried to translate the Greek: fearing that it might fatigue him, I offer'd to get it translated. He would not let me: at last he made it out himself; he made several remarks upon it and said, 'As soon as Napier comes we'll try what we can do' and . . . A clear proof that at twelve o'clock on the 18th he had no notion of his danger.

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This being Easter Sunday, there was a grand ceremonial. It is usual in Greece after twelve o'clock on this day to discharge cannon and musquetry. It was thought best to march the Brigade without the walls, and by a few discharges of artillery to attract the crowd so as to prevent a noise near the House. In the mean time the Government order'd the town guard to patrole the streets, to inform the citizens of the situation of their illustrious benefactor, and to exhort them to maintain tranquillity and silence near his dwelling.

"Whilst we were without the town the disease increased and he was made aware of his danger. How unfortunate that we were not at home! He tried to make himself understood by Fletcher, as he himself will have told you.

"From a circumstance collected from his servant Tita, I think he was convinced of his imminent danger after the consultation held by his physicians about four o'clock in the afternoon. There were near his bed Tita, Fletcher, and Doctor Millingen. The latter could not keep in his tears, nor could the other two. They wished to retire in order to hide them. On which he said, almost with a smile, 'Oh, what a fine scene!' and then he exclaimed, 'Call Parry, I have something of importance to tell him.'

"Doubtless this was some testamentary direction.

"Parry was out with me. When he came he could scarcely recognize any one. He wished to sleep. He continued asleep for half an hour. About half-past five he awoke. I had not the heart to see him. I sent Parry. My lord knew him—he tried to express his wishes—he could not. About six o'clock he fell into a sleep. Alas! it was his last sleep. He breathed, however, until six in the evening of the next day, but without speaking a word or being sensible.

"I collected all the words he uttered in those few hours in which he was certain of his danger.

"He said, 'Poor Greece! Poor People! my poor family! Why was I not aware of this in time? but now it is too late.' Speaking of Greece he said, 'I have given her my time, my money, and my health—what could I do more? Now I give her my life.'

"He frequently repeated that he was content to die, and regretted only that he was aware of it too late. He mentioned the names of many people and several sums of money, but it was not possible to distinguish clearly what he meant. He named his dear daughter—his sister—his wife—Hobhouse and Kinnaird.

"'Why did I not go to England before I came here? I leave those that I love behind me—in other respects I am willing to die.'

"After six o'clock in the evening of the 18th it is certain that he suffered no pain whatever.

"He died in a strange land and amongst strangers, but more loved—more wept—he could not have been.

"It is a comfort to think that he died when his glory shone with its brightest lustre; and that, with his turn of mind and in the career on which he had entered, he would have been exposed to many disappointments.

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"I was charged by Prince Alex.r Maurocordato with the care of his papers and of his effects. The reasons and the course of my conduct I have explained to Mr. Hobhouse.

"If I shall have fulfilled your wishes, it will be for me the recompense most grateful to my feelings and the most soothing of all consolations.

"Those who are acquainted only with his writings will lament the loss of so great a genius: but I knew his heart. If to have sincere companions of your sorrows will at all alleviate them, be assured that the grief of no one can be more deeply, more truly felt than that of

"Your very humble serv.t
"PETER GAMBA."

3.—Mavrocordatos to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

"Missolonghi, le 1.er May, 1824.

"MADAME,—Les sensations douloureuses, qui affectent mon ame oprimée, ne me permettent pas des expressions de condoléance. Votre perte est une perte Européenne, une perte générale; mais surtout une perte immense et irréparable pour la Grèce, pour la patrie adoptive de celui qui l'a secourue dans les momens les plus critiques, qui l'a soulagée dans sa dernière détresse, qui en fut proclamé le bienfaiteur. Si notre situation actuelle ne nous permet pas de faire tout ce qui est dû à la mémoire de ce grand homme, notre cœur en sent bien le besoin, et les larmes que nous versons sont une preuve des sentimens qui y sont profondément gravés.

"Mais si le deuil est général, si les larmes abondent dans les yeux de tous les Grecs, les habitans de cette Ville, témoins oculaires des vertus et des bienfaits du Grand homme, qu'ils comptaient déjà avec orgeuil au nombre de leurs concitoyens, sentent et sentiront pour toujours beaucoup plus que tous les autres, l'immensité de leur perte. La privation du Corps de leur bienfaiteur est, après sa mort, un second malheur pour eux; et ils implorent la permission de retenir une partie des restes de leur concitoyen. Tel est le but de la lettre ci-incluse adressée à la Noble fille du défunt: à qui ces restes inestimables appartiennent de droit. Vous ne m'accuserez pas de témérité, Madame, si je prends la liberté de demander Votre intercession en leur faveur; Vous partagez trop les Nobles et généreux sentimens de Votre frère pour rejeter une prière si générale, si justifiée par les sentimens mêmes qui la provoquent.

"Veuillez bien agréer l'expression du plus profond respect avec lequel j'ai l'honneur d'être,

"Madame,
"Votre très humble et très Obéissant serviteur
"A. MAUROCORDATO."

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APPENDIX VIII.

PROSE FRAGMENTS.

IN this Appendix are included two fragments in Byron's handwriting: one, on an Italian Carnival, was perhaps intended for *The Liberal;* the other is on the State of Greece in 1824.

1.—An Italian Carnival.

"Febry. 6th, 1823.

"In the year 18— a young Englishman had resided for some time in the Italian City of I——, for the Geography of which the reader is referred to the Map, and for the description to the Guide Book.

"It is possible that he may derive no great information from either of these sources, inasmuch as it is but little frequented by the second-hand Society of half-pay economists, no-pay dandies, separated wives, unseparated *not*-wives, the Starke, or Invalid, or Forsyth, or Eustace, or Hobhouse travellers—as they are called according to their Manual; neither had the great irruption of Welbeck Street broke loose, or yet invaded its venerable precincts.

"In short, the middle *ton*, which is a very distinct thing from the *bon ton* which England possessed (and may perhaps still possess), had neither disgusted the natives, nor dishonoured their country; perhaps Rome, or Naples can say the same—or Florence. Ask them.

"The inhabitants, from their slight and transient intercourse with strangers, had preserved more of the older Italian character and customs than is to be found in the usual marts for foreigners to which the principal cities of Italy are now degraded.

"They are, or were, braver and perhaps more ferocious. The City was rich, and consequently preserved something both of the virtues and vices of independence. The inhabitants felt, it is true, the common disgust of Italy, as well as Europe, at the Holy alliance, and the Austrian despotism, for, though nominally exempt from them, they felt their influence in some measure—and indeed what nation does not? But as the pressure was less upon them than upon the provinces immediately trampled on by that atrocious power,

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their aversion might be rather less—still it was great, and it was open. The nobility were in general well to pass in their properties, and some of them of very considerable wealth; the Citizens also presented fewer of those wretched inequalities, so obvious in general over the peninsula.

"The concluding festivals of the Carnival, that universal Harlequinade in Catholic countries, but more especially in Italy, were now in their final orgasm of Buffoonery, intrigue, and universal amusement. As their term approached, their joy, or at least their hilarity, was redoubled. All was Mime, and Masque, and 'Christian fools with varnished faces.' Beneath these same 'varnished faces,' chiefly confined to the females, there were many beautiful, and a *quantum sufficit* of some which acquired their beauty from the mystery of their vizor. But grave and gay, old and young, handsome and those who might be called so by courtesy, were all abroad, laughing, flirting, tormenting, pleasant and sometimes pleasing. The Men, in general, with few exceptions, and those of the lower orders, were in their usual garb, and, perhaps, by this added to the genuine spirit of the scene—by appearing in their own characters, such as they were. In England, I, that is We (for the anonymous, like Sovereigns, multiply their Egotism into the plural number) have seen many a splendid and dull Masquerade; dull, because they attempted to support Characters under a piece of paste-board without having even any of their own. But the Italians pretend to nothing of the kind, at least at present; or, when they do, at some more solemn festival, I suspect that is none of the most agreeable.

"A masque is merely a dress, or a disguise, but not an attempt at farce or comedy. Their parts are not studied. On the contrary, as somebody has said of Somebody that 'he (or 'she,' I forget which) is never less alone than when alone,' it may be observed that a woman, at least a Continental woman, is never less a Masque than when a Masque, unless, perhaps, to her husband, or some truculent relation.

"It is at this periodical Saturnalia (for one great distinction between England and Catholic countries in this respect is, that the Populace are the equal and perhaps the merriest partakers of the amusements), that all ranks are jostled, and mingled, and delighted, and all this without fear, observance, or offence. A Masque is privileged to a certain point, and that is decency, and there are, the multitude considered, few who transgress the rule.

"There is—to a foreigner—a mixture of mystery and hilarity, in this general burst from everyday cares, that renders a Carnival peculiarly attractive. There is a Masque, and recollect that it is a female, at every turn, at every corner, in every theatre, in every street, in every hall, in every cottage, in every palace.

"Curiosity is always excited, sometimes Passion, and occasionally Pleasure. If you do not always recognise, you are generally recognised (the men, that is, who rarely masque)—and the jest, or the hint, or the present of a flower with which you are greeted, have a novelty even from a former acquaintance. Life becomes for the moment a drama without the fiction.

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"Perhaps the Italians would but ill exchange their Carnival for a Parliament; but they long for the latter, and if England would barter with them, there might be no great loss to either; it would be Masquerade for Masquerade—with the people represented by themselves."

2.—The Present State of Greece.

"Febry. 26th, 1824.

"The present state of Greece is perhaps different from what has been represented both by friends and enemies. The foreigners in Greece have, with few exceptions, never been in the Country before, and of those exceptions still fewer have visited these regions before the revolution. Those who have will be rather surprised that the disorganization is not still greater, although, in any other country, it would appear unbounded. The Greeks have been downright Slaves for five centuries, and there is no tyrant like a Slave. The Delegate of a Despot is still a bondsman, and men whose fathers' fathers, farther than they can reckon, were absolute vileins, without property even of their own persons, still move as if they were in fetters, or, in many instances, may seem only to have exchanged the chains of the prisoner for the freedom of the jailor. This is a hard truth; but we fear that it *is* one. We are not here to flatter, but to aid, as far as in our power, to a better order of things, and, whether *of* the Greeks or *to* the Greeks, let the truth be spoken.

"The number of pamphlets which have been published in Europe on the subject of the Greek contest has of course been sufficient. We have not been in the way of seeing many of these, and those we have seen were not much to the purpose. The narratives of travellers, military and civil, may not have been less numerous. Without entering into their merits or demerits, it is more essential to advert to the person, or rather to the circumstances which have produced them. *One* thing it is essential to remark, viz. that hitherto *no* stranger has succeeded in Greece, either in doing much for the natives, or for himself. French, Germans, Italians, English, Poles,—men of all nations, ages, and conditions,—military and naval, rich and poor, good and evil, speculative and practical,—merchants, officers, tars, Generals, German Barons and Bankers, English gentlemen and adventurers,—and surely some men of talent and good intention amongst them—have in the course of the last three years run the Gauntlet of Greece, and, of the Survivors of fever, famine, fatigue, and the sword, the greater part of those who have not gone back in disgust—remain in misery. Perhaps they would complain less of penury in a climate, where neither friends nor foes are embarrassed with wealth; but some of them, and not without justice, may remonstrate against neglect, for, on most occasions where opportunity has permitted, it has been allowed by the Greeks themselves that the strangers have done their duty."

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APPENDIX IX.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS FROM BYRON.

IN this Appendix are collected sixteen letters which were omitted from their proper places in the chronological order.

The letters to John Hanson are printed from the Egerton collection of MSS. in the British Museum.

To John Ridge.[1]

Dorant's, A. Street, February 16th, 1808.

MR. RIDGE,—I am sorry it should happen so unluckily for you, but the *chasm* cannot be filled up by anything new in my possession. I have sent you one poem in seven stanzas or 56 lines cut from my manuscript book, but that will do little. You may place it *last* or *where* you please, but I must see a *proof* of it as well as every new piece in the volume. You must use your own discretion about re-printing, and taking poems from the latter part to fill up the vacancy.

I care not how they are arranged except for your convenience—by the bye. I shall have no *preface* or *advert.*, nothing but the dedication.

Yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

P.S.—The engravings I do not like, and shall only use one, *the View of Harrow.*

1. Reprinted from *Newark as a Publishing Town*, p. 35.

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To John Hanson.

Malta, August 31st, 1809.

SIR,—It is rather singular you have not addressed any letter to this place since my departure from England; I have crossed Portugal, travelled through the South of Spain, been in Sardinia and Sicily, and on my arrival here fully expected to hear some account of the sale of Wymondham, etc. Several packets have touched with dispatches and, as it is probable I proceed to Constantinople immediately, the disappointment is greater. I request that whatever money can be spared may be forwarded in letters of credit to Malta and Constantinople. If Sawbridge's money is paid, another thousand was to have been advanced to Hammersley by this time, and when convenient I request that remittances may gradually be made, more or less, and next spring when Rochdale is sold you will forward an account of the surplus after the deductions are made for debts, etc. I do not speak from any present necessity but I wish to have all that can be spared, remitted, as I shall remain long abroad provided no accidents occur. I have sent back all my English servants but one. You will remember that remittances travel slowly to Constantinople, consequently the earlier they are made the better; letters are sometimes 6 months on their passage. As to my affairs you must manage them as you best can. I have full confidence in your integrity, but expect and desire no favours, indeed I need not. Whatever distress I may encounter, I will not sell Newstead, and whether further monies can be advanced or not, I expect at least a letter on the subject, addressed to this place, from whence it will be forwarded to me, wherever I may be.

You have doubtless received my letters through

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different channels, and I once more beg they may be answered as they relate to Business. Pray present my remembrances to Mrs. Hanson and the family. I remain

Your very obed^{t} Servt,

BYRON.

To John Hanson.

Prevesa in Albania, Sept. 29th, 1809.

SIR,—I write merely on the old topic, to put you in mind in time to forward what remittances you can through Hammersley to the same Bankers at Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople. Address your own letters to the latter city to the care of Messrs. Barbauld & Co., Bankers. I am now in Greece where I shall travel some time, and so on to Constantinople. I am going to morrow to Yanina, the court of Ali Pacha, the Turkish Governor of this country. I was well received at Malta by the Governor, etc., who gave me a passage in a ship of war to this port. We went from Cadiz to Gibraltar in a frigate, and thence to Sardinia, Sicily and Malta.

The Consul has gotten me a house here, and when I have viewed the ruins of Nicopolis, I shall proceed to Ali Pacha up the interior. The bay where we now lie was the scene of the famous battle of Actium. I have seen Ithaca, and touched in the Morea at Patras, where I found the Greeks polite and hospitable. In a few weeks we shall be at Athens, cross the sea to Smyrna, and thence to Constantinople is three days journey. There I expect to hear from you; you are very *remiss*. Remember me to all your family, particularly to Mrs. Hanson, but do not expect to see me soon. I am now above three thousand miles from Chancery Lane. Above all, remember the remittances, and tell Mrs. Byron you

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have heard from me; you have doubtless seen Murray and the boy.

Yours truly,
BYRON.

P.S.—You should write two or three letters; one may miscarry, two have a better chance.

To John Hanson.

Prevesa, Novr 12th, 1809.

SIR,—I have just written to Mrs. Byron a long letter, she will inform you of all my late movements if they chance to interest you. I write to you pursuant to my intention at every possible convenient opportunity, to inform you I am alive, and the reason I write frequently is that some letters probably may not reach their destination. I have been travelling in the interior on a visit to the Pacha, who received me with great distinction; but of this and other matters Mrs. B. can inform you. I find Turkey better than Spain and Portugal, though I was not displeased with them. I have been nearly wrecked in a Turkish vessel; the Captain gave all up for lost, but the wind changed and saved us. I have also been lost in the mountains a whole night in a thunder storm, and if these petty adventures afford you any amusement, Mrs. B. (if she receives my letter) can give you a full detail. I am going to pass a year in Greece before I enter Asia; if you write, address to me at Mr. Strani's, English Consul, Patras, Morea.

I have no wish to return to England, nor shall I do so unless compelled by necessity. I am now going to Athens to study the modern Greek which differs from the ancient. Now for my affairs,—I have received not a single letter

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since I left England,—my copyholds I presume are sold, and my debts in some train; what surplus may be of Rochdale, I should wish to convert into annuities for my own life on good security and tolerable interest, or on good mortgages. If nothing remains, sorry as I should be, and much as I should regret it, Newstead must go for the sake of justice to all parties, and the surplus be disposed of in like manner in annuities or mortgage. I still wish to preserve it, though I never may see it again. I never will revisit England if I can avoid it; it is possible I may be obliged to do so lest it should be said I left it to avoid the consequences of my Satire, but I will soon satisfy any doubts on that head, if necessary, and quit it again, for it is no country for me. Why I say this, is best known to myself; you recollect my impatience to leave it, you also know by what I then and still write that it was not to defraud my creditors. I believe you know me well enough to think no motive of personal fear of any kind could induce me to such a measure; it certainly was none of these considerations, but I never will live in England if I can avoid it. *Why*—must remain a secret, but the farther I proceed the less I regret quitting it. The country I am now in is extremely cheap from the scarcity of specie and great fertility of the lands in the plains. I expect to hear from you, and, as I have already told you, to have fresh remittances as there must be funds long ere now. I also expect some account of my affairs, and wish to know what you think Newstead and Rochdale would fetch at a fair price, and what income would accrue from the produce, if laid out in the purchase of annuities for my life, or good mortgages.

I beg to be remembered to Mrs. H. and the family,

And remain, your obed^{t} s^{t},

BYRON.

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To John Hanson.

Patras, Nov. 24th 1809.

SIR,—You will probably receive more letters from me than you expect or wish, but I seize the opportunity of every seaport to acquaint you with my movements. I have written to you from Prevesa, and if you have not received that letter before this, you will soon have it, as will Mrs. Byron one from the same place. I have only one subject to write upon, which is the old one of remittances; if none have been already made I expect some to be forwarded immediately. The sale of the copyholds and the remainder of the £6000 must have furnished a tolerable floating sum, for my purpose, till the Lancashire business can be arranged and sold, and, if that is insufficient, much as I regret it, Newstead must follow the rest, and the produce be laid out either in mortgage or well secured annuities for my own life. This would secure me, after all is paid, a good income for my own life at least, but I shall be loath to have recourse to such an expedient; however, time must determine that point. I have no intention or wish to return to your country and necessity alone will compel me to do it. Mrs. B. can acquaint you with my movements if my last letter has reached her. If not, I will just state that I have been travelling in Turkey through Epirus, Albania, Acarnania, Aetolia, and am now in the Morea, on my way to Athens, where I shall winter. I I have been on a visit to the Pacha, who gave me a guard of forty men through the dangerous defiles of the mountains; I was driven ashore by a gale in a Turkish vessel on the coast of Suli, and proceeded by land after crossing the Ambracian Gulph to Missologia (*sic*) and by sea to Patras, whence I now write. Address to me at

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Mr. Strani's, British Consul, Patras, Morea. I hope to hear of you through my Bankers at Constantinople, or at least from Hammersley. I trust your family prosper, and believe me their well wisher. I shall expect to hear of marriages and grandchildren. I wish you would order the rents of Newstead to be raised, or at least regularly paid. However, I dont wish to oppress the rascals; but I must live, "as the saying is." Pray get rid of Rochdale as soon as possible, and do not think of my return except from mere necessity. I dislike England and the farther I go, the less regret leaving it.

I remain your obed^{t} Snt.,

BYRON.

To John Hanson.

Athens, March 3^{d} 1810.

SIR,—I have written often,—in vain: neither letters, nor (what is of more importance) further remittances have arrived. I have no redress but to write again and again,—a merry task to one, who hates writing as I do. Letters to Malta or Constantinople, if addressed to my Bankers, will be forwarded to me, wherever I am. Remittances ought to have come long ago from my Norfolk copyholds, from the money raised before I left England, from Newstead, or from my Lancashire sale. But I say no more,—for it is useless. I shall however remember your kindness, in hopes one day to repay it, if I am obliged to revisit your country once more, which I trust to avoid for some time.

Your very obed^{t} Snt.,

BYRON.

P.S.—If you write, address to Malta, or Messrs. Barbauld Bankers, Constantinople, as above.

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To John Hanson.

Smyrna, April 10th 1810.

SIR,—It has been my custom to write to you from every seaport on my arrival and previous to my departure, and though (notwithstanding my repeated requests, since the moment I arrived at *Lisbon* to the *present day*, no answer has been returned) I shall still remind you of my existence. I have always told you to address to me at Malta, whence any letters will be forwarded to me by my correspondents in that island. Tomorrow or tonight I sail for Constantinople in the Salsette frigate, which is to return to England with Mr. Adair, our Ambassador at the Porte. I have the honour to be,

Your obedt Snt.,

BYRON.

P.S.—I request to be remembered to Mrs. Hanson and those of the family who favour me with their recollection. I shall always be happy to hear of their welfare.

To John Hanson.

Constantinople, May 23d 1810.

SIR,—I wrote to you the other day, but, another conveyance offering, I shall trouble you once more in hopes of at last extorting a reply. I shall return to Greece when Mr. Adair takes his leave; I am to accompany him to the Sultan. You will address to Malta whence my letters are forwarded. I shall probably pass my summer in the Morea, and expect occasional remittances as circumstances may occur. If Mrs. Byron requires any supply, pray let her have it at my expence, and at all events, whatever becomes of me, do not allow

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her to suffer any unpleasant privation. I believe I mentioned in my last that I had visited the plains of Troy, and swam from Sestos to Abydos in the Dardanelles; any of your classical men (Hargreaves or Charles) will explain the meaning of the last performance and the old story connected with it. I came up in an English Frigate, but we were detained in the Hellespont ten days for a wind. Here I am at last. I refer you for descriptions of Constantinople to the various travellers who have scribbled on the subject. I am anxiously expecting intelligence from your quarter. I suppose you are now at Rochdale. Present my respects and remembrance to all your family, and believe me,

Yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

To R. C. Dallas.[1]

Constantinople, June 23d, 1810.

DEAR SIR,—I seize the opportunity of Mr. Hobhouse's return to England to write a few lines, in the hope that they will find you well and as happy as philosophers are, and men ought to be. I have since my departure from your country (a year ago) been in Portugal, Spain, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, all the most interesting parts of Turkey in Europe, and Asia Minor, including Athens, etc., in the former, and the Troad and Ephesus in the latter, and have at last reached my head quarters, the capital. I have, of course, seen some variety, but I shall content myself with stating my only remarkable personal achievement, swimming from Sestos to Abydos, which I did on the 3d of May, as we lay at anchor in

1. Reprinted from Dallas's *Correspondence of Lord Byron with a Friend*, vol. i. p. 70.

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the Dardanelles, in the Salsette frigate. You will smile at this exploit, but as it made an ancient immortal, I see no reason why a modern may not be permitted to boast of it, particularly as I had no mistress to comfort me at landing, and my labour was even to be its own reward. Mr. Hobhouse, our brother author, will narrate, no doubt, all our adventures, if you seriously incline that way. We have, moreover, been very high up into Albania, the wildest province in Europe, where very few Englishmen have ever been; but I say no more on this head, as my companion will be ready to gratify your enquiries.

I received your letter and request of a prologue at Lisbon, but it was too late; I have ever since been in motion, or I would have prologuized with pleasure. I presume you have had your run by this time. I need not add my good wishes for your drama. If I rightly recollect, you stated something about Murray publishing my rhymes all together, including my Satire. Upon second thoughts he had better let them alone: and if they are not begun on, pray suspend the operation till my return. I heard the other day that my Satire was in a third edition; that is but a poor progress, but Cawthorn published too many copies in the first. However, this circumstance will not interrupt my tranquillity beneath the blue skies of Greece, where I return to spend my summer and perhaps the winter. I am alike distant from praise or censure, which tends to make both very indifferent to me, and so good night to scribbling. Hobhouse's book has been out some time, I hear; but more we know not except a letter from my friend * *, who says the Reviews have attacked it for indecency. I suppose the few stanzas of my writing in the volume have been bedevilled, and indeed they deserve little better. Has your friend Wright galloped on the highway of letters? and what

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have you done yourself? I thirst for intelligence; if you have nothing better to do some afternoon, remember that Malta is my post office.

I refer you to Mr. Hobhouse for detail, and, having now discharged a duty, I will trouble you no more at present, except to state that all climates and nations are equally interesting to me; that mankind are everywhere despicable in different absurdities; that the farther I proceed from your country the less I regret leaving it, and the only advantage you have over the rest of mankind is the sea, that divides you from your foes; your other superiorities are merely imaginary. I would be a citizen of the world, but I fear some indispensable affairs will soon call me back; and as I left the land without regret, I shall return without pleasure. The only person whom I expected to have grieved took leave of me with a coolness which, had I not known the heart of man, would have surprised me; I should have attributed it to offence, had I ever been guilty in that instance of anything but affection. But what is all this to you? Nothing. Good night!

Believe me, yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—I again repeat my request that you will write to Malta. I expect a world of news, not political, for we have the papers up to May. If you tear one another to pieces for a continuance, I must come back and share the carrion. Have the military murdered any more mechanics? and is the flower of chivalry released? we are not very quiet here, the Russians having drubbed the Mussulmen (*sic*), but we talk of peace.

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To John Hanson.

Patras, Morea, October 2d. 1810.

SIR,—On this day fifteen months ago I sailed from England, and since that period I have not been favoured with the slightest intimation from you or any of your family. I am willing to think your letters must have miscarried, yet I have received some from other quarters; but I wish to suppose any thing rather than that you are negligent and uncivil, both of which terms might be applied to such an instance of wilful neglect. I have written from Spain, Malta, Athens, Yanina, Smyrna, Constantinople and the Morea, and I write once more to inforce the former request of

Your very obed.t hum.ble Serv.t,

BYRON.

P.S.—Address to Malta. I return to Athens in a few days.

To John Hanson.

Athens, Nov.r. 4.th 1810.

DEAR SIR,—The Bearer of this, William Fletcher, has lived with me some years and served me very faithfully. The whole sum I owe him for wages and other accounts is *two hundred* and *fifty* pounds, which I desire may be *paid* him as soon as possible. As he was brought up originally to farming, if anything falls at Newstead which may chance to suit, let him have the refusal.

Believe me, d.r Sir, yours very truly,

BYRON.

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To John Hanson.

Athens, January 18th 1811.

DEAR SIR,—I have written my negative to your proposal on the respect of Newstead, by my servant Fletcher, which I presume is delivered by this time, and I write now for the purpose of repeating it. I will *not* sell Newstead, come what may! As I am distressed for money, you will send me remittances, if you can; if you cannot, I must stem the tide as well as possible. I however cannot return to England without a further supply. You perceive I have made my principal tour, *i.e.* to Constantinople, etc., and am returned into Greece again. I am now very undecided, but determined not to return if I can help it. You will present my respects,—to all your family, but I suppose there are others in it *not* of my acquaintance since my departure. You will be good enough when you hear from me always to apprise Mrs. Byron, as she will be anxious, and the arrival of my letters to her uncertain. I write when I can, but you will glance at the Map, and perceive that it is a long voyage for a "single Sheet."

You wont expect a long letter from these outlandish places, and, as you are a man of business, it would be wrong to take up your time with observations on Turks, and Greeks.

I have travelled a good deal, and seen a good deal. I shall be very glad one of these days to take a bottle of your port in Chancery Lane, and hear how your live-stocks go on at Farleigh, and how much Bacon your hinds consume, which article you see I have not forgotten, though I am in a country where it is a damnable sin to think of it. It is a pity you can't make a Mussulman of Manchester, who would then swallow less of that

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expensive dainty, by the bye. I hope that his master dont take so many of Dr. Hill's diet-draughts as formerly, and that he leaves off business (to Hargreaves), and grows fat and farmer-like. I hope when I do arrive to find you all well, the old ones married, the new ones christened, what can I say more?

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

To John Hanson.

Athens, February 1st 1811.

DEAR SIR,—As I have received a firman from the Porte enabling me to visit Aegypt and Syria, I shall not return to England before I have seen Jerusalem and Grand Cairo. I have therefore to request you will remit, my credit being nearly out, and I suppose the return of my servant with Mrs. B.'s Scotch papers will enable you so to do, even if you have not received the Wymondham purchase money. You may sell Rochdale if you can; but I will *not hear* of the sale of Newstead. With my best remembrance to your house, I remain,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Direct your letters to Malta, but let my credit be on Constantinople.

To John Hanson.

Athens, February 28th 1811.

DEAR SIR,—An opportunity occurring I write to mention that having received a firman for Aegypt, etc., I shall proceed to that quarter in the Spring. You will

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if possible remit, as that is equally necessary for coming or going. I beg leave to repeat my *negative* to your proposal about Newstead. If we must sell, sell Rochdale. I have no opinion of funded property, admitting that there were no other reasons against selling. One thing is certain, if I should ever be induced to sell N. I will pass my life abroad. If I retain it, I return, if not, I stay where I am.

With my best remembrances to your family,

I remain yours ever,

BYRON.

To R. C. Dallas.[1]

December 18th, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR,—If you wish to do me the greatest favour possible, which I am soliciting for another, you will let Mr. Murray (who is in despair about it) have the publication of the S. F. if not absolutely impracticable. By so doing you will return *good* for evil; and, in the true gospel spirit "heap coals of fire upon his "head"—pray do. I am sure he will now *deal* liberally by you, and I see him so anxious on this subject, that I quite feel for him, and *so* will you. You shall have it all your own way. I have really no other motive whatever than to assist Murray, and certainly *not* to injure you. This will not only be a triumph to yourself, but will set all right between you and him, and I hope be of eventual service to both. Pray pardon my importunity, and, if you can, comply with it.

Ever most truly yours,

BYRON.

1. Reprinted from Dallas's *Correspondence of Lord Byron with a Friend*, vol. iii. p. 55.

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P.S.—You can easily dispose of Cawthorn, if he has already arranged with you; don't be *embarrassed* about that. I will settle it, or ensure your doing so.

To Leigh Hunt.[1]

March 14, 1816.

DEAR HUNT,—I send you six orchestra tickets for Drury Lane, countersigned by me, which makes the admission *free*—which I explain, that the doorkeeper may not impose upon you. They are for the best place in the house, but can only be used *one* at a time. I have left the *dates unfilled*, and you can *take* your own nights, which I suppose would be Kean's: the seat is in the orchestra. I have inserted the name of Mr. H—— a friend of yours, in case you like to transfer to him—do not forget to fill up the dates for such days as you choose to select.

Yours ever truly,

BYRON.

1. Reprinted from Hunt's *Lord Byron and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. p. 275.

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LETTERS FROM LORD BYRON.

THE following is a complete list, arranged in chronological order, of the letters from Byron which are published in the six volumes of the present edition. When the chronological arrangement has been departed from in the text, notes, or appendices, a reference is given to the volume and page of this edition where the letter will be found.

Those letters which appeared in Moore's *Life* are marked by an *; those printed by Halleck, and not by Moore, are indicated by a §. Moore published 561 letters; Halleck, 635. But Halleck's 74 additions consist, partly, of letters given in Moore's text, or notes, and not numbered; partly of letters reprinted from Dallas's *Correspondence of Lord Byron with a Friend*, or Leigh Hunt's *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*. It does not appear that Halleck had access to any original material.

In the third column of the list the sources of the text are indicated. Wherever the MS. authority is stated, the letter has been published from the original document. To this, however, there are two important exceptions. The letters to Mrs. Leigh and to Miss Milbanke, the source of which is given as "Family Papers," are printed from authenticated copies.

Whenever the word "partially" is followed by a statement of the MS. authority, it will be understood that substantial additions have been made to the text as originally published.

The reference to "Eg. MS. 2611" is to the collection in the British Museum, known as the Egerton Manuscript

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Collection. A few letters addressed to John Hanson, and contained among the Egerton Manuscripts, have not been included in this edition, because, as stated in the Preface to Volume I., they deal with money matters, and are of no interest.

Among the sources of the text reference is made to *The Unpublished Works of Lord Byron* (1872), by H. S. Schultess-Young. This volume contains a number of "attributed "letters," none of which are, in the opinion of the Editor, genuine; some unauthenticated correspondence with a lady addressed as "L——;" and twelve letters to Mrs. Byron. Except as to these last-mentioned letters, of which all but one had been published, in whole or in part, by Moore or by Dallas, the authority of the volume cannot be accepted.

Another work referred to among the sources of the text is *The Inedited Works of Lord Byron, now first published from his letters, journals, and other manuscripts, in the possession of his son, Major George Gordon Byron.* Two parts of this work appeared in New York in 1849. It was then discontinued, and the manuscripts of which Major Byron was possessed became the property of Mr. Murray.

The book referred to as Dallas's *Correspondence of Lord Byron with a Friend* is the edition, in three volumes, published by the Rev. A. R. C. Dallas, the son of Robert Charles Dallas, at Paris, in 1825. The publication of the original work by R. C. Dallas was stopped in England by an injunction, obtained July 7, 1824, by Hobhouse and Hanson, acting as Byron's executors. The printed sheets of so much of the work as had been then completed are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

1798.

Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Nov. 8.	Mrs. Parker	MS. at Trin. Coll., Cambridge; facsimile in Elze's *Life of Byron*, p. 1.

1799.

Mar. 13.	His Mother	Murray MSS.
Undated.	John Hanson	Do.

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1803.

Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
May 1.	His Mother	Murray MSS.
June 23, etc.	,, ...	Do.
Sept.	,, ...	Do.

1804.

Mar. 22.	The Hon. Aug. Byron .	Family Papers; Sharpe's *London Magazine*, N.S., vol. 34, p. 12 (extract).
Mar. 26.	,, ,, ,, .	Murray MSS.; *ibid.*, p. 13 (extract).
Apr. 2.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.; *ibid.*, p. 13 (extract).
Apr. 9.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.; *ibid.*, p. 13 (extract).
Aug. 18.	,, ,, ,, .	Family Papers; *ibid.*, p. 72 (extract).
Aug. 29.	*Elizabeth Bridget Pigot .	Moore, p. 33.
Oct. 25.	The Hon. Aug. Byron .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 72 (extract).
Nov. 2.	,, ,, ,, .	Family Papers; *ibid.*, pp. 72, 73 (partially).
Nov. 11.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.; *ibid.*, p. 73 (partially).
Nov. 17.	,, ,, ,, .	Murray MSS.
Nov. 21.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.; Sharpe, vol. 34, pp. 73, 74 (extract).
Dec. 1.	John Hanson	Do.

1805.

Jan. 30.	The Hon. Aug. Byron .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 74 (extract).
Apr. 4.	,, ,, ,, .	Family Papers; *ibid.*, p. 123 (extract).
Apr. 15.	Hargreaves Hanson . .	Murray MSS.
Apr. 20.	,, ,, . .	Do.
Apr. 23.	The Hon. Aug. Byron .	Do.
Apr. 25.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 123 (extract).
May 11.	John Hanson	Do.
June 5.	The Hon. Aug. Byron .	Family Papers.
June 27.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
July 2.	The Hon. Aug. Byron .	Family Papers; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 123 (extract).
July 8.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Aug. 4.	Charles D. Gordon . .	Kölbing's *Englische Studien*, xxv. 131, 132; printed from copy by Harness, Murray MSS.
Aug. 6.	The Hon. Aug. Byron .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 123 (partially).
Aug. 10.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.; *ibid.*, pp. 123, 124 (extract).
Aug. 14.	Charles D. Gordon . .	Printed from copy by Harness, Murray MSS.
Aug. 19.	Hargreaves Hanson . .	Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Undated.	Hargreaves Hanson . .	Murray MSS.
Oct. 25.	,, ,, . .	Do.
Oct. 26.	John Hanson	Do.
Nov. 6.	The Hon. Aug. Byron .	Family Papers; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 124 (extract).
Nov. 12.	Hargreaves Hanson . .	Murray MSS.
Nov. 23.	John Hanson	Do.
Nov. 30.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Dec. 4.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Dec. 13.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Dec. 26.	The Hon. Aug. Byron .	Family Papers; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 179 (extract).
Dec. 27.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.
	1806.	
Jan. 7.	The Hon. Aug. Byron .	Family Papers.
Feb. 26.	His Mother	Murray MSS.
Mar. 3.	John Hanson	Do.
Mar. 10.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Mar. 25.	,, ,, ...	Do.
May 16.	Henry Angelo	*Reminiscences of Henry Angelo*, vol. ii. p. 132; MS. in Watts Collection, B.M.
Aug. 9.	*John M. B. Pigot . . .	Moore, pp. 34, 35.
Aug. 10.	*Elizabeth Bridget Pigot .	*Ibid.*, p. 35.
Aug. 10.	*John M. B. Pigot . .	*Ibid.*, p. 35.
Aug. 16.	* ,, ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 35, 36.
Aug. 18.	* ,, ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 36.
Aug. 26.	* ,, ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 36, 37.
Undated.	*Elizabeth Bridget Pigot .	*Ibid.*, p. 37.
Dec. 7.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
	1807.	
Jan. 12.	J. Ridge	*Newark as a Publishing Town*, p. 32.
Jan. 13.	*John M. B. Pigot . .	Moore, p. 41.
Jan. 31.	Captain John Leacroft .	Printed from a copy in the Murray MSS.
Feb. 4.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.
Feb. 4.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.
Feb. 6.	*The Earl of Clare . .	Moore, pp. 40, 41.
Feb. 8.	Mrs. Hanson	Murray MSS.
Mar. 6.	*William Bankes . . .	Moore, pp. 41, 42.
Undated.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 42.
Undated.	*—— Falkner	*Ibid.*, p. 42.
Apr. 2.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Apr.	*John M. B. Pigot . .	Moore, p. 52.
Apr. 16.	Edward Noel Long . .	Murray MSS.; *Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 19, 20, *note*.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Apr. 19.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
June 11.	*Elizabeth Bridget Pigot .	Moore, p. 53.
June 30.	* ,, ,, ,, .	*Ibid.*, pp. 53, 54.
July 5.	* ,, ,, ,, .	*Ibid.*, pp. 54, 55.
July 13.	* ,, ,, ,, .	*Ibid.*, p. 55.
July 20.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
July 21.	B. Crosby	Copy in Murray MSS.; *Letters*, vol. i. p. 137, *note.*
Aug. 2.	*Elizabeth Bridget Pigot .	Moore, pp. 55, 56.
Aug. 11.	* ,, ,, ,, .	*Ibid.*, pp. 56, 57.
Oct. 19.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 28.
Oct. 26.	*Elizabeth Bridget Pigot .	Moore, pp. 57, 58.
Nov. 20.	J. Ridge	*Newark, etc.*, p. 32.
Dec. 2.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
	1808.	
Jan. 13.	*Henry Drury	Moore, p. 66.
Jan. 16.	John Cam Hobhouse . .	Dorchester MSS.
Jan. 20.	*Robert Charles Dallas .	Moore, p. 63; Dallas, *Correspondence of Lord Byron with a Friend*, vol. i. pp. 11–14.
Jan. 21.	* ,, ,, ,, .	*Ibid.*, p. 64; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 18–21; Catalogue of the Morrison MSS., 2nd Series, vol. i. p. 446.
Jan. 25.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 44.
Jan. 25.	,, ,, ...	Do., f. 46.
Feb. 2.	James De Bathe . . .	Printed from copy in Murray MSS.
Feb. 11.	*William Harness . . .	Moore, pp. 66, 67.
Feb. 11.	J. Ridge	*Newark, etc.*, p. 33.
Feb. 16.	John Ridge	*Ibid.*, p. 35; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 442.
Feb. 26.	*The Rev. John Becher .	Moore, pp. 67, 68.
Mar. 28.	* ,, ,, ,, .	*Ibid.*, p. 69.
Mar.	*William Harness . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 24; *Letters*, vol. i. p. 178, *note.*
Apr. 26.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 179 (extract).
Sept. 14.	*The Rev. John Becher .	Moore, p. 71.
Sept. 18.	*John Jackson	*Ibid.*, pp. 70, 71.
Oct. 4.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 71.
Oct. 7.	*His Mother	*Ibid.*, pp. 71, 72; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 77, 78.
Nov. 2.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 73; *ibid.*, pp. 79–81.
Nov. 3.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir of Rev. Francis Hodgson*, vol. i. p. 105.
Nov. 18.	John Hanson	Catalogue of the Morrison MSS., 2nd Series, vol. i. p. 446.
Nov. 27.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 107.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Nov. 30.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 179 (extract).
Dec. 12.	*John Jackson	Moore, p. 71; *Letters*, vol. i. pp. 191, 192, *note*.
Dec. 14.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, pp. 179, 180 (practically complete).
Dec. 17.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 85.
Dec. 17.	§Francis Hodgson . . .	Halleck, p. 11 (extract); *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 110.
	1809.	
Jan. 15.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Jan. 25.	§R. C. Dallas	Halleck, p. 11; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 32–34.
Feb. 7.	§ ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 12; *ibid.*, pp. 38, 39.
Feb. 11.	§ ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 12; *ibid.*, p. 44.
Feb. 12.	§ ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 12; *ibid.*, p. 45.
Feb. 16.	§ ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 12; *ibid.*, p. 46.
Feb. 19.	§ ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 12; *ibid.*, p. 46.
Feb. 22.	§ ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 12; *ibid.*, p. 47.
Mar. 6.	*His Mother.	Moore, pp. 77, 78; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 82, 83.
Mar. 18.	*William Harness . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 79; *Literary Life of Rev. W. Harness*, p. 8 (partially).
Undated.	*William Bankes . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 87.
Apr. 25.	§R. C. Dallas	Halleck, p. 13; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 57.
Apr. 26.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 115.
May 15.	The Rev. R. Lowe . .	*Life and Letters of Viscount Sherbrooke*, vol. i. p. 46.
June 22.	*His Mother.	Moore, pp. 88, 89.
June 25.	*The Rev. Henry Drury .	*Ibid.*, p. 89; Catalogue of the Morrison MSS., 1st Series, vol. i. p. 143.
June 25–30.	*Francis Hodgson . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 89–91; *ibid.*, 2nd Series, vol. i. p. 447.
July 16.	* ,, ,, . .	*Ibid.*, p. 91; *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 162 (partially).
Aug. 6.	* ,, ,, . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 91, 92.
Aug. 11.	§His Mother.	Halleck, pp. 14–16; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 87–95; Schultess-Young, pp. 75–82.
Aug. 15.	*Mr. Rushton	Moore, p. 94.
Aug. 31.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 146; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 443.
Sept. 15.	§His Mother.	Halleck, p. 16; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 96; Schultess-Young, pp. 82, 83.
Sept. 29.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 149; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 444.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Nov. 12.	*His Mother.	Moore, pp. 95–98 (partially); Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 99–110; Schultess-Young, pp. 83–93.
Nov. 12.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 154; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. pp. 445, 446.
Nov. 24.	,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, 159; *ibid.*, p. 447.
		1810.
Mar. 3.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 171; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 448.
Mar. 19.	*His Mother.	Moore, p. 103; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 111–113.
Apr. 9.	,, ,, ...	Schultess-Young, p. 94; Murray MSS.
Apr. 10.	§ ,, ,, ...	Halleck, p. 18; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 114, 115; Schultess-Young, p. 95; Murray MSS.
Apr. 10.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 173; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 449.
Apr. 17.	§His Mother.	Halleck, p. 18; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 116, 117; Schultess-Young, p. 96.
May 3.	*Henry Drury	Moore, pp. 103–105.
May 5.	*Francis Hodgson . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 105; *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 164; Morrison MSS.
May 18.	§His Mother.	Halleck, p. 19; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 118; Schultess-Young, p. 97.
May 23.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 181; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 449.
May 24.	§His Mother.	Halleck, pp. 20, 21; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, p. 119; Schultess-Young, pp. 98, 99.
June 17.	*Henry Drury	Moore, pp. 106, 107.
June 23.	R. C. Dallas	Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 70; MS. in possession of W. St. C. Baddeley; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 450.
June 28.	*His Mother.	Moore, pp. 107, 108; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 1–8; Schultess-Young, pp. 100–102.
July 1.	,, ,, ...	Schultess-Young, pp. 102–104.
July 4.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 168.
July 25.	*His Mother.	Moore, pp. 110, 111 (partially); Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 9–12 (partially); Schultess-Young, pp. 104, 105.
July 27.	,, ,, ...	Schultess-Young, pp. 105–107.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
July 30.	*His Mother	Moore, pp. 111, 112; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 13–16; Murray MSS.
Oct. 2.	§ ,, ,, ...	Halleck, p. 23; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 17–19; Schultess-Young, pp. 107–109.
Oct. 2.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 207; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 453.
Oct. 3.	*Francis Hodgson . . .	Moore, pp. 112, 113; *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 171; Rosebery MSS.
Oct. 4.	John Cam Hobhouse . .	Dorchester MSS.
Nov. 4.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 213; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 453.
Nov. 14.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 173; Rosebery MSS.
	1811.	
Jan. 14.	*His Mother	Moore, pp. 114, 115; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 20–24.
Jan. 18.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 221; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 454.
Feb. 1.	,, ,, ...	Do., f. 224; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 455.
Feb. 28.	*His Mother	Moore, p. 115; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 25, 26.
Feb. 28.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 229; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 455.
June 25.	*His Mother	Moore, p. 116; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 27–30.
June 28.	*R. C. Dallas	*Ibid.*, p. 121; *ibid.*, pp. 40–43.
June 29.	*Francis Hodgson . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 115, 116; *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 176.
July 7.	*Henry Drury	*Ibid.*, p. 117; Catalogue of the Morrison MSS., 1st Series, vol. i. p. 143.
July 23.	*His Mother	*Ibid.*, p. 126; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 31.
July 29.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	Major Byron's *Inedited Works of Lord Byron*, p. 15; Murray MSS.; *Letters*, vol. ii. pp. 3, 4, *note.*
July 30.	William Miller . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 13; do.
July 31.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	*Ibid.*, pp. 16–18; do.; *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 4, *note.*
Aug. 2.	*John M. B. Pigot . . .	Moore, p. 127.
Aug. 4.	John Hanson	Eg. MS. 2611, f. 249.
Aug. 7.	*Scrope Berdmore Davies	Moore, p. 129.
Aug. 12.	*R. C. Dallas	*Ibid.*, p. 132; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 70–72.
Aug. 12.	*—— Bolton	*Ibid.*, p. 130.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Aug. 16.	*—— Bolton	Moore, p. 131.
Aug. 20.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 132.
Aug. 21.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 180 (partially).
Aug. 21.	*R. C. Dallas	Moore, p. 133; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 77–81.
Aug. 22.	*Francis Hodgson . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 132, 133; *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 186 (partially).
Aug. 23.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 134; Murray MSS.
Aug. 24.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	*Inedited Works*, pp. 36–38; do.
Aug. 25.	*R. C. Dallas	Moore, pp. 134, 135; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 82.
Aug. 27.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 135; *ibid.*, p. 85.
Aug. 30.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 180 (partially).
Aug. 30.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.; *ibid.*, p. 180 (partially).
Aug. 31.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	*Inedited Works*, pp. 39, 40; Murray MSS.
Sept. 2.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 181 (partially).
Sept. 3.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 194; Rosebery MSS.
Sept. 4.	§R. C. Dallas	Halleck, p. 30; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 89.
Sept. 4.	James Cawthorn . . .	Murray MSS.; *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 24, *note.*
Sept. 5.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 135, 136; Murray MSS.
Sept. 7.	*R. C. Dallas	*Ibid.*, pp. 136, 137; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 100 (partially).
Sept. 9.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 235 (partially).
Sept. 9.	Francis Hodgson . . .	Morrison MSS.
Sept. 10.	§R. C. Dallas	Halleck, p. 31; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 105.
Sept. 13.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 202.
Sept. 14.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 137; Murray MSS.
Sept. 15.	§R. C. Dallas	Halleck, p. 32; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 109.
Sept. 16.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 137; Murray MSS.
Sept. 16.	§R. C. Dallas	Halleck, p. 32; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 111.
Sept. 17.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 137, 138; *ibid.*, p. 113.
Sept. 17.	§ ,, ,, ...	Halleck, p. 32; *ibid.*, p. 116.
Sept. 21.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 138; *ibid.*, p. 117.
Sept. 23.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 138, 139; *ibid.*, p. 120.
Sept. 25.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 209, 210; Rosebery MSS.
Sept. 26.	§R. C. Dallas	Halleck, p. 33; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 130.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Oct. 10.	J. Wedderburn Webster.	Murray MSS.
Oct. 10.	§R. C. Dallas	Halleck, p. 33; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 137.
Oct. 11.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 139; *ibid.*, p. 142.
Oct. 13.	*Francis Hodgson . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 141; *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 212 (extract).
Oct. 14.	§R. C. Dallas	Halleck, pp. 35, 36; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. 146.
Oct. 16.	§ ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 36; *ibid.*, p. 148.
Oct. 25.	§ ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 36; *ibid.*, p. 155.
Oct. 27.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 143.
Oct. 28.	*Mrs. Pigot	*Ibid.*, p. 54; *Letters*, vol. i. p. 131, *note.*
Oct. 29.	R. C. Dallas	Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 156.
Oct. 29.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 144.
Oct. 30.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 144.
Oct. 31.	§R. C. Dallas	Halleck, p. 36; Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 159.
Nov. 1.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 145.
Nov. 17.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 215, 216 (partially); Rosebery MSS.
Dec. 4.	,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 216, 217.
Dec. 6.	*William Harness . . .	Moore, pp. 145, 146.
Dec. 7.	J. Wedderburn Webster.	Murray MSS.
Dec. 8.	*William Harness . . .	Moore, pp. 146, 147.
Dec. 8.	*Francis Hodgson . . ,	*Ibid.*, p. 147; *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 218 (extract); Morrison MSS.
Dec. 11.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 150.
Dec. 12.	*Francis Hodgson . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 147, 148; *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 218 (extract).
Undated.	R. C. Dallas	Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. i. p. 159.
Dec. 15.	*William Harness . . .	Moore, pp. 148, 149.
		1812.
Jan. 21.	*Robert Rushton . . .	Moore, p. 153; Murray MSS.
Jan. 25.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 153; do.
Jan. 29.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 152.
Feb. 1.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 222, 223 (partially); Rosebery MSS.
Feb. 4.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	Moore, p. 154.
Feb. 12.	*Master John Cowell . .	*Ibid.*, p. 154.
Feb. 16.	*Francis Hodgson . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 153, 154 (partially); Rosebery MSS.
Feb. 21.	,, ,, . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 223, 224.
Feb. 25.	*Lord Holland	Moore, pp. 154, 155.
Feb. 28.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.; *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 106, *note.*

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Mar. 5.	*Francis Hodgson . . .	Moore, p. 157 (partially); *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 224; Rosebery MSS.
Mar. 5.	*Lord Holland	*Ibid.*, p. 157.
Undated.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 160, 161.
Undated.	*William Bankes . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 162.
Mar. 25.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 164.
Undated.	Lady Caroline Lamb. .	Murray MSS.
Apr. 20.	*William Bankes . . .	Moore, p. 162.
Undated.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 164.
May 1.	Lady Caroline Lamb. .	Murray MSS. and Family Papers.
May 8.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 164.
May 20.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 164.
June 1.	Bernard Barton . . .	Catalogue of Morrison MSS., 2nd series, vol. i. p. 448.
June 25.	*Lord Holland	Moore, p. 165.
June 26.	Professor Clarke . . .	*Life and Remains of Rev. E. D. Clarke*, p. 627.
July 6.	*Walter Scott	Moore, p. 165.
Undated.	Lady Caroline Lamb. .	Murray MSS.
Sept. 5.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 172; Murray MSS.
Sept. 10.	*Lord Holland	*Ibid.*, pp. 166, 167.
Sept. 14.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 172; Murray MSS.
Sept. 22.	*Lord Holland	*Ibid.*, p. 167.
Sept. 23.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 167.
Sept. 24.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 167.
Sept. 25.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 167, 168.
Sept. 26.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 168.
Sept. 27.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 169.
Sept. 27.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 173, 174; Murray MSS.
Sept. 28.	*Lord Holland	*Ibid.*, pp. 169, 170.
Sept. 28.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 170.
Sept. 28.	*William Bankes . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 173.
Sept. 29.	*Lord Holland	*Ibid.*, p. 170.
Sept. 30.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 170, 171.
Sept. 30.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 171.
Oct. 2.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 171.
Oct. 12.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 174; Murray MSS.
Oct. 14.	*Lord Holland	*Ibid.*, p. 174.
Oct. 18.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Oct. 18.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 174, 175; Murray MSS.
Oct. 18.	Robert Rushton . . .	Murray MSS.
Oct. 19.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 175; Murray MSS.
Oct. 22.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Oct. 23.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 175, 176; Murray MSS.
Oct. 31.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Nov. 8.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Nov. 16.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Nov. 22.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 176; Murray MSS.
Dec. 26.	*William Bankes . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 176.

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1813.

Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Jan. 8.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Feb. 3.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 272-275; Rosebery MSS.
Feb. 3.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Feb. 20.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 177; Murray MSS.
Feb. 24.	Robert Rushton . . .	Murray MSS.
Feb. 27.	John Hanson	Do.
Mar. 1.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Mar. 5.	—— Corbet	Copy in Murray MSS.
Mar. 6.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Mar. 24.	Charles Hanson . . .	Do.
Mar. 25.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	Moore, p. 177; Clayden's *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. pp. 127, 128.
Mar. 26.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers.
Mar. 29.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Apr. 15.	John Hanson	Do.
Apr. 17.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Apr. 21.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 178; Murray MSS.
May 13.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
May 19.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 183.
May 22.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
May 23.	,, ,, ...	Do.
June 2.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Undated.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 181.
June 3.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
June 6.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 275, 276.
June 8.	,, ,, ...	Rosebery MSS.
June 9.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
June 12.	,, ,, ...	Do.
June 13.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 186 (partially); Murray MSS.
June 18.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 186, 187; do.
June 18.	*W. Gifford	*Ibid.*, p. 187.
June 22.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
June 22.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 187.
June 26.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers.
Undated.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.
June 27.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.
July 1.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
July 8.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 187, 188.
July 13.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 188.
July 18.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
July 22.	John Murray	Do.
July 25.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 189.
July 27.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 189.
July 28.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 189, 190.
July 31.	John Murray	Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Aug. 2.	*John Wilson Croker . .	Moore, p. 190.
Undated.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 190; Murray MSS.
Aug. 10.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 190; do.
Aug. 12.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	Murray MSS.
Aug. 22.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 191–193.
Aug. 25.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers; *Letters*, vol. iii. pp. 397–399.
Aug. 26.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 190, 191 (partially); Murray MSS.
Aug. 28.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 193, 194.
Sept. 1.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, 194.
Sept. 2.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	Murray MSS.
Sept. 5.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 194, 195.
Sept. 6.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers; *Letters*, vol. iii. pp. 399–401.
Sept. 8.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 195.
Sept. 9.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 195.
Sept. 15.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	Murray MSS.
Sept. 15.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers.
Sept. 15.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Sept. 25.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	Do.
Sept. 26.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers; *Letters*, vol. iii. pp. 401–404.
Sept. 27.	Sir James Mackintosh .	*Life of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh*, vol. ii. p. 268, *note*.
Sept. 27.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 195, 196.
Sept. 29.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Sept. 30.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	Do.
Oct. 1.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 277, 278.
Oct. 2.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 196.
Oct. 3.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 191; Murray MSS.
Oct. 10.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Oct. 10.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers.
Oct. 12.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 191; Murray MSS.
Nov. 8.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers.
Nov. 10.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Do.; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 404.
Nov. 10.	,, ,, . . .	Do.; *ibid.*, p. 405.
Nov. 12.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Nov. 12.	*William Gifford . . .	Moore, p. 219.
Nov. 12.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 220; Murray MSS.
Nov. 13.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 220; do.
Undated.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 220; do.
Nov. 13.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 220; do.
Nov. 14.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 220; do.
Nov. 14, 1813 to Apr. 19, 1814.	*Journal	*Ibid.*, pp. 199–217 and 226–235.
Nov. 15.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 221; Murray MSS.
Nov. 17.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 221; do.
Nov. 20.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 221; do.
Nov. 22.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 221; do.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Nov. 23.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 221, 222; Murray MSS.
Nov. 24.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 222; do.
Nov. 27.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 222; do.
Nov. 28.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 222; do.
Nov. 29.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers; *Letters*, vol. iii. pp. 406–408.
Nov. 29.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 222; Murray MSS.
Nov. 29.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 222; do.
Nov. 29.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 222, 223; do.
Nov. 30.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 223; do.
Nov. 30.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 196, 197.
Dec. 1.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. p. 271 (partially); Rosebery MSS.
Dec. 2.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 223; Murray MSS.
Dec. 2.	§Leigh Hunt	*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, vol. i. pp. 250–252.
Dec. 3.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 223; Murray MSS.
Dec. 3.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 219; do.
Undated.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 219; do.
Dec. 4.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 218; do.
Dec. 6.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 223, 224; do.
Dec. 8.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 197, 198.
Dec. 11.	§John Galt	Halleck, p. 63; *Life of Lord Byron*, by John Galt, pp. 179, 180.
Dec. 14.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Dec. 14.	*Thomas Ashe	Moore, p. 224.
Dec. 15.	Professor Clarke . . .	*Life and Remains, etc.*, p. 627.
Dec. 18.	R. C. Dallas	Dallas, *Correspondence, etc.*, vol. iii. p. 55; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 456.
Dec. 22.	§Leigh Hunt	Halleck, p. 63; *Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 252, 253.
Dec. 27.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 224; Murray MSS.

1814.

Jan. 2.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 235, 236; Murray MSS.
[Jan.]	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 236; do.
Jan.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Jan. 4.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Jan. 5.	*Thomas Ashe	Moore, p. 225.
Jan.	*J. H. Merivale . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 225.
Jan. 6.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 236.
Undated.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers.
Jan. 7.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 236; Murray MSS.
Jan. 8.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 236, 237.
Jan. 11.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 237 (partially); Murray MSS.
Jan. 12.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers.
Jan. 13.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 237.
Jan. 15.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 237, 238; Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Jan. 16.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 238; Murray MSS.
Jan. 18.	J. Wedderburn Webster.	Murray MSS.
Jan. 22.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 238; Murray MSS.
Jan. 24.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Jan.-Feb. 1.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Feb. 4.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 239; Murray MSS.
Feb. 5.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 239, 240; do.
Feb. 6.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 240; do.
Feb. 7.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 240 (partially); do.
Feb. 9.	§Leigh Hunt	Halleck, pp. 66, 67; *Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 253–256.
Feb. 10.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 240, 241.
Feb. 10.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 241; Murray MSS.
Feb. 12.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 241; do.
Feb. 14.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 241; do.
Feb. 14.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Feb. 16.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	Moore, pp. 241, 242 (partially); Clayden, *Rogers, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 142, 143; original MS.
Feb. 16.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 242; *ibid.*, p. 143; do.
Feb. 16.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 242.
Feb. 17.	*R. C. Dallas	*Ibid.*, pp. 242, 243.
Feb. 17.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Feb. 18.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Feb. 19.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 408.
Feb. 20.	J. Wedderburn Webster.	Murray MSS.
Feb. 20.	§[J. Hamilton Reynolds].	Halleck, pp. 68, 69; copy in the Murray MSS.
Feb. 25.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Feb. 26.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Feb. 26.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 243, 244.
Feb. 28.	*Francis Hodgson . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 240; *Memoir, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 283, 284.
Feb. 28.	*J. Wedderburn Webster.	*Ibid.*, p. 244; Murray MSS.
Mar. 1.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Mar. 2.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Mar. 3.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 408.
Mar. 3.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 244, 245.
Mar. 12.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 245.
Mar. 12.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 246; Murray MSS.
Mar. 15.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 409.
Mar. 30.	Charles Hanson . . .	Murray MSS.
Apr. 9.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 246; Murray MSS.
Apr. 9.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 246, 247.
Apr. 10.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 247, 248; Murray MSS.
Apr. 10.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Apr. 11.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 248; Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Apr. 12.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 248; Murray MSS.
Apr. 12.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Undated.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Apr. 20.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 248.
Apr. 21.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 248, 249; Murray MSS.
Apr. 22.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Apr. 23.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Apr. 25.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 249; Murray MSS.
Apr. 26.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 249; do.
Apr. 26.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 249, 250; do.
Apr. 29.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 251; do.
May 1.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 251; do.
May 4.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 252.
May 4.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 252.
May 5.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 253.
Undated.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 253.
Undated.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 253.
Undated.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 253.
May 9.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.
May 18.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 253, 254.
May 23.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 254.
May 29.	The Countess of Jersey .	Middleton MSS.
May 31.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 255.
June 9.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 256; orig. MS.
Undated.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 256; do.
Undated.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 256, 257 (partially); Clayden, *Rogers, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 144, 145; orig. MS.
June 11.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	Murray MSS.
June 14.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 255, 256.
June 14.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 256; Murray MSS.
June 18.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers.
June 21.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 257; Murray MSS.
June 24.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
June 24.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers.
June 27.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	Moore, p. 257; orig. MS.
July 8.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 257.
Undated.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 258.
July 11.	Charles Hanson . . .	Murray MSS.
July 15.	,, ,, . . .	Do.
July 17.	John Hanson	Do.
July 18.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 258; Murray MSS.
July 18.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 258; do.
July 19.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
July 23.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 258; Murray MSS.
Undated.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
July 24.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 258, 259; Murray MSS.
July 28.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
July 31.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Aug. 2.	,, ,, ...	Do.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Aug. 3.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Aug. 3.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 259; Murray MSS.
Aug. 3.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 259, 260.
Aug. 4.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 260; Murray MSS.
Aug. 5.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 260 (partially); do.
Aug. 12.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 261.
Aug. 13.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 261, 262.
Aug. 27.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Sept. 2.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 262, 263; Murray MSS.
Sept. 7.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 263 (partially); do.
Sept. 11.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Sept. 15.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 263.
Sept. 15.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 264.
Sept. 16.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers.
Sept. 18.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Sept. 20.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 264, 265.
Sept. 24.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Sept. 28.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Oct. 1.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Oct. 5.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Oct. 5.	*The Countess of —— .	Moore, p. 265.
Oct. 7.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers.
Oct. 7.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 265, 266.
Oct. 14.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers.
Oct. 14.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 266, 267.
Oct. 15.	§Leigh Hunt	Halleck, p. 80; *Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. p. 257.
Oct. 16.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers.
Oct. 18.	*Henry Drury	Moore, p. 267.
Oct. 19.	Francis Hodgson . . .	Rosebery MSS.
Oct. 20.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers.
Oct. 21.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Oct. 22.	Miss Milbanke . . .	Family Papers.
Oct. 22.	*John Cowell	Moore, p. 267.
Oct. 24.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Oct. 25.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Dec. 14.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 272.
Dec. 31.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 272; Murray MSS.
	1815.	
Jan. 6.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 273; Murray MSS.
Jan. 6.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Jan. 7.	§Isaac Nathan	Halleck, p. 81; Nathan's *Fugitive Pieces* (facsimile), pp. 144, 145.
Jan. 10.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 273.
Jan. 19.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 273, 274.
Jan. 26.	—— Hay	Murray MSS.
Feb. 2.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 274.
Feb. 2.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 274, 275; Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Feb. 4.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 275.
Feb. 10.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, 275.
Feb. 22.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 275, 276.
Mar. 2.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 276.
Mar. 8.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 276, 277.
Mar. 17.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 277, 278.
Mar. 31.	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge	*Ibid.*, p. 278.
Apr. 9.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Apr. 23.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 281, 282.
May 21.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 282; Murray MSS.
Undated.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
May-June 1.	§Leigh Hunt . . .	Halleck, p. 85; *Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 258–260.
June 12.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 282, 283.
July 7.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 283, 284.
July 18.	—— ——	Draft in Murray MSS.
Undated.	Thomas Dibdin . . .	*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin*, vol. ii. p. 65.
Undated.	,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 65.
July 23.	John Taylor	John Taylor's *Records of my Life*, vol. ii. p. 351.
Aug. 26.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Sept. 3.	The Hon. Mrs. G. Lamb	Catalogue of Morrison MSS., 1st Series, vol. i. p. 143.
Sept. 15.	*William Sotheby . . .	Moore, p. 284.
Sept. 25.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 284, 285.
Sept. 25.	*John Taylor	*Ibid.*, p. 285; *Records of my Life*, vol. ii. pp. 352, 353.
Sept. 25.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 285; Murray MSS.
Sept. 27.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 285, 286; do.
Sept. 23 [28].	Thomas Dibdin . .	*Autobiography, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 69, 70.
Oct. 7.	§Leigh Hunt	Halleck, pp. 87, 88; *Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 260, 261.
Oct. 15.	§ ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 88; *ibid.*, pp. 261, 262.
Oct. 22.	§ ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 88; *ibid.*, pp. 263–266.
Oct. 27.	Samuel Taylor Coleridge	Murray MSS.
Oct. 28.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 286, 287.
Sept.-Oct. 30.	§Leigh Hunt . . .	Halleck, p. 89; *Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 266–270.
Oct. 31.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 288.
Nov. 4.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 288, 289.
Nov. 4.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Nov. 4.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 289.
Undated.	§Leigh Hunt	Halleck, p. 90; *Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 276, 277.
Nov. 14.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 290; Murray MSS.
Dec. 25.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 290; do.
Undated.	§Leigh Hunt	Halleck, p. 91; *Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. p. 276.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Jan. 3.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 299; Murray MSS.
Jan. 5.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 290, 291.
Jan. 20.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 299, 300; Clayden, *Rogers, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 212, 213; orig. MS.
Jan. 21.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Jan. 22.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 300 (partially).
Jan. 23.	Samuel Rogers . . .	Clayden, *Rogers, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 213, 214; orig. MS.
Jan. 29.	§Leigh Hunt.	Halleck, p. 91; *Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 270–272.
Feb. 3.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 301; Murray MSS.
Feb. 8.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 292; orig. MS.
Feb. 12.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 308.
Feb. 16.	John Murray	Do.
Feb. 20.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 301; Murray MSS.
Feb. 26.	§Leigh Hunt.	Halleck, p. 92; *Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 272–274.
Feb. 29.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 292, 293.
Feb. 29.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 317.
Mar. 1.	James Hogg	Copy in Murray MSS.
Mar. 4.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 320.
Mar. 6.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 300; Murray MSS.
Mar. 7.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 321.
Mar.	,, ,, ,, .	Do.; *ibid.*, p. 322.
Mar. 8.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 293, 294.
Mar. 9.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 322.
Mar. 14.	Leigh Hunt	*Lord Byron, etc.*, vol. i. p. 275; *Letters*, vol. vi. App. IX. p. 457.
Mar. 19.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.; *ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 325.
Mar. 21.	,, ,, . . .	Do.; *ibid.*, p. 325.
Mar. 22.	John Murray	Do.
Mar. 25.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	Moore, pp. 297, 298; Clayden, *Rogers, etc.*, vol. i. p. 214; orig. MS.
Undated.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Mar. 29.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Mar. 30.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Apr. 2.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Apr. 2.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Apr. 2.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Apr. 6.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Undated.	Lady Byron	Catalogue of Morrison MSS., 1st Series, vol. i. p. 143.
Apr. 15.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Family Papers.
Apr. 15.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Apr. 17.	John Hanson	Do.; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 328.
Undated.	Isaac Nathan	Nathan's *Fugitive Pieces*, p. 90.
Apr. 24.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Apr. 25.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh	Family Papers.
May 1.	,, ,, ,,	Do.; Sharpe, vol. 34, pp. 235, 236.
June 27.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 308, 309; Murray MSS.
July 22.	* ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, p. 309 (partially); do.
July 29.	*Samuel Rogers	*Ibid.*, pp. 309, 310 (partially); Clayden, *Rogers, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 227–229; orig. MS.
Aug. 25.	Madame de Staël	Kölbing's *Englische Studien*, vol. xxv. p. 148.
Aug. 28.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Aug. 28.	John Murray	Do.
Sept. 8.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh	Do.; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 236.
Sept. 18–29.	*Journal	Moore, pp. 311–315 (partially); *London Magazine*, March, 1820, pp. 295, 296 (partially); Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 236 (three extracts); Murray MSS.
Sept. 29.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 310 (partially); Murray MSS.
Sept. 30.	* ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, pp. 310, 311 (partially); do.
Oct. 5.	,, ,,	Murray MSS.
Oct. 5.	* ,, ,,	Moore, p. 324; Murray MSS.
Oct. 9.	* ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, p. 324; do.
Oct. 15.	* ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, pp. 324, 325; do.
Nov. 1.	* ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, pp. 325, 326; do.
Nov. 6.	*Thomas Moore	*Ibid.*, pp. 326–328.
Nov. 6.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, pp. 291, 292 (partially).
Nov. 11.	John Hanson	Do.
Nov. 17.	*Thomas Moore	Moore, pp. 329, 330.
Nov. 25.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 332, 333 (partially); Murray MSS.
Dec. 4.	* ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, pp. 333, 334; do.
Dec. 9.	* ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, p. 334; do.
Dec. 19.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, pp. 292, 293 (partially).
Dec. 24.	*Thomas Moore	Moore, pp. 330–332.
Dec. 26.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Dec. 27.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 334, 335 (partially); Murray MSS.

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Jan. 2.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 34, p. 293 (partially).
Jan. 2.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 335, 336 (partially); Murray MSS.
Jan. 24.	* ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, p. 339 (partially); do.
Jan. 28.	*Thomas Moore	*Ibid.*, pp. 337–339.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Feb. 15.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 339, 340 (partially); Murray MSS.
Feb. 19.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 35, p. 14 (partially).
Feb. 25.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 340, 341; Murray MSS.
Feb. 28.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Feb. 28.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 341.
Mar. 3.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 341, 342; Murray MSS.
Mar. 5.	Lady Byron	Printed from the draft in Murray MSS.
Mar. 9.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 342, 343 (partially); Murray MSS.
Mar. 10.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 343, 344.
Mar. 25.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Mar. 25.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 344, 345.
Mar. 25.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 35, p. 14 (partially).
Mar. 25.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 345–347 (partially); Murray MSS.
Mar. 31.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 347.
Apr. 2.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 348, 349 (partially); Murray MSS.
Apr. 4.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 349 (partially); Clayden, *Rogers, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 238–240; orig. MS.
Apr. 9.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 349, 350 (partially); Murray MSS.
Apr. 11.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 351, 352.
Apr. 14.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 352, 353; Murray MSS.
Apr. 14.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 353; do.
Apr. 26.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 353, 354; do.
May 5.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 354; do.
May 9.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 355 (partially); do.
May 10.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
May 12.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 356.
May 27.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 35, p. 15 (partially).
May 30.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 356, 357 (partially); Murray MSS.
June 4.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 357, 358 (partially); do.
June 8.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 358; do.
June 14.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
June 14.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Do.
June 14.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 358, 359; Murray MSS.
June 17.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 359 (partially); do.
June 18.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 359, 360 (partially); do.
July 1.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 360; do.
July 8.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 360, 361; do.
July 9.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 361 (partially); do.
July 10.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 361, 362.
July 15.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 362 (partially); Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
July 20.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 362, 363; Murray MSS.
Aug. 7.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 363; do.
Aug. 9.	Lord Byron's Statement.	*Academy*, Oct. 9, 1869; do.; *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 329.
Aug. 12.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 363, 364; Murray MSS.
Aug. 21.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 364 (partially); do.
Aug. 26.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Sept. 4.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 365, 366; Murray MSS.
Sept. 12.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 366.
Sept. 15.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 366, 367 (partially); Murray MSS.
Sept. 17.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 367 (partially); do.
Oct. 12.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 367–369 (partially); do.
Oct. 23.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 369 (partially); do.
Nov. 3.	Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire	Vere Foster's *Two Duchesses*, pp. 426, 427.
Nov. 14.	Charles Hanson . . .	Murray MSS.
Nov. 15.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 369, 370 (partially); Murray MSS.
Dec. 3.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 370, 371 (partially); do.
Dec. 11.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Dec. 15.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Moore, p. 371.

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Jan. 8.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 371 (partially); Murray MSS.
Jan. 19.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 371; do.
Jan. 27.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 372 (partially); do.
Feb. 2.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 372, 373.
Feb. 20.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 373–375 (partially); Murray MSS.
Feb. 28.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 375.
Mar. 3.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 375–377 (partially); Clayden, *Rogers, etc.*, vol. i. p. 255 (partially); orig. MS.
Mar. 16.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 377.
Mar. 25.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 377 (partially); Murray MSS.
Apr. 11.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 377, 378 (partially); do.
Apr. 12.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 378.
Apr. 15.	Charles Hanson . . .	Murray MSS.
Apr. 15.	John Murray	Do.
Apr. 17.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 378, 379 (partially); Murray MSS.
Apr. 23.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 379 (partially); do.
May 31.	Charles Hanson . . .	Murray MSS.
May 31.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	Do.
June.	John Cam Hobhouse . .	Do.
June 1.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 379, 380.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
June 10.	Charles Hanson . . .	Murray MSS.
June 16.	John Murray	Do.
June 18.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 386 (partially); Murray MSS.
June 25.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
June 28.	,, ,, ...	Do.
June 30.	,, ,, ...	Do.
July 10.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 387; Murray MSS.
July 17.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 387, 388 (partially); do.
Aug. 3.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.
Aug. 3.	John Murray	Do.
Aug. 26.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 388 (partially); Murray MSS.
Aug. 31.	*Captain Basil Hall . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 388, 389.
Sept. 8.	J. Wedderburn Webster .	Murray MSS.
Sept. 19.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 389, 390.
Sept. 24.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 390, 391; Murray MSS.
Sept. 30.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Oct. 6.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Oct. 13.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Nov. 18.	Lady Byron	Printed from the draft in Murray MSS.
Nov. 18.	D. Kinnaird and J. C. Hobhouse	Murray MSS.
Nov. 18.	Colonel Wildman . . .	Washington Irving's *Miscellanies*, No. II. (1835), p. 137.
Nov. 24.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
	1819.	
Jan. 20.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 391 (partially); Murray MSS.
Jan. 25.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 391; do.
Feb. 1.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 391, 392; do.
Feb. 22.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Mar. 9.	John Hanson	Do.
Apr. 3.	John Murray	Do.
Apr. 6.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 392 (imperfectly); Murray MSS.
Apr. 27.	§The Editor of *Galignani's Messenger*	Halleck, pp. 134, 135; lithographed facsimile.
May 6.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 395 (P.S. only); Murray MSS.
May 15.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 394, 395 (partially); do.
May 18.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
May 20.	,, ,, ...	Do.
May 25.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 395 (partially); Murray MSS.
June 2.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 396 (partially); do.
June 6.	* ,, ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, pp. 397, 398; do.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
June 7.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 398, 399 (partially); Murray MSS.
June 20.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 400 (partially); do.
June 29.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 400, 401 (partially); do.
July 2.	J. Wedderburn Webster.	Murray MSS.
July 2.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Moore, pp. 401, 402.
Aug. 1.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 403 (partially); Murray MSS.
Aug. 9.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 403, 404 (partially); do.
Aug. 12.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 404-406 (partially); do.
Aug. 23.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 406; do.
Aug. 24.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 407, 408; do.
Aug. 25.	*The Countess Guiccioli .	*Ibid.*, p. 407.
Aug. 29.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 408, 409 (partially); Murray MSS.
Sept. 17.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Sept. 27.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Oct. 3.	John Cam Hobhouse. .	Do.
Oct. 5.	J. Wedderburn Webster.	Do.
Oct. 22.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Moore, pp. 423, 424.
Oct. 25.	* ,, ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, p. 424.
Oct. 28.	* ,, ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, pp. 424, 425 (partially); Murray MSS.
Oct. 29.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 425 (partially); do.
Oct. 29.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 426 (partially); do.
Nov. 8.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 426, 427 (partially); do.
Nov. 20.	*William Bankes . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 428.
Nov. 25.	*The Countess Guiccioli .	*Ibid.*, p. 430, *note.*
Dec. 4.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 428, 429 (partially); Murray MSS.
Undated.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 431.
Dec. 10.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 431, 432; Murray MSS.
Dec. 23.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 35, p. 16 (partially).
Undated.	*The Countess Guiccioli .	Moore, pp. 430, 431, *note.*
Dec. 31.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 432 (partially); Murray MSS.

1820.

Jan. 2.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 432, 433.
Jan. 2.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Murray MSS.; Sharpe, vol. 35, p. 70 (partially).
Jan. 20.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Moore, pp. 433, 434.
Jan. 31.	* ,, ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, p. 434.
Feb. 7.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 434, 435 (partially); Murray MSS.
Feb. 19.	*William Bankes . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 435.
Feb. 21.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 435-437 (partially); Murray MSS.
Feb. 26.	*William Bankes . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 437.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Feb. 28.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Mar. 1.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 437, 438 (partially); Murray MSS.
Mar. 5.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 438; do.
Mar. 14.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 438 (partially); do.
Mar. 20.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 439 (partially); do.
Mar. 23.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 439 (partially); do.
Mar. 28.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 439; do.
Mar. 29.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 440 (partially); do.
Mar. 31.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 440.
Apr. 3.	Lady Byron	Moore's *Memoirs, etc.*, vol. iii. pp. 114, 115.
Apr. 6.	,, ,, ...	Printed from Byron's draft in Murray MSS.
Apr. 6.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Apr. 9.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 440, 441 (partially); Murray MSS.
Apr. 11.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Apr. 16.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 441; Murray MSS.
Apr. 18.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 442 (partially); do.
Apr. 22.	,, ,, ,,	Murray MSS.
Apr. 23.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 442, 443; Murray MSS.
May 8.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 443, 444; do.
May 20.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 444, 445; do.
May 20.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Murray MSS.
May 20.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 445 (partially); Murray MSS.
May 24.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 445, 446.
May 25.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 446.
June 1.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 446, 447.
June 7.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 447, 448; Murray MSS.
June 8.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
June 9.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 449, 450.
June 12.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Murray MSS.
June 15.	Charles Hanson . . .	Do.
July 6.	John Murray	Do.
July 13.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 450, 451.
July 17.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, 451, 452 (partially); Murray MSS.
July 20.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Murray MSS.
July 22.	John Murray	Do.
July 24.	,, ,, ...	Do.
July 27.	John Hanson	Do.
Aug. 2.	Charles Hanson . . .	Do.
Aug. 7.	John Murray	Do.
Aug. 12.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Aug. 17.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Aug. 22.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Aug. 24.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Aug. 29.	,, ,, ...	Do.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Aug. 31.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 452 (partially); Murray MSS.
Aug. 31.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Aug. 31.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 452, 453.
Sept. 7.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 453 (partially); Murray MSS.
Sept. 8.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Sept. 10.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Do.
Sept. 11.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 453.
Sept. 14.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 454.
Sept. 21.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 454.
Sept. 23.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 454.
Sept. 28.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Sept. 28.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 454–456 (partially); Murray MSS.
Oct. 1.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Murray MSS.
Oct. 6.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 456; Murray MSS.
Oct. 8.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 456, 457 (partially); do.
Oct. 12.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 458 (partially); do.
Oct. 12.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Oct. 13.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*The Archivist*, April, 1889, p. 12 (facsimile).
Oct. 16.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 458, 459.
Oct. 17.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, 458–460 (partially); Dr. Brandl, *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, xx. 33 (partially); Murray MSS.
Oct. 17.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 460, 461.
Oct. 25.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 461 (partially); Murray MSS.
Nov. 4.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 461, 462 (partially); do.
Nov. 5.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 462, 463.
Nov. 9.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 463; Murray MSS.
Nov. 18.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 463, 464; do.
Nov. 19.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Nov. 23.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 464, 465 (partially); Murray MSS.
Nov. 30.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Dec. 9.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 465.
Dec. 9.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 465, 466.
Dec. 9.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Dec. 10.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Dec. 14.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Dec. 22.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 73–76.
Dec. 25.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 466, 467.
Dec. 28.	John Murray	Murray MSS.

1821.

Jan. 4—Feb. 27.	*Diary . . .	Moore, pp. 471–490.
Jan. 2.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 491, 492.
Jan. 4.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 492, 493 (partially); Murray MSS.
Jan. 6.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Jan. 11.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Jan. 11.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Jan. 19.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 493 (partially); Murray MSS.
Jan. 20.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 494 (partially); do.
Jan. 20.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 494.
Jan. 22.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 494, 495.
Jan. 27.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 495 (partially); Murray MSS.
Jan. 28.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Murray MSS.
Feb. 2.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 495, 496.
Feb. 12.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Feb. 15.	Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire	*The Two Duchesses*, pp. 436–438; and copy in Murray MSS.
Feb. 16.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 496, 497 (partially); Murray MSS.
Feb. 21.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 497–499; do.
Feb. 22.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 499.
Feb. 26.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Mar. 1.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Mar. 2.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 499; Murray MSS.
Mar. 9.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Mar. 12.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Mar. —	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 500, 501; Murray MSS.
Apr. 3.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 501.
Apr. 21.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 501 (partially); Murray MSS.
Apr. 26.	*Percy Bysshe Shelley .	*Ibid.*, pp. 501, 502.
Apr. 26.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, 502, 503 (partially); Murray MSS.
Apr. 28.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 503.
May 1, 1821—May, 18, 1822.	"My Diary," etc.	Moore, *passim* (partially); *Letters*, vol. v. pp. 403–468; Murray MSS.
May 3.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 503, 504.
May 8.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
May 10.	,, ,, ...	Do.
May 11.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Moore, p. 508.
May 12.	Francis Hodgson . . .	*Memoir, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 76–79.
May 14.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 508, 509; Murray MSS.
May 14.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 509.
May 17.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Murray MSS.
May 19.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 509–511 (partially); Murray MSS.
Undated.	*Madame Guiccioli . .	*Ibid.*, p. 510, *note*.
May 20.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 511.
May 25.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Murray MSS.
May 25.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 511, 512 (partially); Murray MSS.
May 28.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 512; do.
May 30.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 512 (partially); do.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
May 31.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Moore, pp. 512, 513.
June 4.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 513, 514.
June 12.	Giovanni Battista Missiaglia	Murray MSS.
June 14.	John Murray	Do.
June 22.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 514, 515.
June 29.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
July 5.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 515, 516.
July 6.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 516 (partially); Murray MSS.
July 7.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
July 9.	,, ,, ...	Do.
July 14.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 516, 517 (partially); Murray MSS.
July 22.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 517 (partially); do.
July 23.	*Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	*Ibid.*, p. 519.
July 30.	Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire	*The Two Duchesses*, p. 439; and copy in Murray MSS.
July 30.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 519, 520 (partially); Murray MSS.
Aug. 2.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 520, 521.
Aug. 4.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Aug. 7.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Aug. 7.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Aug. 10.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 523; Murray MSS.
Aug. 13.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Aug. 16.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 524 (partially); Murray MSS.
Aug. 23.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 524, 525; Murray MSS.
Aug. 24.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 525, 526.
Aug. 31.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 526 (partially); Murray MSS.
Undated.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 526, 527; do.
Aug. 31.	J. Mawman	Murray MSS.
Sept. 3.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 527.
Sept. 4.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 527, 528; Murray MSS.
Sept. 4.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Undated.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Sept. 9.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Sept. 10.	,, ,, ...	Do.
Sept. 12.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 528, 529 (partially); Murray MSS.
Sept. 17.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 529.
Sept. 19.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 529, 530.
Sept. 20.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 530, 531.
Sept. 20.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 531 (partially); Murray MSS.
Sept. 24.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 531–533; do.
Sept. 27.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Sept. 27.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 533.
Sept. 28	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, pp. 533, 534 (partially); Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Sept. 29.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 534.
[Mar. 1.]	*Lady Byron . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 534, 535.
Oct. 1.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 535.
Oct. 4.	John Murray . . .	Murray MSS.
Oct. 6.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 536.
Oct. 9.	*John Murray . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 536 (partially); Murray MSS.
Oct. 20.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 536, 537 (partially); Murray MSS.
Oct. 21.	*Samuel Rogers . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 537.
Oct. 26.	John Murray . . .	Murray MSS.
Oct. 26.	,, ,, . . .	Do.
Oct. 28.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 537, 538.
Oct. 30.	John Murray . . .	Murray MSS.
Nov. 3.	* ,, ,, . . .	Moore, p. 541 (partially); Murray MSS.
Nov. 9.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 541, 542; do.
Nov. 12.	,, ,, . . .	Murray MSS.
Nov. 14.	,, ,, . . .	Do.
Undated.	,, ,, . . .	Do.
Nov. 16.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 542.
Nov. 17.	*Lady Byron . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 581, 582.
Nov. 20.	Douglas Kinnaird . .	Murray MSS.
Nov. 24.	John Murray . . .	Do.
Dec. 4.	* ,, ,, . . .	Moore, p. 544 (partially); Murray MSS.
Dec. 8.	*John Sheppard . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 543, 544.
Dec. 10.	*John Murray . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 545 (partially); Murray MSS.
Dec. 12.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 545, 546.
Dec. 12.	*Percy Bysshe Shelley .	*Ibid.*, p. 546.
Undated.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 546.

1822.

Jan. 12.	*Sir Walter Scott, Bart. .	Moore, pp. 546–548.
Jan. 22.	John Murray . . .	Murray MSS.
Jan. 22.	,, ,, . . .	Do.
Jan. 23.	,, ,, . . .	Do.
Feb. 6.	*The Hon. D. Kinnaird(?)	Moore, pp. 548, 549; *The Keepsake* (1830), pp. 218-220.
Feb. 8.	*John Murray . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 549, 550 (partially); Murray MSS.
Feb. 17.	John Hanson . . .	Murray MSS.
Feb. 19.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 550.
Feb. 20.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 550.
Feb. 25.	The Hon. D. Kinnaird(?)	*The Keepsake* (1830), pp. 220–222.
Feb. 28.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 550, 551.
Mar. 1.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 551.
Mar. 4.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 551, 552.
[Mar.]	J. C. Armstrong . . .	Murray MSS.
Mar. 6.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 552, 553.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Source of text.*
Mar. 6.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 555; Murray MSS.
Mar. 8.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 555, 556.
Mar. 15.	*John Murray	*Ibid.*, p. 556 (partially); Murray MSS.
Mar. 22.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Mar. 27.	E. J. Dawkins . . .	*Nineteenth Century* for November, 1891.
Mar. 31.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Apr. 2.	The Hon. D. Kinnaird (?)	*The Keepsake* (1830), pp. 222–224.
Apr. 8.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Apr. 9.	John Murray	Do.
Apr. 13.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 556 (partially); Murray MSS.
Apr. 18.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 556, 557 (partially); do.
Apr. 22.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 557; do.
Apr. 23.	*Percy Bysshe Shelley .	*Ibid.*, p. 557.
May 1.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
May 4.	*Sir Walter Scott, Bart. .	Moore, pp. 557, 558.
May 4.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
May 4.	John Murray	Do.
May 16.	,, ,, ...	Do.
May 17.	John Hay	Davey MSS.
May 17.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 558 (partially); Murray MSS.
May 17.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 558.
May 20.	Percy Bysshe Shelley .	Murray MSS.
May 26.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 558, 559; Murray MSS.
May 29.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 559, 560.
June 6.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 560 (partially); Murray MSS.
June 8.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 560, 561.
June 10.	Isaac Disraeli	Isaac Disraeli's *Literary Character* (4th ed., Preface); Beaconsfield MSS.
June 12.	*Edward Ellice . . .	Moore, pp. 561, 562.
June 20.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
July 3.	John Murray	Do.
July 6.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 562, 563; Murray MSS.
July 8.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 563; do.
July 12.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 563.
Aug. 3.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Aug. 8.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 563, 564.
Aug. 10.	John Hanson	Murray MSS.
Aug. 10.	John Murray	Do.
Aug. 10.	Edward John Trelawny .	*Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author* (ed. 1887), p. 190.
Aug. 14.	Rev. Thomas Hall . .	Hall MSS.
Aug. 27.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 564, 565.
Sept 11.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Sept. 19.	W. E. West	*Literary Souvenir* (1827), Preface, p. x.; copy in Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Sept. 21.	Charles Hanson . . .	Murray MSS.
Sept. 23.	John Murray	Do.
Oct. 6.	Mrs. Shelley	*Life and Letters of M. W. Shelley* (ed. Marshall), vol. ii. p. 46.
Oct. 9.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 568, 569 (partially); Murray MSS.
Oct. 22.	,, ,, ...	Murray MSS.
Oct. 23.	John Hanson	Do.
Oct. 24.	John Murray	Do.
Oct. 26.	J. Wedderburn Webster	Do.
Oct. 31.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 569 (partially, as part of another letter); Murray MSS.
Oct. 31.	John Hunt	*Literary Guardian* (1831-2), vol. i. p. 156.
Nov. 7.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Sharpe, vol. 35, p. 71; Family Papers.
Nov. 10.	*Lady ——	Moore, pp. 571, 572.
Nov. 18.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Nov. —.	The Hon. D. Kinnaird (?)	*The Keepsake* (1830), pp. 224-226.
Nov. 21.	Edward John Trelawny.	*Records, etc.*, pp. 191, 192.
Nov. 23.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 569, 570 (partially); Murray MSS.
Nov. 29.	Capt. D. Roberts, R.N.	Murray MSS.
Nov. 29.	Edward John Trelawny.	*Records, etc.*, p. 191.
Nov. 30.	Charles Hanson . . .	Murray MSS.
Dec. 9.	*John Murray	Moore, p. 570 (partially and as part of another letter); Murray MSS.
Dec. 19.	The Hon. D. Kinnaird (?)	*The Keepsake* (1830), pp. 226-228.
Dec. 21.	John Murray	Murray MSS.
Dec. 25.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, pp. 570, 571 (partially); Murray MSS.

1823.

Jan. 8.	John Hunt	*Literary Guardian* (1831-2), vol. i. p. 172.
Jan. 10.	Leigh Hunt	Copy in Murray MSS.
Jan. 13.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Murray MSS.
Jan. 18.	The Hon. D. Kinnaird .	Copy in Murray MSS.
Jan. 25.	Leigh Hunt	Do.
Feb. 2.	J. Wedderburn Webster	Murray MSS.
Feb. 16.	,, ,,	Do.
Feb. 20.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, p. 572.
Feb. 27.	Rich. Belgrave Hoppner	Murray MSS.
Mar. 5.	John Hunt	Copy in Murray MSS.
Mar. 9.	J. Wedderburn Webster	Murray MSS.
Mar. 10.	John Hunt	*Literary Guardian* (1831-2), p. 188.
Mar. 17.	,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 233, 234.
Undated.	*Mrs. [? Shelley] . . .	Moore, pp. 574, 575.
Mar. 28.	*Lady ——	*Ibid.*, p. 575.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
Apr. 2.	*Thomas Moore . . .	Moore, pp. 575–577.
Apr. 2.	The Earl of Blessington	Lady Blessington's *Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron*, pp. 12, 13.
Apr. 5.	*Edward Blaquiere . .	Moore, p. 586.
Apr. 5.	*The Earl of Blessington	*Ibid.*, pp. 577, 578.
Apr. 6.	* ,, ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, pp. 578, 579.
Apr. 9.	John Hunt	*Literary Guardian* (1832), vol. ii. p. 160, facsimile.
Apr. 14.	*The Earl of Blessington	Moore, p. 579.
Apr. 14.	,, ,, ,,	*Journal of Conversations, etc.*, p. 16.
Apr. 22.	*Count D'Orsay . . .	Moore, p. 580.
Apr. 22.	The Earl of Blessington	*Journal of Conversations, etc.*, pp. 16, 17.
Apr. 23.	,, ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, pp. 17, 18.
Apr. 25.	Charles F. Barry . . .	Murray MSS.
May 3.	*The Countess of Blessington	Moore, pp. 580, 581.
May 5.	Mdme. Sergent-Marceau	Copy in Murray MSS.
May 5.	John Cam Hobhouse .	Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*, facsimile.
May 5.	Ed. Le Mesurier, R.N. .	Orig. MS.
May 6.	*The Countess of Blessington	Moore, p. 581.
May 7.	The Earl of Blessington	*Journal of Conversations, etc.*, p. 19.
May 12.	*John Bowring	Moore, pp. 586–588.
May 14.	The Earl of Blessington	*Journal of Conversations, etc.*, pp. 19, 20.
May 17.	*Lady ——	Moore, p. 589.
May 19.	James Holmes	Copy in Murray MSS.
May 21.	*John Bowring	Moore, pp. 588, 589.
May 23.	The Earl of Blessington	*Journal of Conversations, etc.*, pp. 20, 21.
May 24.	,, ,, ,,	*Ibid.*, pp. 21, 22.
May 29.	Henri Beyle	Medwin's *Conversations of Lord Byron*, vol. ii. Appendix.
June 2.	*The Countess of Blessington	Moore, p. 591.
Undated.	Andrea Vacca	Tribolati, *Saggi*, pp. 199, 200, *note* 2.
June 4.	Charles F. Barry . . .	*Anglia, beiblatt* (Halle), April, 1898.
June 15.	Edward John Trelawny	*Records, etc.*, p. 188.
June 19.	Charles F. Barry . . .	Murray MSS.
Undated.	Edward John Trelawny	*Records, etc.*, p. 189.
June 27.	Charles F. Barry . . .	Murray MSS.
June 28.	Leigh Hunt	Leigh Hunt's *Correspondence*, ed. 1862, vol. i. p. 203.
July 7.	*John Bowring	Moore, p 591.
Undated.	J. J. Coulmann . . .	*Paul Pry*, April 1, 1826, pp. 105–107.
July 12.	,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*
July 24.	Charles F. Barry . . .	Murray MSS.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
July 24.	*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe	Moore, p. 594; *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, xx. 17 (partially).
June 19–Dec. 17.	Journal in Cephalonia	Murray MSS.
Aug. 10.	Charles F. Barry . . .	Do.
Aug. 26.	Captain Knox	Kennedy's *Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and others*, pp. 388, 389.
Sept. 9.	Lieut.-Colonel Napier .	Orig. MS.
Oct. 9.	Colonel Duffie	Kennedy's *Conversations, etc.*, p. 386.
Oct. 12.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Sharpe, vol. 35, pp. 72, 73; Family Papers.
Oct. 23.	Colonel Duffie	Kennedy's *Conversations, etc.*, pp. 337, 338.
Oct. 25.	Charles F. Barry . . .	Murray MSS.
Oct. 7–29.*	The Countess Guiccioli	Moore, p. 601.
Nov. 29.	*John Bowring	*Ibid.*, pp. 601, 602.
Nov. 30.	*The General Government of Greece	*Ibid.*, p. 602.
Dec. 2.	Prince Mavrocordatos .	Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 61, 62.
Dec. 7.	*John Bowring	Moore, p. 603.
Dec. 10.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 603, 604.
Dec. 11.	Charles F. Barry . . .	Murray MSS.
Dec. 13.	*John Bowring	Moore, p. 604.
Dec. 23.	*The Hon. D. Kinnaird .	*Ibid.*, pp. 604, 605; *The Keepsake* (1830), pp. 228–230.
Dec. 23.	Charles F. Barry . . .	Murray MSS.
Dec. 26.	*John Bowring	Moore, p. 606.
Dec. 27.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 606, 607.
Dec. 31.	*Colonel the Hon. Leicester Stanhope . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 609.

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Jan. 2.	*Henry Muir	Moore, pp. 609, 610; Muir MSS.
Jan. 2.	*Charles Hancock . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 610, 611; Robinson MSS.
Jan. 13.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 612, 613; do.
Jan. 17.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 613, 614; do.
Jan. 19.	* ,, ,, . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 614, 615; do.
Jan. 23.	His Highness Yusuff Pasha	*Letters written by Lord Byron during his residence at Missolonghi, January to April, 1824, to Mr. Samuel Barff* (privately printed), pp. 7, 8.
Feb. 5.	*Charles Hancock . . .	Moore, pp. 616–618; Robinson MSS.
Undated.	Andreas Londos . . .	Gamba's *Narrative*, p. 147.
Feb. 9.	Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne	*Ibid.*, p. 160.

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Date.	*To whom.*	*Sources of text.*
[Feb. 20.]	*Samuel Barff	Moore, pp. 622, 623 (partially); *Letters, etc., to Samuel Barff*, pp. 5, 6.
Feb. 21.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 624 (partially); *ibid.*, pp. 6, 7.
Undated.	*Mr. Meyer	*Ibid.*, p. 623.
Feb. 21.	*The Hon. D. Kinnaird(?)	*Ibid.*, p. 623; *The Keepsake* (1830), pp. 230, 231.
Feb. 23.	The Hon. Aug. Leigh .	Sharpe, vol. 35, p. 73 (imperfectly); Family Papers.
Feb. 25.	*John Murray	Moore, pp. 624, 625; Murray MSS.
Mar. 4.	*Thomas Moore . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 625, 626.
Mar. 4.	*James Kennedy . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 626.
Mar. 5.	*Samuel Barff	*Ibid.*, p. 627 (partially); *Letters, etc., to Samuel Barff*, pp. 8, 9.
Mar. 9.	,, ,, ...	*Letters, etc., to Samuel Barff*, pp. 9, 10.
Mar. 10.	* ,, ,, ...	Moore, p. 627 (partially); *Letters, etc., to Samuel Barff*, pp. 10–12.
Mar. 11.	*Signor Parucca . . .	*Ibid.*, p. 627.
Mar. 10.	*Mr. Charles Hancock .	*Ibid.*, pp. 627, 628; Robinson MSS.
Mar. 10.	*James Kennedy . . .	*Ibid.*, pp. 628, 629.
Mar. 12.	——.	*The Keepsake* (1830), pp. 231, 232.
Mar. 19.	*Colonel the Hon. Leicester Stanhope . . .	Moore, p. 629.
Mar. 19.	John Bowring	Stanhope's *Greece in* 1823 *and* 1824, p. 550.
Mar. 19.	*Samuel Barff	Moore, p. 629; *Letters, etc., to Samuel Barff*, pp. 12, 13.
Mar. 22.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, pp. 629, 630 (partially); *ibid.*, pp. 14–16.
Mar. 26.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 630 (partially); *ibid.*, pp. 17–20.
Mar. 30.	The Hon. D. Kinnaird .	Copy in Murray MSS.
Mar. 31.	The Earl of Clare . .	*Daily Chronicle*, April 19, 1900.
Apr. 1.	—— ——	Gamba's *Narrative*, pp. 235, 236.
Apr. 3.	*Samuel Barff	Moore, pp. 632, 633 (partially); *Letters, etc., to Samuel Barff*, pp. 20, 21.
Apr. 6.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 633; *ibid.*, pp. 21, 22.
Apr. 7.	* ,, ,, ...	*Ibid.*, p. 633; *ibid.*, pp. 22, 23.
Apr. 9.	,, ,, ...	*Letters, etc., to Samuel Barff*, pp. 25, 26.
Apr. 9.	Charles F. Barry . . .	Murray MSS.

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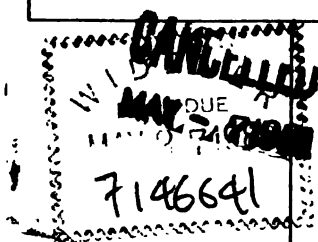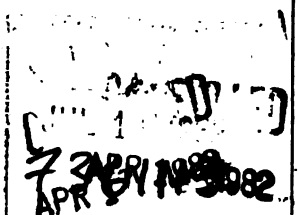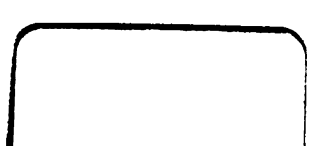
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